

THE
REFLECTOR,

A

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

ON SUBJECTS OF PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS, AND THE
LIBERAL ARTS.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Omnia cogitatio motusque animi, aut in consiliis capiendis de rebus honestis et
pertinentibus ad bene beateque vivendum, aut in studiis scientiæ cognitionisque,
versatur.

CICERO.

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PROSPECTUS.

OF all pieces of fiction, the most amiable and the least interesting are Prospectuses. The reader, who in his love of inquiry, used to catch at every new opportunity of being amused and instructed, has been so often disappointed in this way, that he is prepared to resist every thing in the shape of a promise; and, in fact, the more ardent the promise, the colder becomes his incredulity. In vain the Prospectus comes before him on the most advantageous terms and softest paper: in vain, like the scheme of a lottery, it sets in array its gigantic types to catch his eye, and make him pay for treasures he will never realize: in vain the writer promises him all sorts of intellectual feasts, research the most various and profound, a style the most pithy and accomplished, and poetry, in one word, original. He recognizes the old story; he anticipates at once, in the composition before him, all the beauties of the style, the poetry, and the research:—in short, he crumples up the paper, and forgets the writer as quickly as he does the street-herald, who insinuates into your hand the merits of a pair of boots, or the attracting qualities of a monster.

In presenting, therefore, a new Magazine to the notice of the Public, the Proprietors are not at all inclined, either by their pride or their interest, to take such infallible means of rendering it ridiculous. The REFLECTOR will be an attempt to improve upon the general character of Magazines, and all the town knows, that much improvement of this kind may be effected without any great talent. Reform of periodical writing is as much wanted in Magazines, as it formerly was in Reviews, and still is in Newspapers. It is true, there are still to be found some agreeable and instructive articles in the Magazines—a few guineas thrown by richer hands into the poor's box:—indolent genius will now and then contribute a lucky paragraph, and should enquiry have no better place of resort, it will scarcely fail of a *brief* answer from among a host of readers. But the field is either given up to the cultivation of sorry plants, or it is cut up into a petty variety of produce to which every thing important is sacrificed. It is needless to descant on the common lumber that occupies the greater portion of these publications—on the want of original discussion; or the recipes for and against cooking and coughing; or the stale jests; or the plagiarisms; or the blinking pettiness of antiquarianism, which goes toiling like a mole under every species of rubbish, and sees no object so stu-

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pendous as an old house or a belfry ; or lastly, on the quarrels between Verax and Philaethes, who fight for months together upon a straw, and prove at last, to the great edification of the reader, that neither is to be believed.—The old Magazines are notoriously in their dotage ; and as to the new ones, that have lately appeared, they have returned to the infancy of their species—to pattern-drawing, doll-dressing, and a song about Phillis. These flimsy publications, though unworthy of notice in themselves, are injurious to the taste of the town in more than one respect, inasmuch as they make *a shew of employing the Arts*, while they are only degrading and wasting them. Their principal feature is *superb embellishment*, otherwise called *unique, splendid, and unrivalled* ; that is to say, two or three coloured plates of fine ladies and fashions, hastily tricked up by some unfortunate engraver, who, from want of a better taste in the country, is compelled to throw away his time and talents upon these gorgeous nothings. To suit the style of the ornamental part, the literary presents you with a little fashionable biography ; some remarks at length on eating, drinking or dressing ; an anecdote or two ; a design or two for handkerchiefs and settees ; a country-dance ; a touch of botany, a touch of politics, a touch of criticism ; a faux pas ; and a story *to be continued*, like those of the Improvissatori, who throw down their hats at an interesting point and must be paid more to proceed. The *original poetry* need not be described : of all the antiquities of a Magazine, this is the most antique,—a continual round of sad hours, of lips, darts, and epitaphs, of sighings *Ah why!* and wonderings *Ah where!*

It is thus, that in the best as well as worst Magazines, you see a multiplicity of trifles taking place of all that is most important in the *character of the times*—that character, which, as it is the most useful feature, ought also to be the most prominent and most engaging feature in this species of publication. A Magazine should properly be a *Chronicle for posterity*, but what will posterity care for our queries upon wooden legs, and our squabbles upon a turnip ? And what will it think of the intellect of an age, which in the midst of so many and such mighty interests could be content with a trifling so frivolous ?

These are faults easily avoided by such as have the least regard for the age and its reputation ; and to avoid the grosser faults of Magazines will be the first aim, perhaps the best recommendation, of the REFLECTOR.—One of its first cares will be *Politics*, which the Magazines generally dismiss in crude and impatient sketches. Politics, in times like these, should naturally take the lead in periodical discussion, because they have an importance and interest almost unexampled in history, and because
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PROSPECTUS.

they are now, in their turn, exhibiting their re-action upon literature, as literature in the preceding age exhibited its action upon them. People, fond of books, and of the gentler arts of peace, are very apt to turn away from politics as from a barren and fearful ground, productive of nothing but blood-stained laurels; they see there, no doubt, the traces of the greatest misery and folly; but if they look a little more narrowly, they will see also the seeds of the most flourishing and refreshing arts. What such men neglect from distaste, less minds neglect from regarding politics in too common, too every-day a light, and in our own age, we have seen a whole nation, which has been called "thinking," gradually lose the habit of looking out upon the times at large, because it has been occupied with a thousand petty squabbles and interests. This is a fault, which as it is one of the most fatal to political character, a writer should be most earnest to deprecate. It becomes us all to philosophize as much as possible in an age, when *human intellect*, opposed to *human weakness*, has been called so unobstructedly into play, and has risen so fearfully into power. Each number of the REFLECTOR will contain, besides a Retrospect of the Quarterly Events, an Essay or two upon Domestic or Foreign Policy; and in ascending from particulars to generals, it will endeavour to view the times in that *historical light*, which striking in broad and central masses, and not wasting itself on the corners and detail of the picture, gives prominence, clearness, and effect to the principal objects. Its opinions will be exactly those of the *Examiner*, speaking freely of all parties without exception, attached most strongly to the Constitution in letter and in spirit, and for that single reason most anxious for Reform. The Editor speaks of his independence in this matter without fear of rebuff, not only because he knows not a single politician personally, and is conscious of having as undisturbed opinions on the subject as he has upon the theatre or the weather, but because the readers of the *Examiner* have acknowledged the consistency of that paper, and he has had the good fortune to make the most infamous writers in town his enemies. The only piece of interest he shall solicit for the REFLECTOR, is to recommend it to those gentlemen as a work, which he trusts will be worthy of their unqualified abuse and most ferocious patronage.

In *Theatrical Criticism*, the Magazines, generally speaking, have always been the unambitious and unthinking followers of the Daily Papers; and personal interest is of so active and social a disposition that it always finds means to corrupt a trading spirit, equally petty in its views of reputation. It is true, the Newspapers themselves at last begin to be ashamed of praising writers, who have become bye-words for nonsense, and they dis-

miss the subject, if not with their former panegyrics, with a flippant indulgence half-ashamed of itself. But this style is utterly unworthy of a subject so important to the manners and literary character of a nation, and serves no purpose but to expose the critic and make the very dramatists despise him. The Editor of the REFLECTOR, occupied in another work with exposing the grinning monsters that are every day given to the world as representations of nature, does not intend to particularize so much in the Magazine:—he will do his best to review the quarterly theatricals in their general character, with less of minute, but more of comparative and didactic criticism. The theatres, in their proper state, afford a most instructive as well as amusing course of lessons to a cultivated nation, not, as their enemies insinuate, because they pretend to teach morals better than religion itself, but because they exhibit our virtues in social action and instruct us in that kind of wisdom, which, without being worldly-minded, is so adapted to keep us in proper harmony with the world. But occupied as they have been for years past with mere caricature, they obtain neither the social nor the sentimental end of the drama, they shew us neither what we are nor what we ought to be. A person, wishing to be profited by modern comedy, might amuse and edify himself just as well by making all sorts of faces in a looking-glass. When SHAKESPEARE appears now and then in the list of performances, he looks like a sage in a procession of merry-andrews, and is suffered to pass by with little more than a cold respect. He carries too great an air of truth, and does not make people laugh enough. This is the more to be lamented, since a taste for the drama is never so easily and entirely vitiated, as when self-love is left undisturbed to its frivolous enjoyments, when advice thinks only how it shall appear ridiculous, and satire grows powerless from neglecting its real objects. The better part of the town have acquired sense enough to despise these things, critically speaking, but if they still continue to be amused by them, they will only be despised in their turn, as one of the dramatists plainly hinted the other day in a preface. You may hold a fool in a contemptible light, but when you condescend to laugh and be on a level with him, he is more than even with your contempt.

The *Fine Arts* are in a very different state from the Drama, and demand a different mode of treatment. The latter is in its second infancy with all the vices of a frivolous dotage, and must, if possible, be ground young again:—the former are in their first infancy and must be handled more tenderly, though at the same time with no vicious indulgence. The Proprietors need not descant on the want of all ardour upon this head in our periodical works. It is said that the country at present has no
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notion of a taste for art; and WINCKELMANN, who from continually contemplating the southern sunshine, seems to have looked upon us with spots before his eyes, said that it always did and always would want a taste, from the nature of it's climate. He forgot that our poets have never been surpassed; that Paris, which was the focus of literary taste, is in the same latitude with Tartary; and that Athens is situate beneath a fickle sky. There are, no doubt, several obstructions in the way of modern art, and among them, however trivial it may appear at first sight, the constrained and concealing style of modern dress is a formidable hindrance to the attainment of a noble and familiar mastery of form. But these disadvantages have become common to all Europe. A fine climate, an enlivening sunshine, an atmosphere, free and lucid, through which objects become pictures, may certainly dispose the mind to it's own enjoyment and the fancy to an undisturbed leisure of creation; and from this circumstance it is likely, that taste and a love of genius will be more *diffused* among warm countries than others. But there are minds that are above all circumstances of this kind in regard to genius, and there will be always a sufficient number of such minds in an *intellectual nation*, if they exert themselves as they ought, and call forth the public attention. It is *government*—not easy or happy government in particular, but government of a disposition to patronize, or of a nature to rouse emulation, that has the greatest influence in these matters. In fact, how came WINCKELMANN himself, a Prussian by birth and education, to be the most enthusiastic, some say the best, connoisseur of his time? Or how is it that Flanders has produced better painters than all the south of Europe, Italy excepted? Or how is it again, that the Arabs, the Persians, and all the most refined Eastern nations, have never produced a single painter? Man may be the slave of error, of political circumstance, or of himself; but none but a few hypochondriacs are the slaves of clouds and weather-glasses. The British, it must be confessed, have at present no very great love for the arts; but, nevertheless, they have a much greater than formerly. There was a time when Italy herself wanted taste: it was created by a few great artists, and so it must be in other countries, just as poets and not critics create rules and a taste for poetry. Patronage is generally languid in it's birth, and if it does not easily spring up, it must be forced by genius itself. This is the idea a young artist should always have of patronage and of the means of obtaining it. Since WINCKELMANN's time, his assertion has been disproved, in the best way, by the reputations of REYNOLDS, BARRY, WILSON, and WEST, the Fathers of

of the English school of painting. These celebrated men have laid a noble foundation, and every thing calls upon their successors to finish the structure—the example already set them, the promise afforded by themselves, the encouraging dawn of public patronage, and the rivalry of the French nation, whom we must endeavour to conquer with mind, now that we see it cannot be done with money.

The Editor has enlarged on these three subjects, because the first is of most immediate importance, and the two others require most immediate care. They will by no means, however, occupy the largest part of the work, the principal feature of which will be *Miscellaneous Literature*, consisting of Essays on Men and Manners, Enquiries into past and present Literature, and all subjects relative to Wit, Morals, and a true Refinement. There will be no direct Review of Books, but new works, as far as they regard the character of the times, will meet with passing notice; and occasional articles will be written to shew the peculiar faults or beauties, injuriousness or utility, of such as have strongly attracted the public attention. In order to obtain proper room for this variety, the REFLECTOR will consist entirely of Original Articles, written purposely for the work, to the exclusion of unnecessary matter, of plagiarisms from Newspapers and Reviews, and of long extracts from books of the day. The Editor will never be tempted to supply the deficiencies of matter, or to serve the purposes of literary quacks, by such letters as, “Sir, permit me to recommend to the notice of your *impartial* and *enlightened* readers,” or,—“Mr. Editor,—Sir, allow me through the medium of your *invaluable* Miscellany,” &c. &c. These are the first tricks to be reformed, both on the side of Editor and Correspondent, as tending to degrade the true spirit of literature. Not a page will be wasted on market-prices, or stock-prices, or accounts of the weather, or histories of fashion, or obituaries that give a few weeks renown for so many shillings. Hides and velvet-collars have, it is true, their rise and fall as well as kingdoms, but then they have distinct interests of their own and should be left to their respective professors:—the REFLECTOR is determined not to shew it's ignorance on the subject, and will deviate neither into patterns, nor whip-clubs, nor portraits of “public characters,” nor, in short, into any “embellishments” whatever, but such as may be supplied by the wit and knowledge of it's Correspondents. The trifles of an age have undoubtedly their connection, sometimes too great a one, with it's general character, and they may be handed down as a part of the portrait, just as our ancestors come down to us in their ruffles

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ruffles and periwigs; but the best artists are not those who attend most to these decorations; the true spirit of the likeness is in the man himself—in his air and attitude—and in the mind that looks out of his general aspect.—In a word, it is this *mind*, which the REFLECTOR will endeavour to pourtray; and the Proprietors will spare no industry, the only talent for which they can vouch, to delineate and to call forth the proper expression in those features of the age, which regard its present interests with mankind and it's future character with posterity.



[It is proper to mention, that it is not intended in general to give more than 15 sheets, or 240 pages, in each Number; the present one has gone to a greater extent, on account of the unexpected length of some of the Articles.]

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THE REFLECTOR.

No. I.

ART. 1.—*The English considered as a thinking People, in reference to late Years.*

NATIONS, like individuals, have their distinct characters, and acquire them, in the same way, from education and habit. Much has been said of the influence of climate in this respect, but it is an influence always subordinate to that of manners and government. It is not the sunshine that has made the same Romans glorious and contemptible, the same Spaniards enterprising and enervate, the same Arabs the preservers of learning and the despisers of it. A few extraordinary minds, well or ill disposed, and the concurrence of petty circumstances, lead the way to those actions and habits, which for ages determine the character of a people; and the nation takes its epithet accordingly. Some countries gradually lose the whole of their character; others lose but a part of it; and others retain it altogether; but the climates ever preserve theirs: it is the men only who are changed. Thus the Egyptians, who gave the first rudiments of philosophy and the fine arts to the Greeks, are at present purely stupid: the Spaniards have retained their generosity, but their emulous pride has become an ignorant self-sufficiency; while the French, escaping like quicksilver from the pressure of the severest evils, and becoming a greater nation than ever they were before, still retain the bubble at the top of their character, are still fickle, extrinsic, and vain-glorious. The English, who were said to have no distinct character, because the nature of their religion and government allowed every one his own peculiarity, had for that very reason the finest character in Europe. They who always think for themselves will soon think for others; and in England arose that genuine and disinterested philosophy which was destined to supersede the schools, and to prepare the downfall of pedantry and superstition. This, and the jealous interest which the people took in political matters, procured it the most glorious appellation that a civilized country can obtain: the Spaniards were called a generous, the

French an illustrious nation ; but the English were a *thinking* nation. It was but half a century ago, that we enjoyed this distinction at our ease : our rival neighbours in particular, who in catching the truths of our philosophy became so enthusiastic in decorating and displaying them, made a fashion of praising us ; and the greatest man of their age paid the last homage to the laurels round our forehead by styling us "the only nation in Europe who thought profoundly." Great events arose : we treated them not in our wisdom, but with passion and with prejudice : and at length, I am afraid, the philosopher's eulogy is the greatest satire that can be passed on us.

In truth, we have too long lived upon credit in more than one respect, upon the credit of our reputation, as well as money. We are too apt to think that our ancestors have done enough for us in point of thinking : having been once a thinking nation, we mistake former reputation for present desert ; we quote to ourselves the panegyrics which have been won from rival nations by the pre-eminence of our philosophers ; and upon the strength of having produced Hume, and Locke, and Bacon, and other great reasoners, flatter ourselves that we must always be a thinking nation. But the surest way to do nothing, is to be persuaded that we have nothing to do. We live, just in the same way, upon the credit of our national institutes, our Bill of Rights, and Magna Charta ; and like true rakes, whose worst enemies are thought and foresight, are content to see innovation creeping on our health, satisfying ourselves that it is but a small innovation natural to those who live expensively, and thanking Heaven that we have a glorious Constitution !

But it is with political corruption, as with sickness : it's worst effects are not those that are more immediately perceivable, or even more acutely felt, but those which gradually deaden our sensations and at last unsettle our powers of reason. The greatest evil therefore of a long system of corruption is it's injuriousness to a right spirit of thinking. All inroads upon public liberty may be repelled or remedied as long as we have our proper faculties about us, for corrupt statesmen are as little disposed as other knaves to entrap, plunder, or destroy us with our eyes open ; but let them succeed in blinding our understanding,—let them succeed in making us ignorant of, or indifferent to, our danger, and the chains are already on our hands ; the fingers already revel at their ease in our pockets ; and ere long, we feel the last stab that is to ensure the present safety of the plunderers.

It is not however in absolute monarchies only, that government wages war with sound thinking. The influence of a corrupt minister in a free state will sometimes go farther in corrupting public opinion than that of the most arbitrary monarch, because people are more willing to acquiesce in a delusion into which they are flattered ; and

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England as well as France can be cajoled into measures against her liberty by being called a Great Nation. The money system pursued by Mr. Pitt and his unphilosophic school aimed all at once a deadly blow at the spirit of public opinion. It diffused corruption among the middle orders, who give the intellectual tone to a nation, and as the politics of that minister became the interest of all who had an eye to patronage and government service, they were disseminated with an industry proportioned to their facilitations of gain: they became the current coin of political speculation, the circulating medium, through which the independence of mens' minds was bought and sold. Thirty years of debauched, money-wasting, and most unfortunate policy, have at length brought us to the climax of absurdity and corruption. A generation of jobbers inevitably produces a generation of slaves, for what was inclination in the former becomes education and habit in the latter,—what was a want of principle in the one, becomes, if so it may be called, a vital principle in the other. Where the art of money-getting predominates, it is made a substitute for all other kinds of knowledge, moral and political; and indeed, as this art, in it's perfection, involves great dereliction of principle, it is necessary that the determined money-getter should shut his eyes to all calculations not decidedly profitable. To admire the funding system and Mr. Pitt's *strong* measures, was the first step into advantageous life; to admire Mr. Pitt and his measures, gradually became to acquiesce in every species of political compromise; and at last, political compromise, whether it consisted in borough-mongering, or in drawing for government exigencies upon the constitution, or in drawing for public exigencies upon the *last shilling of the next age*, became the Athanasian creed of the politician, by which every one who differed with them was anathematized for doubting impossibilities. These principles reigned at every table, where a bottle of wine was to be found: they were the *passport to toleration* not only with the tenth part of the nation, who looked up to government for bread, but with every species of dependant, with tradesmen of all kinds, with civil, religious, and military expectants, with high and low, with old and with young: they even pervaded our scholastic foundations, and together with the indecencies of Ovid and the bestialities of Aristophanes, the young novice learnt to venerate the corruption of public government. What gave consistency and continuance to this delusion, beyond the abilities of former Ministers to compass, was the war with France, which was first said to be an impoverished nation, whom we were to starve, then an insolvent nation, whom we were to ruin by bankruptcy, then a monstrous nation, whom we were to strangle by drawing together the fetters of surrounding potentates. It was in vain, that the poverty of France sharpened her genius and her sword;

that bankruptcy, instead of ruining, enabled her to commence a fresh and terrible account with those around her; and that strong in renewed youth if not in virtue, she baffled all the attempts of her doting and debauched neighbours. We still paid our sacrifices to Dagon. If we failed with one ally, we only gave money to another and another; and if we really thought at all, it was only that we had not yet spent sufficient; at least, others who gained by what we lost, persuaded us so, and we believed them without thinking. The influence of the court, whose beams darted every where, soon rendered every species of corruption instinct with life, and sucked up through this national mist the riches of the country; the golden fog pervaded every corner of the land, and while it obscured from us our distant prospects, represented the presiding genius, Mr. Pitt, with a magnitude truly stupendous. People of more enlarged eyes saw through the veil; but though Mr. Pitt is eventually proved to have been the best friend whom France possessed, to oppose him was to be called the enemy of England. "Fight with silver weapons," said the oracle to Philip, "and you will master every thing." So said Mr. Pitt to himself, and so he continued to fight, though his weapons one after another were snapped like daggers of lath, till at last his enemy became master of the continent, and he himself had conquered nothing but the dignity and good sense of his country. The English, once so famous for cool calculation, seemed to have grown too indolent for thinking, particularly on disagreeable subjects, and calmly submitted their reasoning powers into the hands of a counting-house politician, who saw nothing great or powerful but command of money, and who in persisting to act up to a principle which never succeeded, lived long enough to break his heart but not his obstinacy.

As this system however was to be continued as long as Mr. Pitt's school could maintain its power, a system of reasoning was found necessary to defend it against *appearances*; and the logic of our politicians did abundant honour to their men and measures. Among the strange doctrines that suddenly rose up in answer to inquisitive persons, the first and finest was comprised in that admirable maxim,—that statesmen, being mere mortals, cannot foresee. This maxim, which at best would have been thought a slur on the calculating faculties of a Burleigh or a Chatham, became in an instant the indisputable ground of ministerial defence, and, thanks to the spirit of *English thinking*, has held out in that capacity ever since. If our continental alliances came to nothing—it was very lamentable—it was very odd—but then the Minister was not to blame, because it was also very unexpected, and he had done his best to guard against reverses; besides, no man can prophecy. Upon this principle, the age became much more enlightened than its predecessors. To act in direct contradiction

to experience, was no longer the mark of a perverse statesman ;—to attempt to save corrupt governments by spiriting up their corruption, was no longer the mark of a petty and improvident statesman ;—to be invariably and obstinately unfortunate, was no longer the mark of a most wretched statesman. The Minister is an admirable man and does his best, said the contractors ; and we, who are true patriots, must stand by him. It was never discovered that to have done “ his best ” on these occasions, was to have done the very worst a statesman could do. They had another argument in reserve, somewhat contradictory to their opinion on prophecy, but quite as unanswerable :—if things had not been as they are, said the politician, they would have been much worse. It was not discovered that if things had never been as they were, they would have been much better. If Mr. Pitt, argued the politician, (for such was the amount of his argument) had not shewn his contempt for English liberty by suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, we should have had no freedom left ; if Mr. Pitt had not spent millions upon alliances to no purpose, we should not have had a friend in Europe ; if Mr. Pitt had not done his utmost to aggrandize Bonaparte, we should have been a conquered nation before this ; if Mr. Pitt had not, by an admirable piece of foresight, laid by a million a year to liquidate the national debt, which increased twenty times as much every year, we should not have been on the eve of bankruptcy by this time ; if Mr. Pitt, by an admirable way of getting rid of all our allies, had not shewn France that we could contend with her single-handed, France would never have found out that blessed truth ;—lastly, if Mr. Pitt, by repeated Acts of Parliament, had not done away with divers provisions established for us by the Bill of Rights at the Glorious Revolution, England would no longer have had to boast an entire, undiminished, and Glorious Constitution. * Thus then stood the logic :—if you objected to the Minister, that his designs were frustrated, you were told, that it was not in human nature to foresee :—if you objected, that the country was in a bad state, you were assured that had it been otherwise, any body might have foreseen it would be still worse. If you still ventured to object, and to doubt after all, whether a *renewed youth in the English Constitution would not be necessary to oppose the renewed youth of our military neighbour*, you were flatly told that such an opinion at once proved you to be an enemy to the Constitution, a traitor to the King, and a disgrace to the whole nation. So saying,

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* If that fine informing spirit of our liberty, that oxygen of our political being, which we call the Constitution, exists at all, it is in the Magna Charta and Bill of Rights, and yet after the formal waste of part of it's very essence by Acts of Parliament, and greater waste by the daily corruptions of Parliament, the Citizens, so late as March 1808, congratulated his Majesty, that the nation enjoyed it “ *unimpaired.* ” They have since changed their opinion.

ing, this convincing crew raised statues to Mr. Pitt, and shouts to his successors.

Heirs to these maxims, which were in fact the best of fortunes, the disciples of Mr. Pitt, at the death of that "great man," prayed that his mantle,—his spirit—might remain with them. Their prayer was heard. If they had not so fine a flow of words as their master, they had quite as profuse a succession of misfortunes; like him, they were in love with the jilt alliance, and like him, they wasted in her lap the treasure, the strength, and the dignity of the nation. I say nothing of the brief interregnum of Mr. Fox, from whose philosophical spirit so much might have been expected, had he sacrificed to it a little of the *esprit du corps*—had he left a little of his complying temper by the fireside which it adorned. His party became known, and lost its popularity; and the Pittites resumed their power, more from the weakness of their opponents, than from their own strength. The reciprocation of good offices between the cash-mongers and borough-mongers, between the title-mongers and the cheese-mongers, continued in all its energy; men were to get rich by the same measures as usual, and therefore the old opinions respecting the omnipotence of money and public credit were propagated with the usual industry. All this time, our enemy, as usual, was effecting the very contrary of what we attempted: and all the legitimate monarchs, whom we held up like so many constables' sticks with crowns on, against the lawless proceedings of the enemy, were shivered at single blows. But thought became an enemy still worse, and we elevated to its place, a pleasing anticipation: something it was imagined must very soon *turn up*,* and this idea of something turning up has been, for years past, the great secret of our ministerial policy. Upon this scientific principle, we still fought our enemy with all kinds of ridiculous weapons, indeed with every weapon but the right ones of experience, and genius, and the strength of self-purification: we laughed and groaned at him by turns, we called Heaven and earth to witness at him, wrote daily papers at him, got quite enraged at him, charged wine-glases at him, sent out expeditions, sometimes to take the air at him and sometimes to take to their heels at him, and if we ever did any thing against him in season, it was to eat turbot at him; nay, Mr. Canning, at last, summoning up all his powers, and heating the brand of his satire twelve times hotter than ever it had been before, stamped the climax of our glorious endeavours, by publicly writing him in a manifesto plain *Mr. Bonaparte! Mr. Bonaparte!* This was the mystic word, more formidable even than the *Om* of the Egyptians, that was to shake the

* So late as March last, in the debate on taking Portuguese troops into pay, this very phrase was used by Mr. Perceval as an argument, and had the usual success.

the conqueror of nations; this the iron that was to "enter into his soul" and give pangs unutterable to his ambitious feelings!—But alas, Europe is not to be saved by a joke however exquisite, not even by the Perceval administration.

After all that had been told us of the adamant nature of the old governments, all the adamant we discovered was only like the magnetic mountain in the Arabian tale, which by an irresistible attraction drew unhappy vessels towards it and forced out all the metal in the ship. Prussia and Austria, had only to provoke another beating, and we paid them till they were down again, with an extravagance that would have been laughed at by the most wanton amateur of boxing. Spain, the most worn out as well as devoutest of debauchees, pretended to rise up from an insult and threaten defiance to France: nothing more was wanting to draw from us the greatest sacrifices: we did not, indeed, personally interpose in time, as we might have done; but waste of time and waste of money go hand in hand; we delayed till neither men nor money were of service, and then we sent both: it was in vain, that we saw no intention on the part of Spain to mend its constitution for the engagement: our practice, as the healers of nations, had lain altogether in the flattery of diseases, and England was destined, to the last moment of Pittism, to be the sovereign quack of Europe, who cured all sorts of rotten constitutions with a gilded pill.

At length, that no device might be wanting to mortify ourselves, devoted as we were to adversity and resolved to leave no point of Europe unsanctified by our martyrdoms, we found that we had overlooked, all this time, a charming spot of ground close by us, called Walcheren, a place that seemed made for every disaster deprecated in the Litany, except "*sudden death*." Thither then, in order to make what is called a diversion in favour of Austria, and at the moment that Bonaparte had again smitten her to the dust, we sent our destined troops, as if they had been so many condemned wretches, who had forfeited the name of soldier. The great object, indeed, was to sail up the Scheldt to Antwerp, reduce that place, seize the French ships there, and block up the navigation; and all Holland, of course, was to follow, for it was well known upon the most undoubted authority, that the Dutch wanted nothing but a few of their towns on fire and their countrymen put to the sword, in order to fall into our arms. However, it was very odd—it was very remarkable—it was quite "contrary to the expectations of Ministers," but whether from delay, or improvidence, or the pure waywardness of the Dutch, nothing of this was effected. The whole amount of an expedition, which will cost us many millions, and which called all England, as it were, upon the cliffs to witness its departure, was the capture of a deadly swamp and the loss of 10,000 men—10,000 men, not vanquished in an honourable field, not cut

down in desperate fight, and mingling blood with a rancorous enemy, but wasting away in loathsome fevers, and rotting before each others' faces into the grave. An excuse for the expedition itself was readily found by the friends of Ministers in the old plea, that "no men can prophecy;" but in behalf of the delay, the most sturdy of their defenders found themselves at a loss. The truth is, that the Ministers had committed a gross error, and their vanity, rather than acknowledge it, cared for no possible sacrifices. Yet when the citizens, by a remarkable exertion, contrived to approach his Majesty with an Address in censure of the expedition, they were desired to wait for the opinion of *Parliament*. At the presentation of this Address the *memorializing* Earl of Chatham formed a conspicuous object in the court group, as Sir Arthur Wellesley had done at the Address against the Cintra Convention. These are feelings of the true Walpole complexion, and would do honour to any age of profligate indifference. The people *did* wait, with exemplary patience; and by way of relief both to them and their rulers, were treated with that most farcical of all farces, the Jubilee—at the very name of which the countrymen of the Edwards and Elizabeths ought to blush. After eating beef in honour of the King, while their defenders were dying by thousands, this thinking people went to sleep again. The Parliament met upon the Walcheren question: the Foxites rallied with all their nerves, Sir Francis Burdett spoke truth, and Mr. Whitbread spoke daggers; but Parliament was—what it is, and the Ministers triumphed.—However, the expedition was productive of one good. When the eyes of weak or wavering persons were once opened, the past evils of the system naturally struck them with their forcible likeness to the present, and this circumstance combining with the manifest deterioration of the Pitt school in point of talents and importance, contributed not a little to gain numerous proselytes,—I do not say to the Opposition cause—or to any other party cause—but to the *thinking cause*. If the old system is to be destroyed by any thing besides national bankruptcy, its own absurdities will be the death of it. Yet one would suppose that there had already been a sufficient number of tragicomedies performed by the government to bring all the characteristic feeling of the country into play; and posterity, when it runs through the list of our Anti-Gallican follies, will be at a loss what to think not only of our philosophic celebrity, but of that genuine taste for humour which formerly distinguished us.

If fixing our prejudices and attention to one point, in making war and nothing but war the interest of the age, and in endeavouring to render money a substitute power for mind, it was perfectly becoming in the old system to repress by neglect the intellectual character of the nation. Mr. Pitt manifested a contempt for the liberal arts, quite consistent with his notions of greatness and
of

of government, but very unfortunate for his hopes of glory. The taste of his political admirers kept pace with his own; and it is a fact as mortifying as singular to report of an English party, that from the beginning of his administration to the present moment, no work of talent has been written to support his school. If Mr. Cobbett is to be excepted, that writer himself would tell you that the worst things he ever wrote were during his Pittite opinions. The only sprig even of bastard laurel that could be discerned over the waste of thorns, was the burlesque cultivated by Mr. Canning and his friends, in the Anti-Jacobin Paper, when revolutionary absurdity furnished an excellent field for ridicule; but the ridicule was continued unluckily when the cause had ceased, and became ridiculous in its turn when France had become too serious and too great an object for any thing but serious and great attack. Yet even this solitary shoot of taste was not above the common mark of a pleasant classicality—commendable enough as a contrast to the general dulness of the party, but absolutely nothing as an exhibition of party talent. The other periodical writings on the same side, the pamphlets, the poems, and the pleasantries, were of most unadulterate common-place, and yielded to the opposition publications without any struggle but that of abuse. Since Mr. Pitt's death they have degenerated as gradually as their opponents have obtained celebrity; the most literary defenders of the Ministry cannot bear competition with the plain pith of Mr. Cobbett or the philosophy of the Edinburgh Review: in the newspapers, where you formerly looked in vain for common sense, you now look in vain for common grammar; and the Chairman of the Committee of the House of Commons is author of the very worst pamphlet that has been written in favour of the courtiers. It is observable indeed, in every department of literature, how decidedly the literary chiefs are in opposition to the existing system: Mr. Canning may have a taste, and Mr. Croker may have a taste, but the best acknowledged wits, poets, and philosophers, are ranged on the other side. There is such a feeling of this truth, and of its first causes, that it has been frequently doubted whether the Ministry could really procure for themselves a sound writer who had any regard for reputation and philosophical spirit. However, they really put up with such intolerable scribblers, that one may doubt whether they do not prefer a meagre servility and a shuffling mode of writing to any kind of inquiring spirit. The only thing that could defend them with a shew of credit, would be wit; but as they have none of this on their side, a calm argumentative style would be no substitute: their measures want concealment, and argument would be nothing but betrayal. The party writers of a former age never experienced a tie like this—a tie to absolute dulness and dull trickery: they were afraid to write without some shew

shew of talent and reasoning before such men as Oxford, Somers, and Bolingbroke, and the worst politics at that time were employed upon certain broad principles which challenged argument; but the worthlessness of the present system, which has become a mere *ear against experience*, produces a corresponding worthlessness in every thing that would support it; and where you formerly courted judgment, you have now only to deprecate it: the ministerial scribbler protests against all counter opinion and scrutiny, is very insipid and very slavish, predicts the downfall of Napoleon once a month, calls reform revolution, and corruption the constitution, and he has done his work.

Philosophy, of every kind, was out of the sphere of such a system. The minds of our ruling politicians, fixed both by interest and capacity to one petty orbit, which is nothing but a masquerade of court-intrigue and shifting interest, are unable to look out upon the general world with enlarged eyes or even to take advantages of those who can. Even their personal jealousy of Bonaparte, who well knows how the ambition of a conqueror is to be advanced and the memory to be glossed over, cannot inspire them with any thing like liberal patronage; and it was understood, that our celebrated chemist Mr. Davy was regarded with an evil eye for accepting the prize adjudged to him by the Institute at Paris. Yet Great Britain, under its peculiar form of Government, ought to be the first nation at all times for the encouragement of sound inquiry. The French may philosophize as far as philosophy assists or does not oppose the extension of their master's influence, but no farther. Whatever is repressed in France is repressed by hopeless slavery; but the same repression in England acts by delusion. Prejudice united with alarm first unhinged the philosophy of this country, and corruption gave it a blow from which it has not since recovered.

It was not to be expected, and in the main perhaps, would have done us no service, that such a system should have the ornament of any liberal patronage whatever. The arts, which are the inspiring graces of a good Government, have also been too often the useful glosses of a bad one; but it is certain, that of all politicians who have had designs upon their country, mechanical and short sighted only have neglected them. I have heard from a great painter now living, that Mr. Pitt a little before his death expressed his willingness to recommend an effectual public assistance to the Fine Arts; but this was evidently a courtier's promise, contradicted by twenty years' obstinate neglect of all polite patronage. His disciples, though one of them is ambitious of being thought a connoisseur †, have

† See Edinburgh Review, No. 29, Art. Translation of Mr. Fox's History.

‡ This Nobleman is one of the Governors of the British Institution, established

have never done any thing of the kind; and what is very droll, their defenders will tell you, that such a patronage would increase the public burdens. Oh this tenderness for the public burdens! One year's salary of one sinecure placeman would advance a great national ornament, and we are desired to think of the public burdens! The Fine Arts are told they cannot be afforded, while at the very minute thousands are thrown over the precipices of Spain, hundreds of thousands are wasted on greedy placemen, and millions are sunk in the ditches of Walcheren! There is at present much promise of excellence in the students of historical painting, but they find little encouragement in the fortunes of their forerunners; and the Fine Arts, so long patronized by a *name* and rewarded by a nothing, look in vain for some great man, fit to be the Minister of a great nation.

When you mention all these marks of petty government, this contempt both of solid and ornamental policy, you are told to be quiet and to beware how you shew yourself the enemy of social order. Arts may be despised, philosophy may be despised, experience may be despised, the very name of patriotism may be despised; still the Ministers do all that they can; they help to ruin their allies and to advance their enemies; they put their master in the back ground; mortify and obstruct the Irish lest they should fight too well against Bonaparte; defy the laws and the public, but at the same time bring actions against newspapers; make a point of defending corruption, as they would their heart's core, whenever it is attacked; waste the public money and blood with a profusion that astonishes even the other Pittites; fight each other with pistols; neglect all that is great in rulers, and display all that is little in men; and finally, ought to be revered. If you still persist in objecting to so beautiful a combination, nothing remains for your antagonist but to turn the tables upon you, and accuse you and your friends as the authors of all the miseries attributed to Government. To deprecate a gross error or national misfortune, is to bring on universal despondency; to call for redress is to *create* universal discontent. If you doubt the advantages of a new alliance, you are working directly for Bonaparte, and sowing doubt all over the Continent; nay, I have seen the chain of cause and effect carried on with such brilliant continuity in this way, that the repulse of an Austrian squadron might have been traced up to the
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blished by individuals for the encouragement of National Art. It still remains to be explained by this Institution, why it would not admit to the annual exhibition a meritorious picture by a young artist, confessedly superior to the generality of the works exhibited, as the town has since seen and pronounced, and the mysterious exclusion of which, in the absence of all other possible conjecture, has hitherto been attributed to its subject—*The Presentation of the Bill of Rights to William and Mary.*

the pen of an oppositionist, the imbecility of Government to the pin-sticking witchcraft of a reformist, and the ascendancy of the French Emperor to the malignant conjunction of Cobbett and Wardle. In short, you cannot endeavour to throw a little light on surrounding objects but you are inflaming the most remote disasters, and remind one of Hogarth's picture of bad perspective, where he represents a person holding a candle out of window and setting fire to a man's head on a distant mountain.

Every thing calls upon the nation to grow wiser, particularly that very self-interest, in the blind pursuit of which we have run stupefying our heads against so many stumbling blocks. Shall we have paid so much for misfortune, and get nothing by it after all? We have fought with money, with intrigue, with alliances, with obstinacy: our passions have increased in the exact ratio in which our prospects have decreased; and what have we gained at last? What do we see, abroad or at home, when we look down from that mountain of blunders, which a lavish ignorance has been twenty years in constructing? Abroad, our money has vanished, our intrigues have served no purpose but to give our eyesight a false medium, our alliances have been swept away by the first gust, the continent has receded from under every step we attempted to set on it, in a word, France has become its undisputed mistress, and a little lieutenant of engineers, whom we have in vain assaulted with all kinds of abusive names, has got a diadem for every day in the week, and marries into the first house in Europe. At home, we see the constitution crumbling by little and little before the fingers of a corruption, which is the greater reproach to us, inasmuch as it is nothing but imbecility embodied: some of its advocates, who would no longer get their fees were we to be in good health, tell us that reform can do us no service; and others, with equal modesty, assure us it is too late. All this we bear with a patience more than Christian, and like the apostle "die daily" that others may live. In vain we look for the money which has vanished abroad: it has deserted us like a faithless wife, and left nothing but a worthless paper in excuse. The taxes have outgrown the ratio calculated for them by their gloomiest anticipators: the tenth of every man's income is taken from him, in a way and for purposes, which neither console him for the loss, nor insure him against a greater: and men must be blind who do not see the approach of that state of things, which has been prophesied by *all* our philosophical calculators*, and which though it must not of necessity

* Hear Mr. Hume in particular, who was certainly no enthusiastic alarmist. In reading the following passage, one is almost ready to look up and fancy the philosopher standing before us, just returned from one of our finance debates

necessity ruin the country, will infallibly, unless we apply a strong repairing hand, bring down the gorgeous, insubstantial edifice of public

bates in the House of Commons.—“ I must confess,” says he in his Essay on Public Credit, “ that there is a strange supineness, from long custom, crept into all ranks of men, with regard to public debts, not unlike what divines so vehemently complain of with regard to their religious doctrines. We all own, that the most sanguine imagination cannot hope either that this, or any future ministry, will be possessed of such rigid and steady frugality, as to make a considerable progress in the payment of our debts; or that the situation of foreign affairs will, for any long time, allow them leisure and tranquillity for such an undertaking. What then is to become of us? Were we ever so good Christians, and ever so resigned to Providence, this, methinks, were a curious question even considered as a speculative one, and what it might not be altogether impossible to form some conjectural solution of. The events here will depend little upon the contingencies of battles, negotiations, intrigues, and factions. There seems to be a natural progress of things, which may guide our reasoning. As it would have required but a moderate share of prudence, when we first began this practice of mortgaging, to have foretold, from the nature of men and of ministers, that things would necessarily be carried to the length we see; so now, that they have at last happily reached it, it may not be difficult to guess at the consequences. It must, indeed, be one of these two events; either the nation must destroy public credit, or public credit will destroy the nation. It is impossible that they can both subsist, after the manner they have hitherto been managed, in this, as well as in some other countries.

“ There was, indeed, a scheme for the payment of our debts, which was proposed by an excellent citizen, Mr. Hutchinson, above thirty years ago, and which was much approved of by some men of sense, but never was likely to take effect. He asserted, that there was a fallacy in imagining that the public owed this debt; for that really every individual owed a proportional share of it, and paid, in his taxes, a proportional share of the interest, beside the expence of levying these taxes. Had we not better, then, says he, make a distribution of the debt among ourselves, and each of us contribute a sum suitable to his property, and by that means discharge at once all our funds and public mortgages? He seems not to have considered, that the laborious poor pay a considerable part of the taxes by their annual consumptions, though they could not advance, at once, a proportional part of the sum required. Not to mention, that property in money and stock in trade might easily be concealed or disguised; and that visible property in lands and houses would really at last answer for the whole: an inequality and oppression which never would be submitted to. But though this project is not likely to take place, it is not altogether improbable, that when the nation becomes heartily sick of their debts, and is cruelly oppressed by them, some daring projector may arise with visionary schemes for their discharge. And as public credit will begin, by that time, to be a little frail, the least touch will destroy it, as happened in France during the regency; and in this manner it will die of the doctor.

“ But it is more probable, that the breach of national faith will be the necessary effect of wars, defeats, misfortunes, and public calamities, or even perhaps of victories and conquests. I must confess, when I see princes and states fighting and quarrelling amidst their debts, funds, and public mortgages, it always brings to my mind a match of cudgel-playing fought in a China shop. How can it be expected, that sovereigns will spare a species of property, which is pernicious to themselves and to the public, when they have

public credit and bury thousands in its ruins. When POPE made his apostrophe to

Blest paper credit, last and best supply,
That gives corruption lighter wings to fly!

he

have so little compassion on lives and properties that are useful to both? Let the time come (and surely it will come) when the new funds, created for the exigencies of the year, are not subscribed to, and raise not the money projected. Suppose, either that the cash of the nation is exhausted; or that our faith, which has hitherto been so ample, begins to fail us. Suppose, that, in this distress, the nation is threatened with an invasion; a rebellion is suspected or broken out at home; a squadron cannot be equipped for want of pay, victuals, or repairs; or even a foreign subsidy cannot be advanced. What must a prince or minister do in such an emergence? The right of self-preservation is unalienable in every individual, much more in every community: and the folly of our statesmen must then be greater than the folly of those who first contracted debt, or, what is more, than that of those who trusted or continue to trust this security, if these statesmen have the means of safety in their hands, and do not employ them. The funds, created and mortgaged, will by that time bring in a large yearly revenue, sufficient for the defence and security of the nation: money is perhaps lying in the exchequer ready for the discharge of the quarterly interest: necessity calls, fear urges, reason exhorts, compassion alone exclaims: the money will immediately be seized for the current service, under the most solemn protestations, perhaps, of being immediately replaced: but no more is requisite. The whole fabric, already tottering, falls to the ground, and buries thousands in its ruins. And this, I think, may be called the natural death of public credit: for to this period it tends as naturally as an animal body to its dissolution and destruction.

"So great dupes are the generality of mankind, that, notwithstanding such a violent shock to public credit, as a voluntary bankruptcy in England would occasion, it would not probably be long ere credit would again revive in as flourishing a condition as before. The present King of France, during the late war, borrowed money at a lower interest than ever his grandfather did; and as low as the British Parliament, comparing the natural rate of interest in both kingdoms. And though men are commonly more governed by what they have seen, than by what they foresee, with whatever certainty; yet promises, protestations, fair appearances, with the allurements of present interest, have such powerful influence as few are able to resist. Mankind are, in all ages, caught by the same baits: the same tricks, played over and over again, still trepan them. The heights of popularity and patriotism are still the beaten road to power and tyranny; flattery to treachery; standing armies to arbitrary government; and the glory of God to the temporal interest of the clergy. The fear of an everlasting destruction of credit, allowing it to be an evil, is a needless bugbear. A prudent man in reality would rather lend to the public immediately after we had taken a sponge on our debts than at present; as much as an opulent knave, even though one could not force him to pay, is a preferable debtor to an honest bankrupt: for the former, in order to carry on business, may find it his interest to discharge his debts, where they are not exorbitant; the latter has it not in his power. The reasoning of Tacitus *, as it is eternally true, is very applicable to our present case. *Sed vulgus ad magnitudinem beneficiorum aderat: stultissimus quisque pecuniis mercabatur: apud sapientes cassa habebantur, quæ*

negus

* Hist. lib. iiii.

he was not aware, that in half a century after his death, the passage in Homer, most applicable to his rich and heroic countrymen, would be Hector's complaint on the wants of Troy :

Πριν μιν γὰρ Πριάμοιο πόλιν μερόπες ἀνδρῶσι
 Πάντες μυθεσκόντο πολυχρυσόν, πολυχάλκον·
 Νῦν τε δὴ ἐξαπολώλε δομῶν κειμήλια καλά·
 Πολλὰ τε δὴ Φρυγίην καὶ Μήριον ἐρατεινὴν
 Κτήματα περναμέν' ἵκει, ἐπεὶ μέγας ὠδυσάτο Ζεὺς.

*Iliad, lib. 18. v. 288.**

In the mean time, it will do us no good to indulge in a political indifference and vanity, at all times unworthy of our nation, but never so much so as at present. We may think as little as we can about politics, and go to the theatre to hear the players flourish about old England and Britain's glory : but all this will add neither to our safety nor our merits. We have obtained no one end

neque dari neque accepi salva republica, poterant. The public is a debtor, whom no man can oblige to pay, the only check which the creditors have upon her, is the interest of preserving credit ; an interest which may easily be overbalanced by a great debt, and by a difficult and extraordinary emergency, even supposing that credit irrecoverable. Not to mention, that a present necessity often forces states into measures which are, strictly speaking, against their interest.

"These two events, supposed above, are calamitous, but not the most calamitous. Thousands are thereby sacrificed to the safety of millions : but we are not without danger, that the contrary event may take place, and that millions may be sacrificed for ever to the temporary safety of thousands. Our popular government, perhaps, will render it difficult or dangerous for a minister to venture on so desperate an expedient as that of a voluntary bankruptcy : and though the House of Lords be altogether composed of proprietors of land, and the House of Commons chiefly ; and consequently neither of them can be supposed to have great property in the funds ; yet the connections of the members may be so great with the proprietors, as to render them more tenacious of public faith, than prudence, policy, or even justice, strictly speaking, requires : and perhaps too, our foreign enemies may be so politic as to discover, that our safety lies in despair, and may not, therefore, show the danger, open and barefaced, till it be inevitable. The balance of power in Europe, our grandfathers, our fathers, and we, have all deemed too unequal to be preserved without our attention and assistance : but our children, weary of the struggle, and fettered with incumbrances, may sit down secure, and see their neighbours oppressed and conquered ; till, at last, they themselves and their creditors lie both at the mercy of the conqueror : and this may properly enough be denominated the violent death of our public credit.

"These seem to be the events which are not very remote, and which reason foresees as clearly almost as she can do any thing that lies in the womb of time. And though the ancients maintained, that, in order to reach the gift of prophecy, a certain divine fury or madness was requisite, one may safely affirm, that, in order to deliver such prophecies as these, no more is necessary than merely to be in one's senses, free from the influence of popular madness and delusion."

* COWPER has destroyed the original effect of these lines, and rendered the

end of the longest and bloodiest wars waged in modern Europe, but on the contrary have been reduced to the state of a spectator in a corner, while the enemy's triumphs pass by; and nothing remains for us but to look at home, and to turn again, in refreshing repose, to those intellectual studies and those reforms in our establishment, which shall prepare us for our own triumphs in return—the triumphs of philosophy and a wise freedom. In short, we must, in every thing that is possible, begin over again—not to fight, or to intrigue, or to pursue a thoughtless struggle—but to reform, to retrench, to restore the just harmony between the three divisions of the state, which have wandered out of their parts, and produced all our discord,—and, in a word, to become once more a “thinking” people. The Reformists ask nothing unbecoming of their rulers, nothing unwarrantable for the people. They ask only the renovation, in letter and in spirit, of that noble constitution, which has been violated by an overgrown prerogative, by an irresponsible succession of ministers, and, above all, by the parliamentary usurpations of a set of courtiers. It is in vain to tell them, that their requests may be influenced by wrong motives:—the question is not whether their motives are probably wrong, but whether their requests are positively right. It is equally in vain to tell them, that Reform will do no good:—the contrary has done a great deal of harm; and they have reason to try, as well as a right to demand, what their glorious ancestors bequeathed them.



the translation insufferably mean, by removing the wrath of Jove from the conclusion and thus destroying the climax:

“Time was, when in all nations under heav’n
Men praised the wealth of Priam’s city stor’d
With gold and brass; but all our houses now
Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.
Jove in his wrath hath scatter’d them; our wealth
Is marketted, and Phrygia hath a part
Obtain’d, and part Mæonia’s lovely land.”

As to the passage in Mr. Pope, it is elegant verse, but no translation at all.

ART. II.—*THE REFORMERS; or, Wrongs of Intellect.—A fragment of a Political Dialogue.*

Utopia Lodge, March 1810.

A. ——— We are then agreed that the way which bids fairest to prove effectual in stemming the alarming torrent which threatens to overwhelm the liberties of our country, would be to reform the Commons House of Parliament?

B. I believe that is our general sentiment; for my own part, I have no hope that political salvation can be accomplished through any other means than the regeneration of that assembly. Indeed it is not easy to imagine how any man who has heard and read what Major Cartwright, Mr. Whitbread, and other intelligent statesmen and patriots have said and written on the subject, and whose mind does not suffer under the enjoyment or hope of a pension or a place, can think otherwise.

C. But there is a set of men who think otherwise, and men of ability too, and yet whose minds are not supposed to be impaired by their present enjoyments or their future hopes.

A. You mean the Edinburgh Reviewers. With their hopes and enjoyments we have nothing to do: but of their reprobation of Mr. Cobbett's present principles*, I can safely say for myself that I have met with few writings that have any pretension to argument, so hollow and sophisticated; and how can we think their approbation sincere of the change which they admit to have gradually taken place in our political constitution, when we consider also what has since proceeded from the same quarter?†—It was pertinently said of the pathetic language which Mr. Burke, in his later writings, occasionally held on constitutional topics, that he pitied the plumage, but neglected the wounded and suffering bird: Stuffed and exhibited in a shew glass, it would appear that this beautiful constitution would still have sufficient charms for these Reviewers—if we could here credit their sincerity. Yet even here, the health of their genuine complexion peers through the transparent veil of their political superstition. “It is on the spirit and the intelligence of the people themselves,” say the Edinburgh Reviewers‡, “that their liberties must always ultimately depend. The only substantial and operative check to the usurpations of rulers, is in their apprehension of the resistance of the people, and their conviction that they will detect the first movements toward oppression, and combine to repel and resent them. Now if

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there

* See Edinburgh Review, No. XX.—† Ditto, No. XXX.

‡ No. XX. p. 408.

there be a parliament, however chosen and however constituted, which contains a sufficient number and a sufficient variety of persons, to make it certain that every class and every party in the country will there have an advocate and expounder of its views and sentiments; and if that parliament meet often, and have practically full freedom of speech, and make its discussions public, it does not appear to us that freedom can ever be extinguished, or the rights of the people very materially invaded." In such passages as this, the roseate hue of health and vigour may be recognised through the flimsy concealment: and when the Reviewers assert or inculcate, that the late and present parliaments possessed, still possess, and will perpetuate these essential requisites, they cannot but know that this is a question not of an absolute nature, but of degree, and where there is little danger in taking the affirmative side, as long as the degree is not attempted to be precisely marked, but where there might not be equal safety in the general denial to which these gentlemen (in the earnestness of argument) would urge their opponents.

B. You have blamed the Edinburgh Reviewers generally, for their reprobation of Mr. Cobbett's principles of reform. Do you then coincide with him in your opinion as to the propriety of those principles?

A. No.—I think his education and subsequent habits have led him into some errors, which are probably unintentional: but as his principles so nearly resemble what I have been taught to understand are yours, we will, if you please, attend to what you may have to say on the subject, before I state my objections.

B. Knowing that you expect a frank declaration of my opinions upon this important subject, I shall at once, and without further preface, state that we must return to the original principles of the Constitution of England, by ridding ourselves of the usurpations of the Borough-mongers; restoring to the King his just prerogatives; and ordaining that freeholders, householders, and others, subject to direct taxation in support of the poor, the church, and the state, shall alone exercise the right of voting for members to serve in parliament. The simple principle upon which, as upon a pivot, the whole of the subject of representation turns—is this—That the *free* subjects of this kingdom have a right of property in their own *goods*; in other words, that the people of England cannot be legally and constitutionally taxed without their own consent. I suppose this will not be denied; and yet it is equally indisputable that this principle is absolutely annihilated by the present frame of the representation—I mean if you credit the allegations (which I believe few men doubt) contained in that petition for reform, in which the petitioners offered to prove at the bar of the House of Commons, that 157 persons had the
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power of returning a *majority* of its members; so that the whole property of the free subjects of this kingdom is at the disposal of 157 borough-mongers; or, in other words, 157 borough-mongers have usurped, and hold as private property, the sovereignty of England.

Meanwhile, what is the condition of the King, who, till his prerogative was encroached upon at the era of the Revolution, possessed the power of issuing writs to such places as were judged, from time to time, according to their importance, most fit to send wise and discreet persons to the common council of the nation? What is the state and condition of this elevated first Magistrate? He retains indeed the outward show—the pageantry and form—the speckled egg-shell—of royalty, of which the faction of borough-mongers have secretly sucked away the vital principle. Instead of taking advantage of the elevation of his situation, where the constitution had placed him, as the eye of the nation, for the purpose of taking extensive views for the advantage of the national interests, beyond the contracted horizon of ordinary men, his whole time is employed, his whole skill directed—not toward the duties of his high office, but in trying to keep his balance—in endeavouring to conciliate the support of such or such a borough-monger, in order to obtain his permission to allow the government to go on. In truth, the borough faction have such power, that he is more like a rope-dancer than a King; as they make it necessary for him to be perpetually upon the alert to balance himself on his slippery elevation, whilst the utmost he can do is to keep his place, and play off a few occasional antics. Such is the state to which the King is reduced under the influence of this ignominious system, instead of having his throne fixed on the rock of the constitution. I need not say that this is not the state which the dignity of a King of England requires, and the best interests of his people demand.*

A. Certainly not. But though the situation of a good King, as well as that of the country, might be much improved by a discreet exercise of the power of withholding his writs from being sent to the ports of Gatton, the stones of Midhurst, or the rubbish of Old Sarum or St. Mawes, yet a bad one, by the same prerogative of withholding, arbitrarily exercised, might prevent the returns of members from other places, when it suited his own views, or those of his ministers, so to do. Some boroughs rise in opulence from local causes, as others fall into decay, and if the degrees of opulence or population which should entitle a place to be represented in parliament, and the degree of decay which should be the signal

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* These sentiments are taken from a report of Sir F. Burdett's speech in the House of Commons of June 15, 1809.

of disfranchisement, were to be left to the arbitrary will and power of the Crown, or of those who were put in authority under it, how are we secured from the recurrence of as great evils as we endure under the present system? If a Tiberius were to ascend the throne, he would soon find a Sejanus. We appear to me, therefore, to want a principle, that if it fluctuated, should fluctuate with the necessary fluctuation of things, not with the whims, reason, or caprice, as the case might happen, of an individual, or even of a chosen set of men: we want a principle of representation (if I might again quote a line which has been often quoted in the course of this enquiry) which should "grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength," and should thus, in my estimation, only adopt one that might turn out a principle of misrepresentation, and strengthen with our weakness, or with that of a weak first magistrate.

B. But we *must* take the laws and Constitution for our guide, and I have not yet stated that I intend "each county should be subdivided according to its taxed male population, and each subdivision be required to elect one representative." *

A. Oh, do you so? then what becomes of the exercise of that power or prerogative which you would throw into the royal scale?—The Ministry, to be sure, have lately slammed the door most insultingly in our faces; yet "call things by their right names, brother *B.* and look through the key hole as long as you will." If a certain number of taxed male inhabitants, equal in their rights, are to elect a representative, what becomes of the prerogative you would allow or restore to the King? and *vice versa*. The right of sending, and the prerogative or right of not summoning, cannot at the same time belong to the King and people, unless you mean a new practical illustration of the "countercheck quarrelsome."—But, my dear *B.*, whence this inseparability of property and political wisdom? Have you found them invariable concomitants? I am sure you have not.

B. I have not, I confess. Men are not always politically wise in proportion to their wealth, nor politically ignorant in proportion to their poverty. On the contrary, the poverty of the latter is often a consequence of their disinterested virtue, and the riches of the former of their unprincipled depravity. On the whole, and looking at society at once in the mass and in the detail, with the strongest vision I am capable of, I find myself compelled to agree with the preacher of old, that "riches are not to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill, but that time and chance happeneth unto all." Yet the English Constitution has sanctioned

* Report of Sir Francis Burdett's Speech of June 15, 1809.

sanctioned and admitted of no other principle of representation, nor has the ingenuity of man devised any better.*

A. I am tempted to deny both your propositions, (though I by no means understand the first to be the proper subject of our present discussion). What you would really wish at all times to see in the House of Commons, would be the knowledge, the talent, the essential intellectual attainment, of the country, in all it's vigour and all it's variety. I would not lay too much stress on mere verbal expressions, yet in rude and unsophisticated ages, words are not used to deceive by diverting our attention from things, and, in ancient times, before art and science had shed their genial rays over our island, and when few of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors could read or write, courage and conduct in war, and the various cares attendant on agricultural and pastoral pursuits, were the two principal ways in which mind was manifested. I might call the Thanes and the Ceorles, with the possibility of an hard earned admission into the former rank for a merchant who had made three long sea voyages † on his own account, the accredited intellectual classes of that early stage of political society in this country, when the legislative assembly was called the *Wittenagemote*.—I wish you to remark—for I think it is highly deserving the notice of those who dwell with so much reverence on the ancient forms of our constitution, that even in that rude and martial age—of fierce liberty, as Tacitus emphatically calls it—the principle of representation, at which I have hinted, was recognised in the very word by which the national assembly was denominated and known: for wit at that time signified knowledge, as it still continues to signify in the language of law and in that of the Gospel; and the *Wittenagemote*, meant the assembly of men of knowledge.

Nor is it less worthy of remark, that we should in modern times, which boast of their philosophical refinement, have retained, or mistakenly adopted, the rough and rude modification, for the essential principle, of national representation, and instead of the knowledge or intellectual attainment of the country, have assembled it's hereditary Thanes, and the chosen representatives of it's Ceorles and merchants.

When the institutions of the Anglo-Saxons were superseded by, or incorporated with, those of the Normans, even the right, or the power, of conquest, did not overthrow the acknowledged principle on which this assembly was summoned, and the Norman term *Parle-a-ment*, by which it was now denominated, and which remains in use to this day, continued to inform the subjects of the

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* "A measure more simple or more efficacious, human wisdom could not have devised."—Impartial Examination of Sir F. Burdett's Plan, p. 7.

† See Wilkins, p. 71. and Hume's History.

Anglo-Norman kings and their posterity, that it met to *speak the mind*—at first, as is well known, of the Clergy and military barons, but afterward, of the Commons, or people, also; for in the preamble to those writs addressed to the sheriffs by our first Edward, by which he first summoned deputies from the cities and boroughs in his dominions, he liberally lays it down, as “*a most equitable rule, that what concerns all, should be approved of by all, and common danger be repelled by united efforts.*” *

Hence you will perceive that I do not admit the doctrine of your friend, who thinks that intellect was, is, and ought to be, dependent upon property, and who identifies independence of moral and political principle, with independence of worldly circumstance; † and further I should wish you to perceive, that, while I deny that we ought to go back, or in other words, that a learned and scientific, should implicitly take its political creed from an unlearned and unscientific, age; or limit by the institutions of such an age, its hopes of moral and political amelioration,—I yet shew that if we were to go back even to the Anglo-Saxon period of our history, we should arrive at a purer and more rational principle, in my estimation, than that of mere property being the sole basis of political right. I therefore, much as I admire other parts of his pamphlet, and the noble strain of sentiment by which it is generally animated—cannot but see much of mistake and irrelevance in that leading sentence, wherein he declares that “the class of persons who now pay direct taxation to the poor, the church, and the state, corresponds with the class of Freeholders of former times; comprises all whose *circumstances enable them to think and act for themselves, and excludes all who are dependent on the favour of others* for the means of comfortable existence.”—(At least we ought to wish the myriads of idle, nominal office clerks, but real court parasites, were designated in this latter class.)—“If this first article of Sir Francis Burdett’s plan were adopted,” (continues he) “our ancient constitution, as far as the elective franchise is concerned, would be at once restored—*PROPERTY would again be made the BASIS OF POLITICAL RIGHT.*”

B. Let us proceed with caution; and if we expect others to follow, it may be best to clear the way as we go. The amount of the historical part of your argument appears to be, that our Anglo-saxon ancestors, or rather their kings, in assembling the Wites, or Wittenagemote, intended to call together the wise men, or men of knowledge, not those of property; and that the Thanes and chosen Ceorles and Aldermen assembled at this call, because such knowledge as the times afforded was confined to those classes.

A. That

* See Brady of Boroughs, p. 25, 33; and Hume’s Hist. vol. ii. p. 283.

† Supp. 5, 6, 7, &c. of An Impartial Examination of Sir F. Burdett’s Plan of Parliamentary Reform.

A. That is precisely my meaning. I firmly believe that in the simplicity and sincerity of that early period, the Anglo-saxon assembly would have been called by some word denoting rank, or property, or both, and not the Wittenagemote, had not the intention been to assemble the national stock of knowledge. I more over think with Major Cartwright that these were more genuine, because more free* and unshackled, times, than those which succeeded the conquest, when Norman usages began to obtain among us. Yet that even then the word *Parle-a-ment* shews that the barons, knights, and burgesses, met to speak their mind; that is, the peers to deliver their own sentiments, on subjects connected with the national prosperity—the deputies, those of the people.

B. Which history shews to have been, in fact, no more than to deliver their assent to the scutages, &c. imposed by the king.

A. Pardon me. History shews that they occasionally delivered their objections also, and that very soon after their first meeting, they began to petition or stipulate for the redress of grievances.

B. But to petition against superinduced evil is not to originate good.

A. That may or may not be true. As a general position it may be answered by another, namely, that the advancement of truth is always consequent to the recession of error; and in the particular case before us, if the amelioration of society did not originate in the lower house, there is no reason arising out of the ancient constitution of that house, why it might not have so originated. Even confining ourselves to the fact of their petitioning: to petition, was virtually to remonstrate with the crown: the sort of political politeness, which induced our Edwards and Henries and their successors, to say in the French language, "the king will consider of it," when refusal was meant, induced the Commons to petition, when to remonstrate was intended on the one side, and understood on the other. But we are straying from considerations of political reform and present practical benefit, into feudal researches.—

B. Well then—to return. I think the more difficult division of your task remains to be performed. You have now to shew, how in the present state of society a better principle of parliamentary representation is practicable, than that which I have proposed.

A. I have to shew that property alone is not the firmest foundation

* Speaking of these times and of our immortal Alfred, Hume says, "he contented himself with reforming, extending, and executing, the institutions which he found previously established;"—"amidst the rigours of justice, this great prince preserved the most sacred regard to the liberty of his people;" and it is a memorable sentiment preserved in his will, that it is just the English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts."

dation on which to build the national happiness,—or if you please, “of political right.” And here I must be allowed to express my regret that in using the word “goods,” you appeared to confine its meaning to money, land, and chattels, and to imply that the House of Commons was to be considered merely as a machine of revenue on the one hand, and a defender of the public pocket on the other. With what honour, or with what conscience, can you blame the Curtises, Kembles, and Dixons of the day—the loan jobbers and borough-mongers,—if your own *radical* ideas are the same with theirs? Admitting this principle of the almighty power and goodness of wealth, call me hither the casuist who will undertake to shew why rotten boroughs should *not* be bought and sold. The great, radical, and still-prevailing error on this subject, as it appears to me, is in your mistaking a secondary, for a primary, cause.—In your supposing wealth or property to be the cause—whereas it is only a consequence—of the presence of arts and sciences, acting on the national industry, though, when rightly employed, it becomes a reproductive cause in its turn. In every country, the stock of physical and moral strength is in proportion to its real attainments in the arts and sciences, in whose train follow national wealth and happiness; and *vice versa*, the weakness and misery of nations is in a direct ratio to their ignorance. To be convinced of these truths, it is only necessary to look at the relative co-existing political conditions of the several nations of the earth, at any given period of history. Look for example, at the present state of the world, with reference to those objects for which society and government are presumed to be formed: more especially, do not forget to turn your ardent view toward America, as it is a striking instance of a representative government, formed on your own principles.

Of America and its representative system, it was mistakenly vaunted by the celebrated author of the Rights of Man, that “what Athens was in miniature, America will be in magnitude. The one was the wonder of the ancient world; the other is becoming the admiration—the model, of the present!” Twenty years have elapsed since this empty boast was promulgated, yet what now is the state of America? Here are no decayed boroughs, yet according to the concurrent testimony of every intelligent traveller who has visited that continent, a general rottenness prevails;

—“Even now,

While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd, and her heart decays!
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death.”

But the whole of what this admirable poet and Mr. Isaac Weld have written on the subject, should be read by those who display

so much anxiety to build up a new British House of Commons on the sole basis of property.

B. And does Mr. Moore ascribe this political depravity to the American Congress being formed on the basis of property?

A. To the best of my reasoning powers he does, and by no very remote induction of causes. Of the sordid rapacity that pervades America, he says it has

“ palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land ;
Turn'd life to traffic ; set the demon Gold
So loose abroad, that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty, are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade !”

and of the torpid state of intellect, notwithstanding the various excitement that Nature has bountifully poured over the land, he adds in beautiful analogy,

“ All that Creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms ;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conq'ring rivers flow ;
Mind, mind alone, without whose quick'ning ray,
The world's a wilderness, and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows !”

In short, Mr. Moore does all but draw my inference, while he amply vouches for the truth* of his representation. I have no wish to avoid due responsibility, but in the present case I am tempted to ask, how can the inference be withheld?—In a country where property, and property alone, is represented, and is alone made the criterion and the measure of qualification, even though no borough faction should exist, property alone, whatever form it assume, will become universally desirable. The minds of a people with whom such a government should originate,—ever disposed, both by cause and consequence, to exult when successful in the crafty scramble,—how shall they individually be convinced that *more is to be got* by the exercise of disinterested public virtue, than by the sale of seats in the Senate, and the bartering of votes for private advantage? “No man shall gather grapes of thorns,” neither shall patriotism grow from a selfish root.

Tell me now, under the effects of yours and your friend's plan, and as far as respects the House of Commons, what better has England to hope than America suffers or enjoys?—What better has she to hope, unless it be from the ameliorating influence of arts and

* All I presume to answer for, is the fidelity of the picture which I have given ; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.—*Preface to Epistles, Odes, and other poems*, p. 8.

and sciences operating indirectly and unostensibly in that assembly?—Now, where is the honesty, or where the policy or the wisdom, of not acknowledging good to proceed whence it does proceed? Or why teach those arts and sciences tamely and slavishly to follow, if we have discovered that they are worthy to lead? If there be reason to expect in Great Britain a better Senate—a Senate possessing more disinterested virtue and more political wisdom—than that of America, only because of a latent and unacknowledged hope that agriculture and the various arts of civilization and embellishment, would, under the banner of property, be enlisted in the service of the country, why not fairly and manfully unfurl the broad standard of practical philosophy?—Can you hesitate to believe that all the uncorrupted and incorruptible talent of the united kingdom would flock anxiously around it?

What David Williams said (in a dedication) to the Prince of Wales in the year 1789, should now be repeated to those gentlemen who possess influence, and are sincerely exerting themselves to effect a Parliamentary Reform. “France at this time is pregnant with events for which England should be prepared, I mean not on the ground of hostility, but of political competition.—This is a probability requiring attention very different from that bestowed by English princes on the management of parties; and will render talents necessary, more profound and comprehensive than those which give celebrity to parliamentary advocates.”—“Talents in men, as virtues in plants, are discoverable by proper menstrua. Submission, acquiescence, and venality, are not the only ingredients in British minds: their best qualities should be sought by a prince who may be under the moral necessity of sustaining his exalted rank by the virtues of all his people.”

C. I know, A. that your intention is good, and therefore, wish you would express yourself more fully, for I profess that at present I have but a bare apprehension—a kind of looming, as the seaman’s phrase is, of what you would propose instead of the basis of property.

B. Neither have I, and having no design beyond that of benefiting the community, “I beg leave to repeat that, notwithstanding what I have urged, I am open to conviction; that I am ready to listen to all fair reasoning on the subject, and that I have nothing to bias my mind.” Can you possibly mean that instead of a House of Commons built on property, the third estate, like the groves of the Athenian Academy, should be an assembly of artists and philosophers, and that in order to make room for such, Mr. Coke, Mr. Curwen, Mr.—

A. O, by no means, I am far, very far, from intending that such men as you are naming, or to put names out of the question—that any gentlemen of great landed property, or of mercantile property,

or of any other legalised species of property, should be disqualified or excluded. God forbid! Such men form most important and indispensable parts of my system of National Representation, but they do not constitute the whole. I want the lower House of Parliament to be a real epitome of the mind of the people of the United Kingdom. In that species of knowledge, which gives birth to the improvement of landed property, and attaches to its political relations, it is fair to suppose that no men are better skilled than those who might be selected from among our great landed proprietors: nor is it less obviously true that the representatives of Commerce should be mercantile men. I do not wish to curtail, but to purify, cultivate, and extend these radical principles. I have no desire that the great leading political interests, as they are termed, should not be represented: on the contrary, I wish that they should be more adequately represented, if possible, than at present they are, which I think might be done by restricting the right of voting for such members, to those who might on principle be presumed to be the best judges of the qualifications or talents of the respective candidates, and that this principle of giving to the country at the seasons of election the full benefit of the actual stock of judgment that each individual in his vocation possessed, should be extended to every art and science—to every species of knowledge, that is susceptible of classification, and that contributes to the welfare of the country; all of which should be represented. I would even have the valuable practical discoveries in Art and Science that may in future be made, provided for—as far as human foresight could make such provision—by ordaining that there shall be an ample representation of such abstract sciences, (mathematics and chemistry for example) as such presumed discoveries must of necessity be connected with, and that every half century, or at other stated periods, a revision should be made of the numbers returned for each art, science, and species of property, with a view to their more harmonious and efficient incorporation.

C. And would you include poetry, painting, and their sister arts, in your system of representation, as well as astronomy, logic, arithmetic, medicine, with a long *etcetera*?

A. Yes.—I have before said that I would have every art and science represented, that contributes, or might contribute, to the general prosperity. I can perceive no fairer or more adequate manner in which the essence of the whole of the public mind can be elaborated, and I see no more reason for the omission of these parts, than of any other.

C. Then we should soon have Coleridge singing his Ode to Liberty, and Mr. Shee his Painter's Remonstrance, instead of making parliamentary orations, in St. Stephen's chapel. Mr. Soane might choose to remodel the metropolis; Mr. Bell to anatomise our expressions;

expressions ; and Sir Lucas Pepys to purge the constitution, while Doctors Herschel and Maskelin would be *moving*—I suppose, for the moon and stars, in your political hemisphere !

B. Who shall propose what has not its points of ridicule ? We know that under certain punning circumstances, majesty itself is but a jest. But restrain your wit, *C.* at least for a time, and let us listen with becoming attention, to the wisdom of his novelties, or the novelties of his wisdom.

A. Do not imagine that I have the least objection to his question. Ridicule is no longer the test of truth ; on the contrary, I shall hope to find that truth will be the test of his ridicule. Early in our discussion, he said in the words of Bolingbroke, that all subsisted by elemental strife, but he did not say *how*. Of this also he had probably but “ a bare apprehension.” I shall, however, venture to affirm that there would be less danger in my political hemisphere, as he is pleased to call it, that that great law of nature which ordains that the centrifugal shall be restrained by the centripetal power, should be violated, than there is in the political system as it exists at present. In fact, he has stumbled in metaphor upon the prime source of our political evils. The arts and sciences, which should have been primary planets and fixed stars in the parliamentary system, are become mere satellites of property, and hence the vortices in which we are whirling to destruction.—With respect to Coleridge (whom I should not have named) his mind has been so effectually acted upon by the restraining power without the walls of St. Stephen, that there is no great reason to apprehend he would sing his own Ode to Liberty within them—Yet I wish that no worse things had been sung or said in St. Stephen's Chapel :—Sir Lucas would probably soon be himself thrown off precisely in the way you have so delicately suggested,—and for the other gentlemen whom you have named, they would be ornaments, and which is more, be very useful members too—in any senate.—But it is getting late, and we must close our discussion.

B. Late as it is, you have excited so much of my attention, that I had rather hear you proceed.

A. I have so much to say on this interesting subject, that the morning star would find me still talking.—We must meet again,

C. Let it be soon.

A. As soon as you please.

B. Well then, good night,

A. Good night.

C. Good night,

ART. III.—*Shakspeare Sermons.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

I have a friend, who is so enthusiastic an admirer of Shakspeare, that the works of the poet may be literally said to be his Bible. Not that he is unacquainted with any better Bible, or has no religious feeling: he venerates the sacred volume as the immediate inspiration of Heaven, and respects our common English translation of it for the antiquity and beautiful simplicity of its phraseology: it was rendered, he says, by Shakspeare's contemporaries; and he has not unfrequently gathered from the language of that translation an insight into the meaning of his favourite poet, whom, with all possible respect to the holy penmen, he presumes to call an inspired writer too.

The other night, at a club to which we both belong, I saw my friend enter the room with his head and coat-pocket full of something; and, after supper, he dishurthened the latter of a manuscript, and the former of the following speech:—

"Gentlemen, you know my veneration for the great poet, whose bust surmounts the mantle-piece of our club-room, and to whose immortal memory we, on every 23d day of April, drink sack upon our knees out of a piece of his mulberry-tree hollowed into a cup; and you will not be surprised at the communication I have now to make to you. I was thinking the other evening that, next to the sacred volume, Shakspeare may be said to be the Bible of England; that we have as complete a concordance to his works as we have to the Bible; that we have almost as many useless commentators and fiery polemics on the one book as on the other; and that nothing is wanting to complete the resemblance, which has been so presumptuously endeavoured to be effected between them, but that Sermons should be preached out of Shakspeare. Big with this idea, I sat down and wrote the short discourse, which I shall now take the liberty of submitting to your consideration: its text is a comic passage of our poet; but I am persuaded that, in the same manner that Mrs. Montagu considers 'Shakspeare not only a poet, but one of the greatest moral philosophers that ever lived,' and that Mrs. Griffith, after her, calls him 'not only her poet, but her philosopher also,' and has filled a thick octavo volume with his morality, so, at least moral, if not religious, sermons might be with advantage preached from him, and if I had not thought it more congenial to this room and this hour to commence my design by enlarging on a passage of his humour, I should have endeavoured to prove my assertion by writing a grave moral essay on a passage of his sublime or pathetic.

I reserve this task for some future occasion, and proceed without further suspense to my 'Shakspeare Sermon.'"

The whole club stared at each other, and my friend opened his manuscript without interruption.

"As this my first Sermon is on a ludicrous subject," he added, "I have taken the liberty to burlesque, as I proceed, the cant of methodist preachers, who connect passages of Scripture which have no relevancy, wire-draw their texts till they have no meaning at all, and find out meanings in them which they never meant. The sermons of the learnedly pious, of the 'zealous *with* knowledge,' are not more out of the reach, than out of the intention, of my feeble lash; 'let the gall'd jade wince; their withers are unwrung.'"

My friend then began to name his text with a puritanical air:—"In the fourth act of *Much ado about Nothing*, and at the latter part of the second scene, you will find it thus written: 'But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.' (*A pause.*)—*Much ado about Nothing*, the fourth and second. 'But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.'" After another due pause, he entered upon the introductory paragraph of his Sermon, with that air of beginning a long and unavoidable task, which too many preachers assume. But I have obtained not only a copy of my friend's discourse, but his permission to submit it to the REFLECTOR, and had better make way for it at once, by subscribing myself

Your obedient Servant,

†††

THE SERMON.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Act IV. Scene 2.—"But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."

The sublimity and fancy of Shakspeare will never fail to elevate and dazzle the reader; but what he will dwell upon with the greatest fondness, and recur to with the most undiminished delight, is the comic humour of the poet: and perhaps there is no passage throughout his works, the humour of which may be more dilated, or set in a greater variety of lights, than that of my present text: the game, which is here started, it will not be easy to run down. "Come" then, my hearers, we will "go and kill us venison." (As you like it, the second and first).

"But, masters, remember that *I am an ass*; though it be not written down, yet forget not that *I am an ass*." You all know that

that these are the words of Dogberry, one of the constables of the night, who take up and examine Conrade and Borachio, in the comedy of *Much ado about Nothing*. The ignorant self-importance of the constables cannot fail to inspire the prisoners with contempt, and Conrade does not hesitate to call Dogberry an ass. Dogberry, "proud" Dogberry, "drest in a little brief authority," (*Measure for Measure*, the second and second), "tow'ring in the pride of place," (*Macbeth*, the second and fourth), intoxicated with "the insolence of office," (*Hamlet*, the third and first), conceives Conrade's contempt for the administrator of justice to be his worst offence against her; and expresses his keen regret that his fellow-constable, who took down the charges against the prisoners, has just left the prison with the book in which he wrote them: "O that he were here," he exclaims, "to write me down an ass!" and then he adds, in the words of my text, "but, masters, remember that *I am* an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that *I am* an ass."

By the word *ass*, Shakspeare intends, as does common parlance to the present day, *fool*: so, in the *Tempest*, the fifth and first,—

—"What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the second and second, "Page is an *ass*, a secure *ass*." And again, in *Twelfth Night*, the second and third, Sir Toby Belch says to the Clown or Fool, "Welcome, *ass*; now let's have a catch." And again, in *Measure for Measure*, the fifth and first, "You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, an *ass*." And again, in *All's Well that ends Well*, the fourth and third,—

—"And it shall come to pass
That every braggart shall be found an *ass*."

And so in innumerable other places.

"But, masters, remember that *I am* an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that *I am* an ass."

The humour of this exquisite passage is threefold:—

I. The humour of making a man call himself an ass, when he means to say only that another man has so nicknamed him. "Remember that *I am* an *ass*."

II. The humour of making one man desire another to *bear it in his mind* that he is an ass. "Remember that *I am* an *ass*."

And III. The humour of the idea that though it may not appear as a matter of record, the man is not the less an ass. "*Though it be not written down*, forget not that *I am* an *ass*."

May some portion of the "spirit" of Shakspeare "reign in our bosoms," (Second of *King Henry the Fourth*, the first and first), while we thus attempt to illustrate his humour!

I. We

I. We are to consider "the humour of making a man call himself an ass, when he means to say only that another man has so nicknamed him."—Shakspeare does not make Dogberry say, "*you called me an ass,*" or, "*I am in your opinion an ass,*" but "*I am an ass;*" thus making the constable assent to his traducer's aspersion, even when he intended to combat it the most violently, and to revenge it the most signally. Dogberry does not utter this in an ironical tone, as much as to say, "*I am an ass, am I?*" We shall soon see which has the longest ears: the pillory shall stretch your's." No: Dogberry is firmly convinced that nothing but its being "remembered in Conrade's punishment" can exonerate him from the imputation which has been cast upon him, and that, till that punishment has proved it otherwise, he really is an ass, since he has been so called: he repeats his conviction to this effect twice; "remember that *I am* an ass; forget not that *I am* an ass." As if he had said, "You have called me an ass, and though, in point of fact, 'I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him,' yet, since I have been so called, an ass I must be, till the law, by punishing you for the aspersion, says I am none." And this leads us

II. To consider "the humour of making one man desire another to *bear it in his mind* that he is an ass;" as if, in the case of Dogberry, a person who had once heard his loquacious *mala-propos*, and attributed them to that conceited ignorance from which they sprang, could ever forget that he was an ass. Dogberry now says, "Though 'I am a wise fellow,' and so on, and *that* you must have discovered by my conversation, yet you have called me an ass: there is nothing in my conduct that could warrant such an aspersion, but, in point of fact, you have cast it upon me. When we meet again, you may wish to retract, or to forget, your slander; and forget it you easily may; for the same sensible demeanour which I have evinced to-night, I shall preserve then, and thus there will be nothing on my part to put you in mind that I am an ass, provided you do not wish to renew the imputation: but *I* will not suffer you to forget it; I myself will continually remind you of it, I will intreat your judge to 'remember it in your punishment;' for I am determined that, as there is no pretence for calling me an ass, I will not be so called: '*remember that I am an ass.*'" It is impossible here not to admire the admirable skill of the poet, who has thus ambiguously made Dogberry accuse himself in the mind of the reader, while he thinks he is defending himself in the mind of his interlocutors, and *that* by desiring the latter

latter to remember as a foul aspersion, what the former will never forget is the real truth. But our time flies, and we must hasten to consider,

III. "The humour of the idea that, though it may not appear as a matter of record, the man is not the less an ass." The ideas of Dogberry flow thus: "Though, from the circumstance of my fellow-constable's having left the prison, with the book, in which the charge against you is contained, your present opprobrious aspersion of my character can not be 'written down,' yet that shall not save you from the added punishment, which impends over your head on account of the aspersion; and though it is not at present 'under white and black' that I am an ass, it shall 'not be forgotten to be specified when time and place shall serve,' and, in the mean time, shall be written 'on the tablets of our memory,' (Hamlet, the first and fifth). I will do my best to remember it myself, and to remind you of it by *telling* you, in so many words, that I am an ass, however my conduct my fail to recall to you the circumstance. To prevent all accidents, though, I will take care to have it specified as a distinct charge against you 'when time and place shall serve;' but 'O," he exclaims as he quits the prison, "O that I had been *writ down* an ass!"

Shakspeare doubtless intended by using the phrase, "*though it be not written down*, remember," and so on, to allude to the laws of England, the *lex non scripta*, or unwritten law, being there of equal force with the *lex scripta*, or written law; and it will be found that between these laws and the charges against Contrade and Borachio, there is the most striking resemblance. The charge against them, for "calling Don John a villain, after receiving a thousand ducats to accuse the Lady Hero wrongfully, so that Claudio might disgrace her before the whole assembly, and not marry her," had been taken down by Dogberry's fellow-constable, and was the *lex scripta*: the charge against them, for calling Dogberry an ass, had not been "written down," and constituted the *lex non scripta*, which, as Sir William Blackstone tells us, *memoria retinebat*, was "remembered," and not written down "till time and place should serve," when it was recorded by the decisions of Courts of Justice, and always "remembered in punishment." "Though it be not written down, forget not that I am an ass."

Improve this subject,

I. By considering how many people there are in the world, whose conversation continually says, "I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass;" and how much more they would shew their self-knowledge, were they now and then to confess this in terms,—not how much more
D
they

they would convince us of the truth of it! Does any man talk to me

“ ———— like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And tell me that the sovereign'st thing on earth
Is parmaceti for an inward bruise,
And that it is great pity, so it is,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.”

(First of King Henry the Fourth, the first and third), I say to myself, poor fool, you are only saying, “remember that I am an ass.” Does any fop agree with me, in the same breath, that the weather is both “indifferent cold” and “exceedingly sultry,” (Hamlet, the fifth and second), “though it be not written down, I do not forget that he is an ass.”

II. Let us improve this subject by reflecting, secondly, how many people would express themselves truly by adopting the stultification, which another has put upon them, as a preparatory step to its refutation, and by saying, with Dogberry, “I am an ass.” How many more libelled men would come into court with truth on their side, if they entered it, repeating the very words which they are pleased to call libellous! “I am a knave; I am a liar; I am an incendiary.”

III. Dogberry is a constable, or petty magistrate; and in him Shakspeare doubtless meant to represent the character of that class of men in general, who were at once ignorant and conceited. Oh, that they all had the self-knowledge to confess with Dogberry, “I am an ass.” In many, nothing has been seen but the lion's skin: “robes and furr'd gowns hide all,” (King Lear, the fourth and sixth). Dogberry “has two gowns and every thing handsome about him.” Well might the poet make Touchstone disclaim the appellation of ass, till he was rich enough to support the character with credit: “call me not fool,” says he, “till heav'n hath sent me fortune.” (As you like it, the second and seventh).

To conclude, the subject ought to teach us diffidence. Let us not, by talking upon topics which we do not understand, or by talking without deliberation upon those which we do, give opportunity to any one to say of us, “you are an ass; though it be not written down, I will not forget it.” The subject ought to teach us candour and self-knowledge. *Should* our tongues thus outstrip our judgments, let us confess at once with Dogberry, “I am an ass;” “so shall our anticipation prevent in others' discovery,” (Hamlet, the-second and second); and let us

beg

beg that it may be "remembered in our punishment." Thus shall each of us, like Proteus, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, (the second and fourth, towards the beginning)

"Make use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old,
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

ART. IV.—*On the Pernicious Effects of Methodism in our Foreign Possessions.*

SIR, The church of England, and all sober Christians, are under obligations to you, for having exposed the Folly and Danger of Methodism, in the series of Essays which you first printed in the *Examiner*. But as your remarks are confined to the danger resulting from the increase of Methodism *at home*, allow me to point out to you, the extreme hazards to which our foreign possessions are exposed by the attempts of the Methodists to spread fanaticism in the East and West Indies.

In a late debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Whitbread is stated to have said, "I wish to get rid of an intolerance which would set in flames our most distant colonies."

When the recent transactions are stated, to which I presume Mr. Whitbread alluded, your readers will determine whether his apprehensions are well or ill founded.

A number of fanatics, in the pay of a Methodist society in England, have resorted to the island of Jamaica, in order to convert to Methodism, or, as they call it, to *pure and genuine Christianity*, the Mulattoes and the unfortunate Negroes.

The legislative assembly, informed of the mischief caused by these enthusiasts, passed a law, restricting them from publicly preaching and praying in certain places and at certain hours. The preamble to the Bill expresses the wish of the assembly for the dissemination of Christianity, but contains also a description of the persons who were endeavouring to spread Methodism. It adds, that the effects of their preaching were to throw some of their auditors into convulsions, others into fits, and in some, to cause mental derangement;—all these effects, we know, have been produced by the prayers and sermons of Calvinistic and Arminian Methodists in England.

It cannot surely be supposed, that a legislative assembly would

introduce such assertions into the preamble of a public act, if the truth of them was not a matter of notoriety, nor can we believe that the Duke of Manchester would have given his sanction to a law, which was to have immediate effect, had he not been convinced of the truth of the facts contained in the preamble to the act.

The clamour raised by the Methodists in England, when they heard of this law, was unbounded. The Bill came under the consideration of a Committee of the Privy Council, who advised his Majesty to disallow it, and on its being returned to Jamaica, the tub preachers resumed their operations. But the legislative assembly, still forcibly impressed with an opinion, that the peace and tranquillity of the island required them to silence these men, tacked a clause to a Regulation Bill, which prohibited all persons, *the clergy excepted*, from attempting to convert the black inhabitants. This clause received the sanction of the Duke of Manchester, and the Methodists were again silenced.

The Privy Council advised his Majesty to reject this Bill also, and to command his West Indian Governors, *on no pretence whatever*, to consent to any law concerning religion, unless it contained a clause to suspend its execution until the King's pleasure was signified upon it.

Here, Sir, we have, indeed, a strong proof of the influence of the Methodists with Government. These fanatical tub preachers in Jamaica, may keep the whole colony *in a flame* for three months, since the local government has no power to restrain them concerning religion. On hearing of this regulation, the legislative assembly determined to stop the supplies. The Governor dissolved them, and a new assembly was to be elected. The British inhabitants warmly supported their old representatives, and this, Sir, was the disturbed state of Jamaica, when the latest advices left that island.

We are told by Mr. Hook, that Mr. Larpent looks upon Methodists as very harmless people, that there is no difference between these tub preachers and our clergy, and that Government does not wish to see the Methodists ridiculed.

I fear Mr. Larpent speaks *as to the sentiments of Government* from good authority, for the unhappy dispute with the legislative assembly has no connection with the religion established by law.

You may probably recollect the celebrated Blagdon controversy. A very respectable old clergyman was dismissed from his curacy, by an order from a late bishop of Exeter, for having presumed to censure the conduct of a Methodist shoemaker, who was the master of one of Mrs. Hannah More's Sunday schools. The western counties were kept *in a flame* for six months. All the Methodists in the kingdom took the part of the shoemaker,

but

but in the end they were defeated, for the bishop became fully sensible of his error, and restored Mr. Bere, the clergyman, to his cure.

The conductors of the *Christian Observer* have condemned the conduct of the legislative assembly in the most intemperate and inflammatory language. On true Methodistical principles, they assign *the motives* by which the Members were actuated, *resentment*, caused by the abolition of the slave trade. They are accused of *tyranny*, of *persecution*, and their proceedings are called *wicked* and *shameful*. The conductors say that the resident clergy cannot extend their cares beyond the white inhabitants of Jamaica, and that, consequently, nine-tenths of the community must be left destitute of all instruction of religious worship. An admirable reason to assign, most undoubtedly, in support of a proposition to the legislative assembly, and to parliament, for doubling or trebling the number of the clergy now resident in Jamaica. But how does it apply to the objections urged against Jumpers and Methodists, who are laymen? The *Christian Observer* has not ventured to assert that the facts stated in the preamble of the act are false. If he can prove they were false, he will indeed render the legislative assembly thoroughly contemptible,—but that the facts are true, every candid man must believe until the reverse is proved. First, because the members of the legislative assembly are gentlemen; next, because none but fools would hazard such assertions if they were not true, and where it was so easy to detect the imposition: thirdly, because the Duke of Manchester would not, I am sure, approve a bill founded on false grounds: and lastly, because we all know that similar effects have been produced by the enthusiastic rantings of tub preachers in England.

The conductors of the *Christian Observer* call themselves members of the *Established Church*. Mr. Romaine, Mr. Cadogan, Mr. Newton, Mr. Whitfield, and Mr. Wesley, were members of it also;—so are Doctors Haweis, Hawker, and Draper;—so I believe is Mr. Rowland Hill,—but of the *new school* in the church,—in other words, Calvinistic Methodists,—and of this new school are the conductors of the *Christian Observer*.

Another monthly publication, the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, is conducted by members of the *old school*, and they are supposed to speak the sentiments of our prelates, and of a great majority of the clergy and laity. The *Anti-Jacobin Review* early predicted the mischiefs which would be produced by Sectarian Missionary Societies, and the *Christian Observer* has very warmly defended the proceedings of these societies.

In one of the last numbers of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, there is a passage which applies with the same degree of force to Jamaica as to the East Indies:—

"Admitting it to be impossible to propagate Christianity in the East, without the aid of sectarian missionaries, still we contend that it is not justifiable in any members of the church of England to resort to such agency, even for such a purpose. It is, indeed, most desirable to spread the light of Christianity over the face of the habitable globe. But unless the doctrine is admitted, that the end justifies the means, we are not authorised to employ such agency, even for such an object." That these sound and rational opinions are the opinions of the dignitaries of the church, and of the great body of the clergy, is certain, because they have neither afforded countenance nor pecuniary assistance to the Sectarian Missionary Societies, consequently they must approve of the law passed by the legislative assembly of Jamaica concerning sectaries.

The committee of the Privy Council, however, were more favourably disposed towards Methodists.

Permit me now, Sir, shortly to state to you the proceedings of the Methodists, as applied to British India.—From that empire they are excluded by a positive law, which applies equally to the peer and the peasant, to the prelate and to the tub preacher.

The law declares, that no British subject shall proceed to India, unless he has a license from the company to go there. In breach of this law, two sectarian societies have sent a number of English missionaries to India, in foreign ships, conceiving, I suppose, in opposition to the sound opinion of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, that the end does justify the means, where the object is to propagate Methodism.

The two sectarian societies who have sent missionaries to India, are composed of Calvinists. They are supported by contributions from some of the evangelical clergy, from Methodists, and other Calvinistic dissenters.

Among the directors of the Methodist Missionary Society are Doctors Hawker, Haweis, and Draper, and Mr. Rowland Hill. The second society is called the Baptist Missionary Society, and its Managers are also rigid Calvinists. The members of both societies profess the doctrine of Calvin, that the election or the condemnation of all men that have lived, are now living, or that will live upon this globe in future, was determined by the Almighty before the creation of the world. Nothing, therefore, can be more absurd, as you justly observe, than for men holding this Calvinistic doctrine, to send missionaries among the heathen nations.

Much has been written on the subject of missions to British India. The total failure of success through the agency of these bigotted Calvinists, has been clearly proved. The danger to which our oriental empire must be exposed, if this missionary mania is not suppressed, or the work transferred to agents responsible to

Parliament

Parliament for their conduct, has been fully pointed out. But hitherto, neither the legislature nor government have considered this momentous subject.

The sectarian societies and the defenders of missions, with only one exception, have endeavoured to supply the deficiency of argument, by the old and hacknied assertion, that all who oppose the efforts used by God's people to convert the heathen nations to pure and genuine Christianity, are pupils of Voltaire's school, and infidels.

But the defence of sectarian missions has been made upon grounds entirely new, in a publication called the *Quarterly Review*. The ingenious writer admits, that in various instances the sectarian missionaries have been very intemperate and very imprudent. He admits that the religion which they teach is not the religion of our fathers, and that what they have altered *they have made worse*. But he adds, which no one has ever denied, that they are pious, diligent, and well-meaning men. He compliments the church for the learning of its members, but he *fears* that the *zeal* necessary for the work of conversion, is only to be met with among Methodists. He censures the church, therefore, for not encouraging these men, who may be of use as an advanced guard to the church militant: in other words, that these men may make a few Pagans rigid Calvinists in the first instance, that the church may in the second make them members of her own body.

It is in reply to this strange reasoning, that the *Anti-Jacobin Review* published an excellent critique, a passage from which I have inserted above.

I entirely agree with you as to the danger of Methodism at home; but various means have been taken, and with success too I hope, to arrest its progress. Many of the most respectable and learned of our divines, have exposed the unscriptural doctrines of the evangelical clergy, who are the great patrons of Methodists. Even the *Christian Observer* does in some degree concur in opinion with the Barrister, as to the Methodistical publications of Dr. Hawker. Though Mr. Larpent would not permit Mr. Hook to bring a field preacher on the stage, the Hypocrite of Bickerstaff still continues to be acted.

But if Methodists are allowed to enter the Torrid Zone at their pleasure, under no other controul than that of societies in England, it would be an act of humanity at once to abandon all our foreign possessions.

When the Methodist Missionary Society was formed, about twelve years ago, they commenced their labours by sending missionaries to Africa, and to the islands in the South Seas. If in these regions they did no good, they could not injure the public, and they expended their own money. But their operations have

been in some instances dangerously, and in others foolishly, extended, of late years. During the short peace with France, they sent a *committee* into that kingdom, to inquire *into the state of religion*, a scheme that I think could only have entered into the heads of the men who are directors of that society. The Methodists have established an *Hibernian Society* also, the object of which is, to reclaim our fellow subjects in Ireland from the errors of Popery. They sent a missionary to *South America* as soon as they heard of the capture of Buenos Ayres, without any communication with his Majesty's Ministers, and without considering how far the bigotted Spaniards of America might resent the attempt to introduce Methodism among them. They have sent a number of missionaries to the island of Ceylon, and to British India, in violation of the law of the land.

To the charge of a violation of the law, the Methodist Missionary Society has made no reply. The fact could not be denied. But the committee of the Baptist Society say, in excuse for the violation, "that they could not *suppose* it was the intention of the legislature to invest the company with authority to *exclude the Christian religion from India*." Could you conceive it possible for any men to set up such a defence to such a charge!! Who could *suppose* the legislature capable of such an intention? But that it did intend to exclude from India all the subjects of the empire, *professing the Christian religion*, as well as infidels, if such there are among us, which I do not believe there are, is beyond all doubt, unless such subjects obtained a license from the Company to proceed to India.

There is no man of common humanity who does not wish for the total abolition of slavery in the West Indies, for the civilization, and the conversion, of mulattoes and negroes. From tolerably good information, I have reason to believe, that the proprietors of landed estates would be most happy to grant freedom to their slaves, were there hopes that they would work for the wages which we give to day labourers in England. But the difference between the Privy Council and the legislative assembly, does not relate to a trade that happily is abolished, nor to the emancipation of the negroes in the island, nor to the mode in which these unhappy men are treated by their masters; it relates to a set of bigotted, ignorant laymen,—not clergymen,—not members of our church, and of whose intemperate and dangerous proceedings, those only who reside in the island of Jamaica can form a correct judgment. Had a bill for restraining such men come before the Privy Council in the days of Sir Robert Walpole, Mr. Pelham, or the first Mr. Pitt, I have no doubt as to what the decision would have been upon it. The black population in Jamaica, in proportion to the white, is, I believe, as nine to one; it appears necessary,

necessary, therefore, that a strong power should be lodged in the hands of the legislative body, the Council, and the Governor. But for three months, at the least, the tub preachers are now free from the controul of the legislative or the executive body in the island, in all points *concerning Methodism*. This appears to me to be an impolitic regulation, because it may possibly endanger the public safety.

But in British India the disproportion between the European and the native population is infinitely greater than in the West Indies. We have thirty thousand subjects of our empire, including the army; above one hundred and twenty thousand native troops, and *sixty millions of natives*, subject to our dominion, in an empire as extensive as Europe. Nor is this all: the defenders of missions admit that this immense population consists of men singularly bigotted to their religions, though they deny that the prejudices of Hindoos and Mahometans are invincible, because *in fourteen years* a hundred persons, from among the lowest of the people, have been baptized in Bengal, and not a fourth of that number on the Coast, by sectarian missionaries.

Must it not occur to every rational man, that if it should be thought prudent to attempt the conversion of this immense population to Christianity, the attempt can only be made *by the nation*, through its representatives in Parliament? This is the opinion of every member of the church, who is not an evangelical clergyman.

But to let loose a number of bigotted fanatics on the continent of India, sent there in violation of the law, and subject to no controul in England, but that of Dr. Haweis, Dr. Hawker, and the directors of the Methodist and Baptist Societies, is so new a circumstance in the history of nations, that we can only wonder at the apathy of Government. If the Methodists are not to be ridiculed, at least let them be restrained from violating the law.

The argument of the Methodists is this, and I trust they will admit that I state it fairly:—

It was the command of our Saviour to his disciples, to preach the gospel to all the world. Our Lord also said, and lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world; thereby clearly implying, that it was the duty of Christians in all succeeding ages, to preach the gospel to unbelieving nations.

In obedience to this Divine command, the Methodists have formed societies in England, and have sent missionaries to different quarters of the globe. But they do not seem to consider that they are subjects to a *Christian state*;—that our Saviour has told us, “to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s.” The Methodists, though *gospel preachers*, generally dilate upon the *Epistles*, as you justly observe; yet St. Paul, again and again, enjoins
Christians

Christians to be obedient to their rulers, and to those who are set in authority over them.

Are, therefore, the learned Doctors Haweis and Hawker, the other directors of the Methodist Society, and Mr. Fuller and the managers of the Baptist Society, justified as Christians in violating the law, because our Saviour directed his disciples to preach the gospel to all the world? But Mr. Fuller says, "If Christianity be true, it is of such importance, *that no political considerations* are sufficient to weigh against it, nor ought they for a moment to be placed in competition with it; and if it be of God, to oppose, is the same thing as to tell our Maker, that we will not have him to reign over us."

Does this logical reasoner mean, that no political considerations ought for a moment to prevent a *Christian government* from attempting to christianize the heathen world? If this is his meaning, Government has indeed much to answer for. Does he mean that every individual in the kingdom, or any number of individuals formed into societies, are privileged to act *as they please*, when their sole object is to propagate Christianity in the East or West Indies? Does he mean to say, that if they are *opposed*, it is tantamount to a declaration that we will not have our Maker to reign over us? If this is Christian doctrine, it strikes at the root of civil government.

But the church of England disclaims the doctrine. Many very able persons have written upon the subject of propagating the gospel in the Pagan world; they all concur in opinion, that the legislature alone is competent to determine, when, and how, the nation is to attempt to extend Christianity among the nations subject to its power.

But for obscure individuals, led by Doctors Hawker and Haweis, and sectarian managers, to erect an *imperium in imperio*, to commit unauthorised acts in some instances, and illegal ones in others, is to set human laws and regulations at defiance.

The *Anti-Jacobin Review* contains the following very sensible remarks on the conduct of the sectarian societies:—

"It is a very serious matter to attempt the overthrow of the religious establishment of a country, whatever it may be. When the ancient sentiments and habits of a people, in regard to religion, are disturbed and unsettled, *it is impossible to say what consequences may ensue.*"

These sectarian societies are said, by their advocate, the *Christian Observer*, to have done no more than has been done, for a century past, by a Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

This is an assertion notoriously unfounded. Those respectable societies act under a charter granted by the legislature; nor have they

they violated the law in a single instance. The first society maintains a number of respectable missionaries in North America,—the second, has given pecuniary assistance to a mission established above a century ago in India, *by the Crown of Denmark*, and the missionaries employed are clergymen of the *Lutheran church*, Danes, Swedes, or Germans.

But under what *public authority* do these sectarian societies act? When they confined their exertions to the wilds in Africa, or to the islands in the South Seas, no one took much notice of their proceedings. They sent out taylor, and cobblers, and footmen, &c. &c. as missionaries.

Now the case is materially changed:—they have extended their efforts to countries subject to Great Britain, and their future proceedings ought to be regulated by the legislature.

The act of toleration does not authorize them to violate the law.

The similarity between the Catholics of the sixteenth, and the Methodists of the nineteenth century, is wonderfully striking. But the rage for proselytism among the Catholics has evaporated. The Methodists are not less anxious for the conversion of the heathen world, than for converting Christians of every church to the doctrines of Calvin.

To conclude, I concur heartily with you, as to the Danger and Folly of Methodism at home; but the measures which they have adopted to spread Methodism in the foreign dependencies of the empire, are infinitely more dangerous.

A MEMBER OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

February 23, 1810.

ART. V.—*The Law Student.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

I enclose you a series of Letters from a Student of the Inner Temple in London, to a Friend in the country, in which you may find some matter for *reflection*, that will not disgrace your pages, in the absence of worthier matter. As you will probably insert only the first Letter, containing a brief account of the Inns of Court and Chancery in general, and of the Inner Temple in particular, in your first REFLECTOR, you had better acquaint your readers that most of the rest of the series attempt *paulo majora canere*

canere, and to give or to recal to the reader some idea of our English Courts of Law, and of our present Bar.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

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LETTER I.

Inner Temple, March 27, 1810.

MY DEAR ———,

I am at last settled in chambers in this Inn of Court, of which you know I am entered as a member; and I have now no excuse for delaying the performance of my promise, to give you some account of the study and practice of English municipal or common law.

The common law societies of London are, as you may learn from Blackstone*, as old as “the fixing of the court of common pleas, the grand tribunal for disputes of property, to be held in one certain spot,” (Westminster) by *Magna Charta*. Till this time, the law had been principally practised by ecclesiastics, who, being papists, attached themselves to the civil law of Rome, in preference to the municipal law of England; but the former being universally discountenanced by the acts of parliament of the time, which were always framed upon the principles of the latter, the clergy withdrew themselves gradually from the temporal courts of law, till, early in the reign of Henry III., they were absolutely forbidden to appear as advocates *in foro seculari*,† and as lately as in last 1805, a candidate for admission as an advocate in the spiritual courts was rejected, upon the principle that he had once been in deacon’s orders, and that his admission was therefore forbidden by the canons of the church.‡ I do not find any case in the books, where one who had been in holy orders was refused on that account to be called to the bar by the common law society to which he belonged; but if such a one were to be so refused, and were to appeal against that refusal to the twelve judges, which is the course of practice,§ they would doubtless decide, that, if he would be rejected in a spiritual court on account of his having once been in holy orders, *à fortiori* he ought to be in a temporal one. Mr. Horne Tooke was, on this account, at the outset, refused admission as a member of the society of Lincoln’s Inn; and doubtless a clergyman would always find this outer gate to the bar

* Com. Vol. I. p. 22.—† Black. Com. Vol. I. p. 19, 20.

‡ And the Court of King’s Bench refused him a rule to shew cause why a *mandamus* should not issue to the Archbishop of Canterbury to issue his *fiat* for the admission, upon the principle that the candidate had no legal right to what he claimed.—8 East, 213.

§ 1 Douglas, 354.

bar shut against him. An instance of a layman being denied admission into one of the Inns of Court is rare: Murphy was, I believe, rejected by one of them, upon the ground that he had once trodden the stage as an actor, before he gained admission at Lincoln's Inn, of which he was afterwards a master of the bench, or bencher; and, the society of Lincoln's Inn having lately enacted a bye-law that "no person who had written for hire in newspapers, should be admitted to perform exercises to entitle him to be called to the bar," an individual of this description has frightened the society into a repeal of the law, by a petition to the House of Commons, which has lately been the subject of so much debate, if that can be called *debate*, where all the speakers were of one opinion, that the law was illiberal, oppressive, and unjust.

When the court of Common Pleas was fixed at Westminster, the lawyers pitched their tents, in what were then fields, between that city and the city of London, the camp, consisting then of four Inns of Court, as there are now, and as they are now called, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn; and of ten Inns of Chancery, of which only Clifford's Inn remains to the present day, but of which we have now seven others, called Clement's Inn, Lyon's Inn, New Inn, Furnival's Inn, Thavie's Inn, Staple Inn, and Bernard's Inn. The origin of the appellations, *Inn of Court* and *Inn of Chancery*, has not been satisfactorily explained; but the superiority of the former to the latter has been always acknowledged, the Inns of Court being, in former times, principally inhabited by noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, who entered them as they now do the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the Inns of Court being now the only societies which can confer degrees. The Inns of Chancery are indeed mere scions of the Inns of Court, the first three in the list which has been given of them, belonging to the Inner Temple, the fourth to the Middle Temple, the next two to Lincoln's Inn, and the last two to Gray's Inn. The common law societies of London bore a much greater resemblance to an "university," as Stowe calls them, in his time, than they do in our's. The students of Inns of Court attended lectures, and mooted questions; they were amenable to the heads of their inn for offences; and they dined and supped in their hall, both in term time and in vacation. An amusing account of their ancient manners and customs may be seen in Herbert's *Antiquities of the Inns of Court and Chancery*, a judicious compilation from Dugdale's *Origines Juridicales*. Little of these remain at this day; and the Inns of Court are now seldom entered by those who do not intend to be called to the bar, and must be entered by those who do. The Inns of Chancery are now, therefore, chiefly left to attornies and solicitors.

The

The course of education for the bar, till lately, began in a service of three years as articled clerk to an attorney; but these years are now generally spent at one of our universities, where the law student is found to profit more by the classical and mathematical learning he may obtain, than by the insight into the practice of the law, which is to be gained in an attorney's office. It is now, therefore, upon the law student's taking his first degree at the university, that he is entered at one of the Inns of Court, where he has to keep twelve terms before he can take the degree of Barrister at Law; but if he can at the end of those twelve terms, or three years, produce his diploma from one of our English universities, from Trinity College, Dublin, or from the university of Edinburgh, he is entitled to be called immediately; if he can produce no such degree, he must wait two years longer, or, in other words, he has five years, in which to keep his twelve terms. The expense of entering an Inn of Court, is about 25*l.*; and it has lately been enacted by all the societies, with a view to keep out improper persons, that no member, who is not also a member of one of the above universities, shall dine in commons with the society of which he is a member, until he have deposited with its treasurer 100*l.*, which will be returned to him when he chuses to quit commons, or when he is called to the bar, although, by the bye, in the latter event, the greater part of the sum is swallowed up in those fees which every member, on commencing barrister, is required to pay to the society.

The entrance into an Inn of Court, entitles the student either to rent a set of chambers of that Inn, or to purchase one of the society for his life, or to pay the society a fine for the insertion of his own life, instead of that of another member of the society, of whom the student may have bought one of the societies sets of chambers; but he need not necessarily reside in the Inn of Court of which he is a member, or indeed in any Inn at all. He may study where, and how, he pleases; but the usual course is for him to become a pupil either of a special pleader, if he intends to practise at the common law bars,—of an equity draftsman, if at the chancery bar,—or of a conveyancer, if he intends to become a conveyancing counsel, or has a view to improve himself as a general barrister. For a year's study in the office of either of these characters, the fee is one hundred guineas; but after a pupil has twice paid this sum, he is for ever free of the office. The special pleader, equity draftsman, and conveyancer, are not necessarily barristers; they are entitled to practise their branches of the profession before they are called to that degree, and many of the most eminent of them chuse to continue *under the bar* long after they are entitled to be called to it: if they have more practice in their chambers than they expect to acquire at the bar, the

degree

degree is rather an incumbrance than an advantage to them. The special pleader is employed to draw the *pleadings*, as they are comprehensively called, of a suit at law; and as almost every case is as different from another, as every man and every incident that happens to man, the science of *special pleading* is extensive, profound, and intricate, and is well calculated to ground the student in that law, upon which he is afterwards to argue and plead at the bar. The equity draftsman is to the Court of Chancery, what the special pleader is to the courts of common law: he draws the *pleadings* of a suit in Chancery, and by these means gains as great a mastership of the science of *equity*, as the special pleader does of that of *law*. The conveyancer is not so immediately connected with any of the courts of justice, as either the special pleader or the equity draftsman; but he ought to be intimate with the decisions of all of them as to property; and his office is a sound school of law, which will be of the highest use to every practitioner. His business is to draw special conveyances and other deeds, to investigate titles to estates, and to give opinions upon their validity. Notwithstanding the witty satire of Mr. Arthur Anstey's* "*Pleader's Guide*," much is to be learnt in a pleader's office,

* Son of the author of the *New Bath Guide*.—I quote his description of a Pleader's Pupil:—

" But chiefly thou, dear Job, my friend,
 My kinsman, to my verse attend;
 By education form'd to shine,
 Conspicuous in the pleading line;
 For you, from five year's old to twenty,
 Were cramm'd with Latin words in plenty,
 Were bound apprentice to the Muses,
 And forc'd with hard words, blows, and bruises,
 To labour on poetic ground,
 Dactyls and spondees to confound,
 And when become in fictions wise,
 In Pagan histories and lies,
 Were sent to dive, at Granta's cells,
 For truth in dialectic wells,
 There duly bound for four years more
 To ply the philosophic oar,
 Points metaphysical to moot,
 Chop logic, wrangle, and dispute;
 And now, by far the most ambitious
 Of all the sons of Bergersdicius,
 Present the Law with all the knowledge
 You gather'd both at school and college,
 Still bent on adding to your store
 The graces of a Pleader's lore;
 And, better to improve your taste,
 Are by your parents fondly plac'd

Among

office, that can be acquired no where else ; and the pleader of the present day by no means overlooks his pupils, or employs them with a view to his own profit : in the most eminent pleaders' offices, lectures are daily read to the pupils, and law discussions are weekly held among them. Still, however, the student has much laborious reading to go through, in his own closet ; and although the Commentaries of Sir William Blackstone have built him an excellent foundation, still that want of a digest of our laws, of which Bacon and Hale complained, is now, from the compound accumulation of laws and law-books, more severely felt than ever ; and the student has still, " by a tedious lonely process to extract the theory of law from a mass of undigested learning."* It remains for some great genius to secure immortality by proposing a reform and digest of our laws, upon the plan recommended by Lord Bacon in his treatise *De Augmentis Scientiarum* ; † and it were to be wished that the task were undertaken by him, who is already reforming our penal code. ‡

At three o'clock in the afternoon of every day in term time, may still be heard through both the Temples, the long winding of a horn, which the *pannier-man*, as he is called, of one of the Societies blows, as he walks through all the courts in the Temple, to summon the benchers, barristers, and students, of both societies, to dinner in their Halls at four o'clock. The society of the Inner Temple dine together, however, only in what are called the *full weeks* of term ; that is to say, when the term begins after Monday, they never dine together till the following Sunday, and when it ends on or before Friday, they leave off dining together on the previous Saturday. The Templars were formerly summoned to dinner by the discharge of a cannon ; and the society of Gray's Inn is now forewarned of what is to happen at four o'clock in term time, by the solemn injunction, *mangez, mangez*, which the *pannier-man* exclaims as he walks through the Inn at three o'clock.

Of

Among the blest, the chosen few,
 (Blest, if their happiness they knew),
 Who, for three hundred guineas paid
 To some great master of the trade,
 Have, at his rooms, by special favour,
 His leave to use their best endeavour
 By drawing pleas, from nine till four,
 To earn him twice three hundred more ;
 And, after dinner, may repair
 To 'foresaid rooms, and then and there
 Have 'foresaid leave, from five till ten,
 To draw th' aforesaid pleas again."—Part I. Lect. I.

* Blackst. Comment. I. 30.—† Lib. viii. cap. 3.

‡ Sir Samuel Romilly.—See his Pamphlet on this subject.

Of the custom of Lincoln's Inn, in this particular, I am uninformed. For a student to keep his term, it is necessary in the Inner Temple, that he should dine in commons twice in two full weeks, for which he pays as much as he would pay if he were to dine every day in those weeks; but the annual expense of dining in commons is very inconsiderable.

The Halls of the Inns of Court, particularly that of the Middle Temple, being large and noble rooms, and those of the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn being elegantly roofed with timber in the Gothic style, it is no unpicturesque sight to see the members of them at dinner, on what is called *grand day*, which happens once in each term, and when, the dinners being better, they are of course better attended. Athwart the top of the Halls, on a raised platform, which is what our ancestors called *the state*,* is the bench table, at which dine the masters of the bench, or benchers, in silk gowns; down the right side of the Hall runs the bar table, at which dine the barristers in their gowns; and down the left runs the students' table, at which dine the students in under-graduates' gowns without sleeves. In the centre of the Halls, blaze large open charcoal fires; and, the rooms being well illuminated, the whole scene has a grand and imposing effect. After dinner, the benchers retire into their room of business, or parliament chamber, as it is called, to take their wine, and the barristers and students take their's in the Hall, where no one remains any longer than he chooses to do. The economy of the tables, and the customs of the Halls, have an air of antiquity and curiosity about them; but I am afraid you will think them too minute and trifling for description.

Paying, eating, and waiting, are now the only qualifications for admission to the bar. All preparatory mootings, or exercises, are now either compounded for by an amercement of 5*l.*, as they judiciously are at the Inner Temple, or gone through as a mere matter of form, as they ridiculously are at the other Inns. The Society of the Middle Temple still act the following farce every term:—The students are in turn appointed to argue *pro* and *con*, on a question; for instance, Whether under certain circumstances, *A.* takes an estate in fee or in tail, or, for life or in fee; and on a fixed day in the term, after dinner, a bencher and the appointed students of the Middle Temple walk in procession to New Inn,

E. The students, on each side of the

* The phrase is of frequent occurrence in the old dramatists: as in Macbeth, "Our hostess keeps her state," "The state," as Mr. Gifford observes in a note on Massinger's *Bondman*, "was a raised platform, on which was placed a chair with a canopy over it." The raised platform is with us to this day, in our old public dining halls, where, in Colleges the fellows, in Inns of Court the benchers, and in trading companies the court, "keep the state."

the Inn of Chancery belonging to Middle Temple, and, knocking at the door of New Inn Hall, where the members of that society are at dinner, formally demand admission. This is granted them, and they proceed to the top of the hall, to *moot* for the instruction of New Inn. The benchers of the Middle Temple acts as *moderator*, and the student appointed to argue first on the *pro* side, rises and says, "Upon the whole, I am of opinion, that *A.* takes an estate in fee;" the second arguer follows on the same side, and says, "After the very able argument of my learned friend, I can do nothing but express my agreement in his opinion;" the third then rises and says, "Really the arguments have been so completely exhausted by my two learned friends, that I find myself unable to add a single word to what they have so ably said." The arguers on the other side then go through the same farce; and the members of the Middle Temple leave those of New Inn as wise to they found them. It is time, if the Inns of Court cannot make more of their *mootings* than this, that they all followed the example of the Inner Temple, and discontinued the pretence of them.

All that remains of the *lectures*, which the barristers of a certain standing used, with much "pomp and circumstance," to read to the students both of their own Inns and of their dependent Inns of Chancery, consists, in the Inner Temple, of a law-treatise of about two minutes in length, for the instruction of its Inns in Chancery, which a barrister of the Inner Temple reads to them, after a procession and formality similar to that of a *mooting* by the Middle Temple.

When the student has received the degree of Barrister at Law, he is entitled to the addition *Esquire*, and to rank as such, and the degree of Serjeant at Law entitles its possessor to rank immediately after a Colonel, and immediately before a Doctor. Barristers at law seem now, says Tomlins,* in full possession of the title of *Esquire*, though originally, as it should seem, attained by usurpation; and being perhaps nearly the same kind of unnecessary addition to their superior degree, as if it were to be annexed or prefixed to that of M.A. or LL.D. The Court of Common Pleas, however, refused to hear an affidavit read, because a barrister named in it was not called *Esquire*.†

The public, however, are no sufferers from the readiness, with which the Inns of Court call their members to practise at the bar without knowing them to be qualified for that practice; for unless a man has really studied the law in his own chambers, he will in vain look for reputation and business either there or in court.

There

* Law dictionary.

† 1. Wilson, 244.

There are many instances of learning and talent neglected at the English bar; but I do not know one of ignorance and dulness promoted. The long time, during which a young barrister must wait before he obtains any quantity of business worthy the name of *practice*, is made proverbial in that saying, which is current in the profession, "many are *called*, but few *chosen*," and is accurately described by Colman in the comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*:—

"*Mr. Serjeant Flower.* Pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

"*Trueman.* About nine years and three quarters.

"*Mr. Serjeant Flower.* Ha! I don't know that I ever had the pleasure of meeting you before. I wish you success, young gentleman."*

This is no exaggerated picture of the language of a serjeant towards a junior barrister. A man may easily have been at the bar "nine years and three quarters" without having ever been "met" by a serjeant before; he is very successful who comes into practice in that time; and till a man is called to the degree of Serjeant at Law, or appointed King's Counsel, he is always called "young gentleman," let him be as old as he will; just as at our universities, the man who graduates *bachelor of arts* is called *juvenis*, whether he be twenty or forty years of age. The Pythagorean silence, which most young barristers are doomed to observe, may be to be partly attributed to the high sense of honour, by which the profession is actuated in its abhorrence from what it calls *huggery*. Of this crime that barrister is guilty, who directly or indirectly courts business; and, as *overt acts* of the crime, are reckoned, over-civility to attornies, or over-anxiety to be acquainted with them, travelling the circuit in a stage-coach where attornies or clients may be met and conciliated, dining with attornies during the circuit, &c. &c. The fair and honourable wish of the bar is, that business should be distributed to merit and not to interest; and the members of the whole bar, or of each circuit, take upon them to *cut* any individual of their body, who seeks to gain it by any other pretensions.

When a man is called to the degree of Barrister at Law, and sworn in at Westminster, he is entitled to practise in three courts, viz. those of Chancery, King's Bench, and Exchequer; but the practice of the Court of Common Pleas, except when that Court sits at *nisi prius*, is confined to those who have been called to the degree of Serjeant at Law, to which a barrister is not entitled till he is of sixteen years *standing* at the bar. When a barrister is called to that degree, he is invested with the dignity of the *coif* with

* Act iii. scene 1.

with much ceremony, and gives rings with mottos; "and, by custom, the judges of the courts of Westminster are always admitted into this venerable order before they are advanced to the bench."* The word *coif* is explained by Dr. Johnson to mean a *serjeant's cap*, and certainly nothing less than this could "hide the tonsure of such renegade clerks as were still tempted to remain in the secular courts in the quality of advocates or judges, notwithstanding their prohibition [from doing so] by canon," for which purpose Sir Henry Spellman † conjectures the *coif* to have been invented. I know not whether a serjeant now is invested at his inauguration with such a *coif* as this; but the only *coif* he wears in court is a black patch at the top of his wig. A serjeant is also distinguished from a barrister by the variety of his gowns, and the greater closeness with which they wrap him; a serjeant has both a purple ‡ and a black gown, and a king's serjeant has besides these a scarlet one. These coloured gowns are worn only on dress occasions, when the king's serjeants and king's counsel change their bar-wigs for judges' ones. On ordinary occasions, the kings serjeants, and on every occasion, the king's counsel, wear black silk gowns, and sit *within the bar* of their respective courts.

To these gentlemen it will be the business of my future letters to introduce you. In the mean time, I am,

My dear ———, yours, &c.

†††.

ART. VI.—On the Claims of Propertius.

MR. REFLECTOR,

I hope that the following account of Propertius will not be considered a presumptuous attempt to overthrow the character of a well-known poet, but rather as an honest endeavour to justly appreciate a man, whose works have, in my opinion, been strangely over-valued: A numerous class of beings, called commentators, whose usefulness every reader of literature is bound to acknowledge, but who are by no means to be esteemed as unerring

* Blac. Com. iii. 27.

† Glossary, 335.

‡ It was this habit that furnished Mr. Jekyll, the king's counsel, with the idea of the following Epigram:—

"The Serjeants are a grateful race;
Their dress and language shew it:
Their purple robes from Tyre we trace;]
Their arguments go to it."

erring guides in matters of taste, have heaped praises on this elegiac poet without measure and without discrimination. Indeed Propertius has some claim on their gratitude: for his perpetual allusions to Greek fable, and his frequent obscurities, have furnished them with ample room to display their learning to advantage; and such an ostentatious and immense display have some of them made, that, in their editions, the poet's text is scarcely discernible amid the mass of notes with which it is surrounded. "*Minima est pars ipsa puella sui*;" or to borrow a simile of Swift,—Propertius, enveloped in his commentary, looks like a mouse under a canopy of state. After reading his poems, I never could discover that he possessed one requisite for elegiac poetry. He has neither ease, nor tenderness, nor simplicity, nor perspicuity. Oh! but, say the critics, he had a genius too high for amatory poetry; he should have written epics; as if a writer who has none of the above-mentioned excellencies (as the critics seem generally disposed to admit) was fit to write epic poetry, or any poetry at all. It would be waste of time to ask these critics, does Homer or Virgil want ease, or tenderness, or simplicity, or perspicuity,—or rather are not these their chief beauties?

I was a good deal amused a few days ago at a sort of compliment paid to this writer by a French poet, M. Berenger. He is with great liberality praising his contemporaries; and, wishing to exalt two writers of elegies, he says,

"Cubières et Bertin, émules de Properce,
Font sourire l'amour à cet heureux commerce."

Here, according to the laudable custom of Boileau, the poet having no doubt written the second line first, must have been considerably puzzled to find an amatory poet whose name would rhyme to "commerce." Catulle and Tibulle were perfectly intractable, and so nothing remained but to put down "Properce." I know nothing either of Cubières or Bertin, but I think I may venture to assert, that a gallant Frenchman would never insult his mistress with such pedantic roundelays as Propertius wrote.

Dr. Jortin, who was an elegant critic, and himself composed excellent Latin verse, says of Propertius, that he wrote in a desultory manner, and that in his poems there is sometimes no connection to be found. Those who are intimately acquainted with the Doctor's most discriminating mind and liberal spirit of criticism, will think his authority on this subject nearly conclusive.—Marullus, who has written a catalogue, in verse, of the Latin poets, has omitted Propertius, though it must be confessed that no great deference is due to his taste, since he has omitted also the names of Plautus and Ovid, for which he has received a most severe censure from the sensible Gravina. As this last-named Italian critic is generally esteemed and admired, I will, with your permission,

permission, examine his remarks at some length.—Propertius, * says Gravina, has novelty of expression, a truly lyrical fancy, and is no less fitted for great subjects than for amatory poetry;—but, says he, perhaps there is more nature in Tibullus. If I knew no more of Gravina than this passage, I should think him either a man of wretched taste, or an ignorant one who presumed to talk of what he did not understand:—for it seems scarcely possible that a man who has read Propertius and Tibullus could say with an air of hesitation, “perhaps Tibullus is the more natural.” But as it is evident, from very many passages in his work, that Gravina was a man of sense and judgment, it becomes necessary to take some notice of an opinion, which ought otherwise to be treated with contempt. If, by novelty of expression, Gravina means that Propertius enriched his poetry either with original words, or with new combinations of already received words, I really do not exactly see how a modern is a proper judge of this subject. Considering the paucity of Latin authors which remain to us, of the same or the preceding ages, I am utterly at a loss to discover whence a critic of the present day can determine whether the expressions of any particular author were new or customary,—whether they were part of the vulgar currency of poetical phraseology, or were produced fresh from the mint of the poet’s genius. That Horace adorned his diction with the happiest combinations of common terms, that amidst a thousand other beauties, he excelled also in that *callida junctura* which he himself strongly recommends,—we have the authority of antiquity to assert with boldness: but with respect to Propertius, as far as I recollect, antiquity is totally silent on this point. One thing at least is certain, that the frequent obscurity of this versifier’s diction is equally unworthy of praise, whether it were original or merely the consequence of tasteless imitation of some bad model.

But “he has lyrical fancy.” It is to be wished that Gravina had produced a few specimens of it: I cannot find one. I allow indeed that Propertius resembles Pindar, the mighty prince of lyric poets, in one respect,—that is—in his excessive fondness for mythological allusion, which all must feel to be a fault even in Pindar’s best odes; but does he resemble the immortal Theban in his rapturous energy of imagination, in his sweeping torrent of poetical eloquence, or even in his less striking, but no less interesting beauties of moral and pathetic observation?

As

* “Properzio ha novità d’espressione, fantasia veramente lirica, ed è atto non meno alle cose grandi che agli amori; ma in Tibullo per avventura è naturalezza maggiore.”—*Ragion Poetica di Gravina*, p. 97. Ed. Londra, 1806.

As to his fitness for grand or epic poetry, that part of the eulogy so commonly and ridiculously applied to him has been already discussed. After all, I am inclined to think that Gravina was almost of the same opinion with myself,—as far at least as relates to his elegiac excellence; for, when speaking of Tibullus, he uses these words: “He* is full of sweetness, grace, tenderness, passion, purity, elegance, both in his measure and his diction, which is admirable and even perfect.” This praise is beautiful and accurate, such as the man who stands at the head of elegiac poets ought to deserve, and does deserve. Yet, when the same critic comes to speak of Propertius, who also is an elegiac poet, what does he say? does he ascribe to him any of the above-enumerated requisites for this species of poetry? Not one: no—Propertius to be sure has no sweetness, no grace, no tenderness, &c. &c.: but then he has beauties, though it must be confessed they are not much suited to that branch of the art which he chose to cultivate: he has, for instance, novelty of expression, and an imagination which, no doubt, might “have wak’d to extacy the living lyre:” above all, he would have been an excellent epic poet, because it is an understood thing, that in this higher species of poetry we never look for grace, or tenderness, or passion, or purity, or any such minor or trivial ornaments. We cannot for a moment suppose that Gravina reasoned in this absurd manner; yet such appears to me the just inference to be drawn from his words. Let us rather infer, that Gravina knew the incapacity of Propertius for the department of poetry in which he engaged; but that he unfortunately fell too easily into the opinion so bandied about among the critics, that this poet’s abilities were of a higher order.

As perhaps you will think that I have asserted rather than proved the faults of Propertius, it will be better to descend a little into detail; and here it would be easy for me to load your pages with quotations of passages pedantic, turgid, and obscene: but as I would not fatigue or disgust your readers, a few references will suffice. Open then Propertius in any place, and you will find that he cannot pay a common compliment to his mistress, except, like a lawyer, he ransack antiquity for some precedent or case in point. Is she “yellow-hair’d and are her hands long?” Such was Minerva. Is she “six feet high without her shoes?” So was “Ischomache Lapithæ genus heroinæ.”—See *Elegy 2nd, b. 2nd*. Is he jealous of his mistress because her mother or sister kissed her, or for some other reason equally substantial? Why then he

* “Tibullo è pieno di soavità, di grazia, di tenerezza, di passione, di purità, d’eleganza, tanta nel numero quanto nelle parole maravigliose e perfette.”—*Gravina, ubi supra.*

is as mad,—not as a March hare, or a dog in July,—but precisely as the furious Centaurs were, who flourished some dozen centuries before his time.—Eleg. 6. b. 2.

Nay, in a passage (b. 3. eleg. 5.) of which the idea was evidently * stolen from Virgil, where he is affecting that enthusiasm for the muses and for philosophy, which the great poet really felt, he cannot help deviating into a tedious detail of the punishments of the Giants, the black snakes of Tisiphone, the fury of Alcæon, the triple jaws of Cerberus, &c. &c. Here, then, we see how fitted he was to measure a lance with the epic bard. I shall content myself with these few instances of his pedantry, that is—his fondness for futile and superfluous allusions to ancient fable. His turgidity, or undue raising of his subject, is, I think, abundantly exemplified in these passages, which have been quoted to demonstrate his pedantry. I could easily produce more, but I am afraid the enumeration would weary your readers. The fewer the specimens given of his indecency, the better: but one or two I cannot help mentioning for their peculiar flagitiousness. In Eleg. 10. b. 1., we have one among many proofs of this author's profligacy and utter want of principle. He there talks with as much rapture of the pleasures which he, as a pimp or a pandar, felt on witnessing his friend's amorous gratification, as Rochester or any of the obscenest of mankind would have expressed, when describing his own. There is such cold-bloodedness in this sort of debauchery, that we cannot find language sufficiently strong to express our disgust and abhorrence. See also Eleg. 13. of the same book, where he repeats the same sentiments, and dwells on them with a fondness which sufficiently manifests the complete corruption of his mind.

In the eighth elegy, book 1., (by the bye, it is one of his best passages, for the poet's vanity supplies the place of real poetical feeling), Propertius says, † that "his mistress could repose with him even on the meanest couch, and would rather be his on any condition, than have the kingdom of Hippodamia or all the wealth of Elis for a marriage-portion. Yet," says the self-complacent

* I take it for granted, that the Georgics were published before this elegy was written, because, in the last elegy of the 2nd book, Propertius expressly alludes to this work of Virgil.

† "Illa vel angusto mecum requiescere lecto,
El quocunque modo maluit esse meæ;
Quam sibi dotatæ regnum vetus Hippodamiam
Et quas Ellis opes ante pararat equis.
Quamvis magna daret, quamvis majores daturus,
Non tamen illa meos fugit avara sinus:
Hanc ego non auro, non Indis flectere contris,
Sed potui blandi carminis obsequio."

placent poet, "I have not gained her affections by presents of gold and jewels, but by the obsequious attention of my gentle songs." It no doubt flattered the vanity of the rich and noble poet, to think that he was loved rather for his individual merit than for the accidental and extrinsic advantages of birth and fortune; but unless we can be favoured with the sight of other elegies of this author than those which have yet reached us, or with another character of his mistress than that which he himself has given us, I must beg leave to think that the affections, or rather the personal prostitutions, of his Cynthia, were bestowed for very different reasons from those by which the foolish vanity of the poetaster supposed her to be influenced. Indeed, in his tenth elegy of the same book, he gives the lie direct to the above assertion; for there, instructing his friend Gallus in the proper method of treating a courtesan, and promising that he has gained this knowledge from his own Cynthia, he, amidst many other able instructions, which I recommend to the perusal of those who wish to be on the best terms with their kept mistresses, gives the following piece of advice:—"Whatever * she asks, be sure to give without a murmur or a frown."

I think I discover, in the ninth elegy of this same book, the real origin of the opinion that Propertius would have been an excellent epic poet. He is there saying that the love of woman is won, not by grave and solemn and majestic lays, but by the gay, the soft, and the tender: that the elegiac Mimnermus would be more successful than the epic Homer.† It would be easy to shew the utter falsity of this idea, by producing innumerable passages of the softest delicacy and tenderness from Homer, (such as Paris's address to Helen, Hector's meeting ‡ with Andromache, &c.

* "Cynthia me docuit semper, quæcumque petenda,

Quæque cavenda forent: non nihil egit amor.

Tu cave ne tristi cupias pugnare puellæ,

Neve superba loqui, neve tacere diu:

Nec si quid petiit, ingrata fronte negaris:

Nec tibi pro vano verba benigna cadant."

† "Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero;

Carmina mansuetos lenia querit amor."

‡ There is the more impudence in this remark of Propertius, as the following lines, which appear to me the very best in this poet, were evidently suggested by a beautiful passage in Andromache's address to Hector, when she calls him her father, brother, mother, friend, &c.

"Ah mihi non major caræ custodia matris?

Aut sine te vita cura sit ulla mea?

Tu mihi sola domus, tu, Cynthia, sola parentes:

Quia tu nostræ tempora lætitiæ."

Here

&c. &c.), which, I will venture to affirm, would make a stronger impression on any woman than all the elegies which Mimnermus, who stole his best thoughts from Homer, ever wrote. But I quote the passage for a different reason: I think I perceive in it, if connected with the rest of the elegy, that Propertius was conscious of his want of delicacy and softness and pathos, and that he arrogantly wished to claim the honours of majestic and sublime poetry. The critics have eagerly caught at and improved upon this idea: as to myself, I cannot help wishing that he had attempted a poem of that superior nature. It would have been some consolation for the advocates of modern genius to be able to say, that the ancients had a Blackmore as well as the moderns, and that a Roman noble could write as sillily as an English knight. But unfortunately the advice of Mæcenas* was not taken, and Propertius continued to write elegies till the venerable age of 75.

Such was Propertius: and yet this writer—thus stiff, thus turgid, thus affectedly learned, thus abominably obscene,—is to be cried up as the chief of the Latin elegiac poets. The only merit he possesses is rather the merit of his age than his own; I mean the correctness and even harmony of his versification; as in the present day every boy and girl can string together a dozen couplets without any effort. In fact, Propertius appears to me of about equal rank with the Sheffield and Halifaxes of English poetry, and his frigid verses deserve no other notice from the ladies, than to cool their irons or to curl their hair.

We cannot but lament, while such tender, elegant writers, as Sappho among the Greeks, and Catullus among the Latins, have come down to posterity imperfect and mutilated, that the contemptible mediocrity of Propertius should appear before us nearly entire. Who would not for one ode of Sappho, for one carmen of Catullus, give up the pedantry and dulness, the Grecisms and indecencies of this darling of the commentators? But alas, it is the fate of good books, as of good men, frequently to die early and to be soon forgotten! Time, that has destroyed all the graces of Menander, has preserved unhurt all the obscenities and abominations of Petronius.

I think I have said enough to convince most, and tire all, your readers: I shall now conclude, wishing no other evil to the friends

Here the last line, which is not Homer's, is the worse for that very reason: it is very tame and weak, after calling Cynthia his family and his parents, to say generally, that she is all his joy.

* It is said that Mæcenas recommended to Propertius to write an epic, as most suitable to his genius. I can hardly think that the man who had taste enough to admire Virgil and Horace could have been serious in this advice. No doubt it was "une mauvaise plaisanterie."

friends of Propertius than that they may have no relish for the beauties of Tibullus.—Yours, &c.

T. B.

ART. VII.—*Stafford's Niobe.*

IN the present age, when the passion for ancient English literature has become almost epidemic, and old books are as eagerly sought after as old coins, old statues, and old wine, it would be superfluous to apologize for introducing to the notice of your readers a treatise which has survived the ravages of two hundred years. The book to which I allude bears date 1611 on the title-page of the second edition, (the first I have never seen), and was published in London by Humphrey Lownes. I mention this circumstance before I give the author's name, because there are many persons to whom the date and the printer are by far more interesting than the writer himself. Antony Stafford, the author, has divided his work into two parts, with a quaintness which was then pretty common, but of which the present times furnish no example, except in the works of the Methodist Huntington,* has entitled them as follows:—"1st Part, Stafford's Niobe, or, His Age of Teares; 2nd Part, Stafford's Niobe dissolved into a Nilus, or, His Age drowned in her own Teares." Prefixed to this edition, besides the epistle dedicatory to Robert Earl of Salisbury, are two prefaces, one grave and religious, addressed "to the reader, in generall," the other ludicrous and bantering, inscribed "to the long-eared reader," that is, to some person who had abused his work, and whom, in turn, he abuses with the titles of *Sirrah* and *Midas*, and several others equally disrespectful. Of Antony Stafford I know nothing, except that in one place he styles himself by birth a gentleman, and another place he says, "Had not elder nature made mee a younger brother, I should have thought myself a companion for a very proper man." Perhaps he was the son of Wm. Stafford, Gent., who wrote a learned and eloquent treatise, which was once ascribed to Shakspeare, and proclaimed as a convincing proof of that poet's erudition, till Dr. Farmer dispelled the error. Whoever he was, Antony Stafford seems to have been learned and pious, to have possessed some degree

* The following are some of the titles prefixed to Mr. H.'s tracts:—*Bank of Faith*; *Satan's Lawsuit*; *Forty Stripes for Satan*; *Way and Fare for Wayfaring Men*; *Rule and Riddle*, &c. &c.

degree of eloquence, with an abundant quantity of vanity. His treatise is the production of a right-principled, sincere mind: it is a severe satire on the age, of whose crimes he speaks with honest and zealous indignation. It is composed in a mournful strain, as may be guessed from the title. And here I must take occasion to recommend the work to those who whine about the preternatural wickedness of the present times, and the innocence and simplicity of the golden days of our ancestors. No zealous puritan of the present day, were his ingenuity equal to his zeal, could display more strength and variety of invective against reigning errors and sins than occur in every page of this vehemently written tract.

Stafford is very severe on the women, and gives them such a character as, if true, perfectly warranted his angry reproaches. After expressing contempt and even horror for the common-places of courtship, he recommends the following formula of a love-address—which he calls reasonable and religious: “Faire queene of dust and dirt, will it please your every-hower-decaying majestie, after some fewe yeares, or moneths, or daies, to have those star-shining eyes of yours eaten out with worms, and the holes become cages for cankers? when your delicate, smooth body shall be enfolded in earth’s rugged armes; and your soft, swelling, moist, ruby lippes be kissed by her mouldy mouth; when your pure red and white shall be turned into *poore* browne and blacke; and that face which hath driven so many into consumptions, shall itself bee consumed to nothing.”—Can any thing be more gallant, and more calculated to please; and would not she be a most unreasonable woman who could be offended with an address at once so delicate and so candid? To be serious: is not this cant quite as despicable as the usual cant of courtship; and is it not as absurd to call a beautiful female a mass of putrifying materials, as to denominate her, “divine creature,” “goddess,” &c. &c.? If Stafford’s reasoning be correct, then all the beauties which the benevolence of the Deity has scattered over the universe are to be contemplated with sorrow and disgust, because some are short-lived, and all are perishing. Surely this is not piety—but cant: it is not reason—but raving.

Speaking of the licentiousness of the women, he humourously says:—“Had Job lived in our hours, he never should have needed ‘to have made a covenant with his eyes, least at any time they should looke upon a maid;’ for he should scarce have found anie to looke upon.” No wonder that with this opinion of the ladies he recommends celibacy strongly: and it appears that he practised what he preached, though he gives a different motive for his conduct from the one above mentioned. For addressing some illiberal critic who had calumniated himself and his work, he says:—“I have made a vow never to marry, least I should get such

puppies

puppies as you are, and so he constrained to drown the whole litter."

He gives a ludicrous description of a country cully.

He descants, with all the eloquent warmth of sincere feeling, on the character of Sir Philip Sydney: he is quite beside himself on this subject: he ends his eulogium in this manner:—"Lord, I have sinned against thee and heaven, and I am not worthy to be called thy childe: yet let thy mercy obtaine this boone for me from thee; that when it shall please thee that my name shall be no more, it may end in such a man as was that Sidus Sidneyorum."

He is lavish in his praises of Elizabeth, though not with equal justice, and says that if Solomon had lived in her time, he would himself have come to visit the Queen of the North.

I suspect that Milton had seen this book, from a remarkable coincidence in the following passages:—"Throni, dominationes, virtutes, potentates, principatus,"—says Stafford.

"Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,"—says Milton.

The Devil says in Stafford:—"Believe me, Sir, I had rather controule within my dark diocese, than to reinhabite *calum empyrium*, and there live in subjection under check."

The Devil in Milton proclaims that it is

"Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

He shews an honest hatred of the then exiting villainies of Popery, and makes the Devil's chair of state supported by four popes.

He uses the Devil with very little ceremony, and calls him by the following names:—Don Deformity, Mr. Mouldy-face, Monsieur Madcappe, Mr. Blacksmith, Mr. Fierie Facies, Electour of Erebus, Grimme-visaged Goblin, bellowing Beelzebub, Mr. Divell, Mr. Filthy Face, Dr. Delusion, Olde Hell-bounde, Great Marshall of Mischief, Great Soldan of Sin, &c.

The characters of the scholar and the soldier are those which he most admires, though he does not disguise the faults and miseries incident to each. His favourites seem to be Seneca, the Scaligers, Sir Philip Sidney, Henry IV. of France, and Elizabeth of England.

He talks of tradesmen with all that indiscriminate abuse, which flows in such torrents from the lips of those extravagant beings who think a just debt the greatest of all possible extortions. This sort of beings will be proud perhaps of the countenance of Stafford in their abuse of the industrious tradesman: "Tradesmen," says Stafford, "couzen and cheat in buying and selling contrary to God's law; they give gentlemen fifteen for a hundred: whom finding insufficient to pay, they vow to take it out in dice, of which they will make their bones, when the prison hath rotted their bodies."

He

He is not a jot wiser when speaking of the shepherd : he whines like a mere Arcadian, " more silly than his sheep ;" and thinks every rustic a perfect model of integrity and innocence, as he ridiculously supposes every tradesman a mere Shylock.

Grave and religious as he is, he is no enemy to a joke : his language is even more quaint than the language of those times, abounding in plays upon words, which give an air of drollery to the most solemn passages.

At the end is a severe letter to a Romanist, who had written against his book. He treats his adversary with infinite contempt, insults over him with true horse-play raillery ; and concludes by saying, that he should " write no more to please those who make pleasure their God."

T. B.

ART. VIII.—*Greek and English Tragedy.*

In tragedy, more than in any other species of poetry, the Greeks had a vast superiority over their conquerors, the Romans. Of Roman tragedy, indeed, the very name has scarcely an existence ; but the writings of Æschylus, of Sophocles, and Euripides, will be read with admiration, as long as real poetry can charm the taste, or the sufferings of humanity can interest the feelings. To degrade these illustrious names from their high dignity, is not the object of the present sketch : but it is possible, I hope, to contemplate their greatness with all due reverence, and yet attempt fairly and candidly to weigh in the opposite balance the excellencies of our English tragedy ; to inquire, how far the progress of time has improved or corrupted the powers of the human mind, and whether Britain, who yields to no nation in the world in any other contest of arts or arms, must yield to Greece the proud pre-eminence of tragic glory.

An investigation of the comparative excellence of Greek and English tragedy is fortunately much simplified by the remarkable similarity of genius which existed between the three great tragedians of each nation. It will readily be understood, that the kind only, and not the degree of merit, is here considered, when Rowe is opposed to Sophocles, Otway to Euripides, and Shakspeare to Æschylus. Let us first examine separately the respective merits of these illustrious rivals ; and then, combining the talents of each nation, it will not be difficult to take a general survey, and to adjudge the palm of victory.

And,

And, to begin *πρωτον απο πρωτων*,—let Æschylus and Shakspeare first enter the lists. Each of these great poets was born in an age and under circumstances perfectly adapted for the unobstructed display of his genius; when the stage was buried in a rude barbarism little superior to a non-existence; when the drama was not restricted by any laws either of authority or of example, and each therefore was a law to himself. Of the two, Shakspeare perhaps derived the less assistance from his predecessors in the art: the rough sketches of Thespis had been somewhat polished by his disciple, Phrynichus, who first introduced female characters, and established the proper measure for tragedy; and when Æschylus began to write, he had not much to furnish for the drama, except that "*mens divini*or," which constitutes its very soul; with which he was so eminently gifted, and in which, we have reason to believe, his predecessors were so miserably deficient. They had amused their audiences with song and dance; but Æschylus first instructed them by representations of nature, by just exhibitions of character, and strong delineations of passion. The English stage, before the time of Shakspeare, was a bewildered chaos, upon which a less daring and less powerful genius must have looked abroad in despair. But confident in his own powers, and aided by a judgment at once correct and vigorous, he boldly undertook the task of organizing the rude materials of the scene, and making them subservient to their noblest purpose, the display of nature. It was fortunate for Greece and for England, that such poets were given them at such a season: had the infant age of tragedy been entrusted to less able management, there is little doubt, that it would have been destroyed by unskilful usage, or, at least, that its features would have been distorted into deformity.

Of these two mighty rivals, the distinguishing characteristic is a daring sublimity of genius, which disdains to be confined by the bounds of earth and nature, delighting in the machinery of preternatural agents, and managing it with a skill and effect at once astonishing and appalling. In the art of exciting terror, no poet, ancient or modern, can be compared with either of them. Æschylus has been accused, and in part with justice, of dealing too much in horror; and it is a charge which Shakspeare might share with him, if it could be believed, that he really wrote that vile compound of absurdity and barbarity, which is attributed to him under the name of *Titus Andronicus*. This fault of the Grecian poet, which is to be found principally in his *Eumenides*, may in some degree be pardoned him on account of his military habits, as well as on account of the sublimity of effect which he has produced from it. In his other plays terror is exhibited in a more unadulterated form, and in a degree infinitely superior to every other

other writer, except Shakspeare. The *Prometheus* of the one, and the *Macbeth* of the other, may be proposed as perfect specimens of the terrific in tragedy.

The pathetic was not the chief excellence of either. It has been too hastily concluded, however, by superficial critics, that they were both deficient in this great part of the sublime. Such a decision may very well harmonize, perhaps, with the judgment of those, who disdain to judge by their feelings, and who appeal to frigid rules of criticism, where critical rules are not at all concerned: but it may be confidently asked, who ever read the single character of *Cassandra* in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus without shedding a tear? And of the power of Shakspeare in opening "the sacred source of sympathetic tears," his *Ophelia*, his *Lear*, his *Constance*, and his *Queen Catharine* are illustrious proofs. Whether Æschylus would have exhibited more specimens of the pathetic, had the whole of his works survived to this day, is a question not to be answered: certainly, his mind does not appear to have been formed for this department of tragedy; and even the pity excited by his *Cassandra* is somewhat tinged with terror. But Shakspeare was so excellent in the pathetic, whenever the pathetic came in his way, and has left behind him such abundant proofs of this excellence, that it never could have been disputed, except by those "Unitarian critics," who are determined to recognize in no writers more than one kind of merit.

Æschylus was desirous of representing his heroes with as much heroic dignity as possible; for which purpose he has exalted their language with a variety of sounding, compound words, such as had never before been known in the Greek tongue, and very few of which were adopted by succeeding poets. For this affectation, as it was supposed to be, he was abundantly ridiculed by the comic poets of his time, who seem to have been remarkable for a violent hostility to the tragedians, arising perhaps from a spirit of rivalry, and whose chief occupation appears to have been to amuse the people by burlesque imitations of those noble scenes which had before thrilled them with terror, or melted them into tears. This disgraceful and licentious system of satire has been ably and ingeniously defended by some modern writers: but I am afraid the defence is not sufficiently sound; I am afraid the pleasure both of the comic writers and of the audience arose from the malignity of the human heart, which rejoices in witnessing the humiliation of superior genius. If this were the case,—if the Athenians really were actuated by a spirit of malignity, as they certainly were by a spirit of ingratitude, when they acquiesced in the ridicule of those noble writers, who have contributed no less than their statesmen and their warriors to immortalize the name of Athens,—I am happy to say, for the credit of the Eng-
lish

lish nation, that when we laugh at the ludicrousities of the *Critic* or *Tom Thumb*, we laugh only at the monstrous faults of bad tragedians, not at the ridicule of living excellence.—Of this professed ridicule of the tragedians, (for all the comedies abound with passing hits at them) the only example, I believe, now extant is the *Ranæ* of Aristophanes,—a comedy overflowing with wit; but, alas! replete with malignity; in which Bacchus is represented descending to the shades in search of a tragic poet, and Euripides is introduced disputing face to face with Æschylus for the superiority of tragic excellence. It must be acknowledged that the character of Euripides is here drawn in too true a light. That he viewed the excellence of his master, Æschylus, with a jealous eye, and fell short of the gratitude he owed him, we have indisputable and disgraceful proofs even in his tragedies. Sophocles, we are told, exhibited a different character: he always acknowledged the superiority of Æschylus, and treated him with a degree of reverence equally creditable to the master and the pupil. Agreeably to this excellent spirit of behaviour, Aristophanes represents him as willing to yield the throne to Æschylus, but resolved to advance his claims to it, if it be adjudged to Euripides. It was this petty jealousy and fretfulness of temper, which rendered Euripides peculiarly obnoxious to the comedians. In the *Ranæ*, in answer to the sarcasms heaped upon him by Æschylus, he reproaches his accuser with his affectation of pompous language, and calls him, among other abusive epithets, *κομποπαι- λοφφημνα*, a dealer in hard words, tied together like a bundle of sticks.

Whether this sonorous grandeur of language (which has led me unconsciously into so long a digression) has not been too severely censured, might well be questioned. Be that as it may, Shakspeare certainly discovers in his tragedies a predilection for the use of compound words, which he has so managed as to render them very forcible and expressive. He did not indeed carry this rage for tragic dignity of words to such an extent as Æschylus, nor, had he been so inclined, would our language have admitted it: yet for what he has done in this way, he has been sufficiently censured, and he is, I suppose, entitled to a share of the ridicule cast on the use of compounded epithets by Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, where he introduces such burlesque words, as *un-in-one-breath-utterable*, &c.

It has been said, that Æschylus painted men as they never could be, Sophocles as they ought to be, and Euripides as they are. If the justice of this compendious criticism be once established, Æschylus cannot be brought into a comparison with Shakspeare, who certainly painted men both as they may be and as they are. But this decision bears upon the face of it the ap-

pearance of one of those witticisms in which smartness is always more sought after than truth. We may be allowed, therefore, to examine a little into its soundness; and judging as we must, from those of *Æschylus's* plays which we now possess,—to which of his characters can this objection be attached? If to his masterpiece of *Prometheus*, let it be remembered that *Prometheus* was not a man, but a god; and, except this character, I think no one can reasonably censure any other on this ground. And it is observable, that the judgment here passed upon *Sophocles* is no more applicable to him than to any of the others; though perhaps, the remaining scrap may be allowed to be particularly characteristic of *Euripides*. It appears, therefore, that the two former parts of the sentence were made only as steps to introduce the latter in a sort of climax.

Shakspeare's comic powers are, of course, to be excluded from consideration in the present discussion; but that in his tragedy alone he is far superior to *Æschylus*, cannot, I think, be questioned. Not only is his tragic genius more various than that of his Athenian rival, but he excels him even in those qualities which are most his own: not only are Shakspeare's "flights higher," but he "continues longer on the wing," than *Æschylus*. Nor does this preference of the English bard imply any depreciation of the Grecian, who was unquestionably one of the noblest poets which any age or any country has produced: but the highest excellence must fall in comparison with Shakspeare, to whom, with all his occasional faults, counterbalanced as they are by innumerable and inimitable beauties, it would be doing "an injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind."

To Shakspeare, then, all Greece must yield the victory:—let us turn to *Sophocles* and *Rowe*, and see if she can recover her lost ground. That *Rowe*, as a tragic poet, is worthy to stand in competition with *Sophocles*, I will not venture to assert. It is necessary only to inquire, whether his inferiority to *Sophocles* be not counterbalanced by the inferiority of *Æschylus* to Shakspeare. His infamous plagiarism from *Massinger*, which he impudently patched up in the shape of a new tragedy, and called the *Fair Penitent*, has been already so completely exposed (though not sufficiently reprobated) by *Cumberland*, in his *Observer*, that it will not be necessary to notice it on the present occasion. His smooth and regular flow of declamation, which he had the modesty to mistake for Shakspearian nature, bears some resemblance to that harmonious sweetness, which procured *Sophocles* the name of the Athenian Bee: but what in *Sophocles* is an easy dignity of manner, becomes in *Rowe* almost a mere external habit, which has little connection with the inspiration of the soul. *Rowe*, in short, resembles *Sophocles* no farther, than as he is free from
the

the irregularities of Otway and Shakspeare, just as Sophocles has avoided the faults of Euripides and Æschylus: but Sophocles was not content with avoiding their faults; he caught the beauties of each in so powerful a degree, and so blended them together, and improved them by the addition of his own excellencies, that he has by many been considered as the noblest of the Greek tragedians, while Rowe is confessedly not only inferior to Otway and Shakspeare, but very far inferior,—“longo, sed proximus, intervallo.”

From the charge of plagiarism Rowe may in some degree shelter himself under the example of Sophocles, who certainly omitted no opportunity of borrowing from his master, Æschylus, either in plot, in character, or in sentiment. Not to mention imitations of inferior importance, the arrangement of the plot of his *Electra* is taken, with scarcely a single alteration, from the *Choëphoræ* of Æschylus. But there is this palpable difference between the two imitations, that Sophocles “borrowed from modesty,” but Rowe from “want of genius.” Sophocles was paying a compliment to the venerable bard while he was imitating him; but Rowe merely pilfered from a treasure yet unknown, and applied to his own use what he hoped would never be discovered and restored to its lawful owner. When Sophocles borrowed, he softened the harshness of his original, corrected his luxuriations, and tempered his style and sentiments with his own profound judgment: but Rowe degraded to his own level the unhappy author he robbed; he weakened the manly and nervous poetry of Massinger, dressed up his impurities with a cumbrous abundance of meretricious ornament, and, without discarding all the feeling of the original, reduced a drama, which had been the delight of the judicious and the admiration of the wise, to a mere thing of sobbing and sensibility for boarding-school misses. So much for the plagiarisms of Rowe! And in his imitations he was equally unfortunate. His *Jane Shore*, however, which he professed to write in imitation of Shakspeare, and which, considered as such an imitation, is so very ridiculous, is in itself a very good tragedy. I do not think it much inferior to the *Antigone* of Sophocles, which in the circumstances of its story it a little resembles; and had all Rowe's tragedies been like this, like it in feeling, in spirit, and in passion, he might have made a better stand in a comparison with Sophocles. The very name of Shakspeare seems here to have inspired him.

Rowe was unquestionably a very amiable man, and appears to have been a general favourite with the wits of his time. Hence he is absurdly panegyricized by Pope, as “next Shakspeare skill'd to draw the tender tear;” which is a gross injustice not only to Otway, but to Rowe himself. The powers of Rowe, such as they

were, did not consist in the pathetic : the scenes of his *Jane Shore* and his *Fair Penitent*, which ought to have been pathetic; and which are in some degree so by the mere tenderness of the subject, are vitiated by the author's attempts at theatric dignity, which ought to have given place to nature, and by vile conceits, ill-suited to the simplicity of the tragic scene. There is as much pathos dispersed through the tragedies of Sophocles, as there is through those of Rowe: yet Sophocles is never quoted as the poet of feeling, nor will he ever be, as long as Euripides stands by his side. He does not appear to have written from the unstudied impulse of his feelings, but to have laboured incessantly to maintain a degree of majesty incompatible with the overwhelming force of deep and unaffected sorrow.

"Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Proicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba ;

Si curat cor spectantis testigisse querela.—Hon. Ars Poet.

From this laborious majesty arises that coldness which renders the pathetic scenes of Sophocles so incomparably inferior to those of Euripides; and hence it is, that the language of his pathos sometimes degenerates into miserable puns, which, though not so frequent, are quite as disgusting as the conceits of Rowe. He can claim, indeed, no superiority over the English poet from his pathos: but if we turn to consider his general dignity, his exquisite skill in arranging his material, the liveliness and sublimity of his descriptions, and the awful splendour of his terrific scenes, we must acknowledge, that he was far out of sight of Rowe. His description of the madness of Hercules in *Trachiniae*, and the scenes in his *Œdipus Coloneus*, which precede the death of the unhappy King, are instances of terrible grandeur which can rarely be excelled. Rowe was fond of describing the softer emotions, and he seldom aspires to the loftier flights of poetry: but Sophocles excelled in pictures of despair and madness, in the delineation of the nobler passions, and in those complications of feeling, which are rarely attempted, and never successfully exhibited, but by poets of the highest order. In almost every contest he leaves Rowe at a discouraging distance. Yet I do not think the distance between Sophocles and Rowe so great as between Shakspeare and Æschylus. The superiority of Sophocles rests solely on his superior success in the same department of tragic excellence: but Shakspeare outstrips Æschylus, not only in the superior sublimity, but in the superior variety of his genius. If it may be allowed to elucidate the subject by a reference to histrionic talent, I would compare the various excellence of Shakspeare to the inexhaustible versatility of Garrick; the confined, but sublime, genius of Æschylus to Kemble, whose genius is certainly equally confined, but, I think, if he would relax from his obstinate, unbending stiffness, equally

equally sublime; the more varied talents of Sophocles to those of Young, and the pleasing respectability of Rowe to that of Charles Kemble. If this proportion be allowed to be correct, it cannot for a moment be disputed, that the united talents of Rowe and Shakspeare are superior to those of Sophocles and Æschylus.

Of Euripides and Otway, the chief excellence is their skill in the pathetic. This excellence is alone a sufficient compensation for the absence of many others; and if we consider its rarity only, it is deserving of higher applause than it usually obtains. In many poets and many artists we meet with occasional touches of the pathetic, but how very small is the number of those who have carried it to a high pitch of excellence, and supported it through a continued variety of scenes. In the drama, Racine only deserves to be mentioned with Otway and Euripides for his general excellence in this respect: if we turn again to the stage, we know that even Garrick fell short of his usual success when he attempted the pathetic, and was compelled to yield the palm to Barry, if not to Powell; and in our own times, besides our British Melpomene, we have no performer who can make any pretensions to this excellence except her daughter-in-law, Mrs. H. Siddons. This rarity of the talent is, I think, a decisive proof of its superior value; and if this test be disputed, I appeal to the exquisite pleasure we derive from reading the works of those who have most excelled in it. In the tragedies of Euripides and Otway, it is exhibited in its most luxurious richness, with a degree of such incomparable softness, that I suppose no one of the most obdurate feelings ever read them without being melted into "sympathetic tears." Which of these two admirable tragedians excelled the other, I will not take upon me to decide; though it is to be observed, that the plays of Otway are distinguished by a rich vein of pathos running through the whole of them, whereas Euripides is roused into the pathetic only by some great overwhelming affliction, and then only with intervals of tranquillity; and, again, that the sufferings of Otway's characters turn upon the grand master-passion of love, and are therefore resolved into a softness more delicate and more complete, than if they were influenced by any other passion. The passion of love was rejected by the stern severity of the Grecian tragedy, but has been amply recompensed for this rejection by the ardent adoration which has been paid it by the French and English writers. Otway, by the licentiousness of his age, and his intercourse with the disgraceful sensuality of the court of Charles II., was incapacitated from preserving in his writings the delicacy of love; but not all the sensuality of a court, nor all the miseries of his unhappy fate, could blunt the feeling sensibility which nature had given him, and which enabled him to paint with exquisite softness

the agonies of despair : it was love in tears, and not in smiles, that he painted with wonderful felicity. In his whole play of *Venice Preserved*, from its beginning to its conclusion, and particularly in the parting-scene of *Jaffier* and *Belvidera*, in the fifth act, he seems to have surrendered his whole soul to the entire operation of his feelings, and to have written in a continued fervor of enthusiasm exactly as they dictated to him.

That Euripides should excel in pathos such a writer, is not to be expected : but who shall say he is inferior to him ? We discover in Euripides, as well as Otway, occasional proofs of that fine enthusiasm of genius, which abstracts a man entirely from the world, and elevates him to the "third heaven" of poetry ; such an enthusiasm, as ferments in the inspired mind, and pours forth such noble strains as the *Alexander's Feast* of Dryden, or the distracted *Lear* of Shakspeare. It is not possible to believe, that such scenes as we meet with in the *Hecuba*, the *Troades*, or the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, are the offspring of mere frigid labour : they are scenes which come warm from the heart of the writer to the heart of the reader, and compel us to acknowledge that they are the genuine language of true feeling, not only unfabricated, but almost unassisted, by art. For exquisite skill therefore in the pathetic, Euripides and Otway may stand alone, a "par nobile fratum," unrivalled and unapproached by any other writer ; but the crown must be divided between them, and each must be content to bear a brother on the throne.

That which furnished the comedians with the most fertile subject of ridicule against Euripides, was the awkward method which he invariably used in opening his plays, by sending on one of his characters to explain to the audience the whole of the circumstances connected with the plot,—not only those which preceded the opening of the drama, but sometimes those which were to follow. As he has adhered to this plan, in spite of all the bitter sarcasms of the comic writers, it was evidently the result of mature deliberation, and not of hasty temerity. It is, therefore, worth an inquiry, whether it be deserving of such severity of censure as it has met with. That it has been imitated by no succeeding writer, is an argument, tolerably conclusive, against it : yet it must be considered, that it has frequently been found necessary in modern prologues to remind the audience of certain circumstances explanatory of the fable ; and it seems rather a refinement upon this plan to manage such an explanation by character. At any rate, this sort of prologue must be allowed to be superior to those introductory scenes of some English authors, in which two of the characters are sent forward to relate to each other what is already well known to both ; a mode of introduction, which compels us instinctively to ask with *Dangle*, in the

Critic,

Critic, "Mr. Puff, as he knows all this, why does Sir Walter go on telling him?" Why, indeed? Yet Otway's *Orphan* is opened with a scene of this kind, quite as ridiculous as any opening of Euripides. Let me, however, in justice add, that his *Venice Preserved* opens with a spirit and abruptness worthy to be imitated by any dramatic writer.

Euripides, says Longinus, in his admirable Treatise on the Sublime, "της συνθέσεως ποιητής μᾶλλον ἐστίν, ἢ τοῦ νῦ." Sect. 40. "Euripides is a poet of composition, rather than of sentiment;" alluding to his skilful arrangement of his words. Now, if this sentence be understood literally, it casts a reflection upon the genius of Euripides, in which, however hardy it may appear to differ from the great critic, few admirers of the poet will coincide. But in the very instance which he quotes to confirm his opinion, he adds, "Ἐστὶ μὲν γενναῖον τὸ λῆμμα, ἀδρότερον δὲ γέγονε τῷ τῆν ἁρμονίαν μὴ κατεσπευσθαι," &c. &c. "The sense indeed is noble, but becomes stronger by the harmony not being hurried;" that is, in short, by the skilfulness of the arrangement. We may safely, therefore, I think, understand the above criticism in a sense less degrading to Euripides,—that his skill in arranging his words is a powerful assistance to his sentiments. In this sense its justice cannot be disputed; and in this sense, it may be applied with equal justice to Otway. No poet is less indebted than he to the pomp of language, and yet scarcely any poet can be less accused of weakness: he seems to have preferred a choice of words which have in themselves very little majesty, as being better adapted to his pathetic style; and yet they are arranged and combined with such exquisite skill, that they produce an effect of the most expressive sweetness and tenderness, without any appearance of want of strength.

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream

My great example, 'as it is my theme!

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;

Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."—DENHAM.

Take any one of the finest speeches of Otway, and we find it almost composed of monosyllables and dissyllables.

In considering the general excellencies of these two poets, I suppose no admirer of the Grecian stage will wish to place Euripides above Otway, no admirer of the English will presume to place him below him. Though not the most sublime, they are two of the most fascinating poets that ever wrote; and they are neither of them deficient, even in sublimity. Neither of them, perhaps, has yet "gathered all his fame;" and they both well deserve whatever accession to it it may be their lot to receive.

Besides the ornaments of our tragic stage I have mentioned, there are several others who deserve to be noticed with applause;

but it must be remembered, too, that there are several others of the Greek tragedians, whose works are for ever lost to us; some of whom are mentioned with respect by the ancient critics, and therefore might be expected to add something to the lustre of the Grecian stage. If, however, we place the illustrious Grecian triumvirate in comparison with our own three tragedians, the superiority, I think, however trifling it may appear,—and it certainly must be acknowledged not to be very great,—is on the side of English tragedy. And that nation which can surpass in tragic excellence the boasted glories of Greece, may safely challenge a comparison with any other nation.

PHILO-TRAGICUS.

ART. IX.—*On Defects and Abuses in Public Institutions.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

THE writer of this article has been insensibly led into his subject, by observing a disposition in the present age to forward works of public improvement: many things have been attempted, and some things of great public consideration have been executed. The spirit of reform has visited the streets of London and Westminster; it has pervaded some of our charitable institutions, pierced into the most secret recesses of our prisons, and rectified some abuses of public trusts. We wish this spirit to proceed with an accelerated force, and to move upon a still larger scale. It has effected one reform, which may be pronounced the triumph of humanity, and which will form an epoch in the annals of England, I mean the abolition of the slave trade.

The present paper confines itself to defects or abuses in public Hospitals and Schools.

Certain public institutions called Hospitals, are so denominated, ab *Hospitibus*, quod peregrinos (of whatever kind) publicis sumptibus excipiunt. Different languages remind us of the original designation of the term: ξενοδοχεῖον, Hospital, Hospitale, Hostel, Spital, Ospedamento, &c., all express the same idea, though the institutions sometimes take more specific names, according to the particular persons received to their protection.

The general term is comprehensive, taking in Free-schools and all Public Foundation-schools, as well as Hospitals of various descriptions of sick and poor: it might extend, in its largest sense, even to universities; in short to every house, that is *und Franken Haus*, a Free House.

Should

Should any one object to extending the term to Universities, on the ground, that the *Hostels*, (the modern German word for Hostpitals), the *hospitia studiosorum*, places hired for students before colleges were built, is better explained by the word Inn, from *Inn-geat*, in and gehen, to go in, I shall not object: it may, however, be well to remind him, that these houses were in part charitable; that colleges also were in their origin in part charitable, and are so still, part of the members being supported by the funds of the society, publicis sumptibus accipiuntur.

But a few defects in our Universities may, perhaps, be considered hereafter, under a distinct head, and with all due respect to those learned Institutions. At present, it shall be only in general observed, that they are somewhat too restricted in some of their academical regulations: it has also been said, that they overstrain literature; that they send men into the world who find no natural place in society; or who, go wherever they will, carry with them into the great mart of adventure and experiment, articles with which it is already overstocked. Into these evils we shall not now inquire; but are here reminded of the observation of a shrewd man: "Russia has too few cunning men, and Great Britain too many."

With respect to those institutions more commonly called Public Hospitals, they may be classed under three divisions: the first is of those, founded in the middle of the 16th century, at the suggestion of Bishop Ridley, a learned and good man, who suffered martyrdom at Oxford, Oct. 16, 1555. They were originally planned for the various descriptions of poor, who were left without protection, instruction, or support, on the dissolution of monasteries. These are called the royal foundations of Edward VI., as being founded by that Prince. The second is of such as were intended for asylums in old age, or under infirmities, to persons who had spent the better part of their days, whether by sea or land, in the service of their country. The most distinguished of these also are royal foundations, and under the immediate protection of government. The last, is of those that were originally endowed by private persons, or that are still fostered and supported by voluntary subscription.

The force of the remark of an ancient writer is seen no where more forcibly than in the endowing and superintending of public Hospitals: *Ἀγαθὸν εἶναι ἥξει, ἢ μιμεῖσθαι*, "You must either be a good man, or imitate a good man." People may found Hospitals and Charity-schools from the very best motives, and people may superintend them as governors, from motives equally disinterested and pure. Some of the foundations just alluded to are unquestionably useful and good; and the motives of the founders and benefactors, there is every reason to believe, were truly benevolent.

nevolent. But pity, that is apt to act without judgment,—vanity, and the love of distinction, which may be strong in life, and look even beyond the grave, (and these may operate without benevolence),—indifference towards existing relatives, or even hatred of them,—or a terror of an evil being, without a grain of reverence and love for a good one,—all these have endowed PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, as well as benevolence or piety. And when benevolence and piety may have spent their strength in endowing them, selfishness may succeed in their room; for governors and committee-men may be prompted by a spirit very different from that of the original founders.

No long time ago appeared in one of the public papers an advertisement offering a paltry premium for a presentation to Christ Hospital, in London: it was paltry, because if a presentation is an affair of purchase, the premium offered was nothing like a quarter of its real value. But every governor knows, that he is in honour bound not to sell a presentation, and that should he be known to deal in such mean and dishonourable traffic, he would be liable to lose the insigne of governorship, his *staff*. These presentations should be freely given, and to poor children of a particular description:—the subject accordingly lately underwent a very serious and interesting discussion.

This House was undoubtedly intended *only* for poor children. Why should governors obtrude upon it the children of persons comparatively rich? Here, contrary to the original intention of the founder, contrary to the purport of legacies, expressed in the wills of subsequent benefactors, contrary to the declared or implied duty of governors acting only as trustees, *the children of the rich and the poor have too often met together*. This might be right in Plato's Republic, or in the schools of the Persians as described by Xenophon. But in this orphanotrophium and ptochotrophium it is something more than a defect, it is an abuse.

The internal management of this House indeed is perhaps as exemplary and as judicious as that in most public foundations. It is favourable to useful learning; and in the government of the children after the hours of school, it may be considered as a pattern to many institutions of a similar kind.

Many of the public foundation schools in England (*ubi Hospites alienis sumptibus excipiuntur*) that might be mentioned, however respectable they may be in their general character, and however favourable to classical literature, after the hours of school are under too little restraint; and such remissness is unfavourable to morals. A mere Inspector Morum, or Paidagogos, a distinct office from the schoolmaster, was made of great account both by the Grecians and Romans.

With

With respect to the Charity or Free Schools in London and Westminster, founded by Queen Anne, as *public* schools they are very defective,—as free schools they are free enough. By the frequent cries, however, heard at awful intervals by those who live in their neighbourhood, it may be inferred, that the flogging system is rampant among them, as it is in most of the foundation schools already alluded to.

I do not say this discipline is expressly contrary to any of the original rules made by the trustees of these schools; but if the masters, in the case alluded to, act from a sense of duty, by attending to the *Whole Duty of Man*, a book which they are ordered by those rules to read to their scholars, and by practising on themselves a little self-government and Christian patience, they may find out a more salutary and successful discipline; and instead of thinking this practise the duty of a Christian school-master, they may very conscientiously leave it in the hands of infidels and Moors.

Indeed any system of beating in the art of teaching is execrable and bad, by whatever authorities it may have been sanctioned; and what the judicious Roger Ascham says in his *SCHOOLMASTER* is most true, “that even the wisest of your great beaters do as often punish nature as they do correct faults.”

The office of the masters of these houses is simple and uniform, and the defects of the schools, whatever they may be, much the same in all. Whoever is prepared to admire them as useful and excellent, may, with the accounts of them, read with pleasure the eulogiums pronounced on their royal founder, by Drs. Moss, Smalridge, Snape, and Sacheverat; and whoever feels an inclination to censure, will not be offended with the banter of the ingenious author of the *Fable of the Bees*. By holding the balance of comparison fairly, they may find out the truth; and neither one nor the other need blush at taking a lesson from Dr. Bell or Mr. Lancaster.

These schools exist: but how shall we speak of those which do not exist?

Besides the free-schools founded by Queen Anne, there have been an infinite number more founded by different persons in various parts of England and Ireland, but many of them are now altogether vanished. The salaries of them, however, being still received by some persons, the questions may be asked, who are those persons? and why are no children taught? If these schools were good, they ought to be continued; should they be reckoned otherwise, the funds should be still directed to some charitable purpose,—they might perhaps with advantage assist the poor-rates, and so still go to the poor of the parish.

Of Hospitals for Magdalens, I shall just say, that they were originally

originally founded, most probably, from very good intentions, and that sometimes they may effect, and certainly have effected, good; as might be proved both in England and Scotland; they, however, may move so hastily as to do irreparable mischief, or so slowly as to do no good. Of the defects of such institutions, I shall say nothing, and only add, that individuals bent on doing good to the unfortunate or indiscreet, may often do it more effectually than through the medium of Magdalen Hospitals. As to Hospitals for foundlings, when it is considered how they tend to weaken a sense and even the occasion of shame,—what sacred ties they violate, and what weighty obligations they cancel,—it will be difficult to conceive that their tendency is not immoral and unnatural. That they tend rather to destroy than to save life, might be easily proved, and has been incontestably proved by facts derived from Foundling Hospitals at Petersburg, Moscow, different parts of France, Dublin, and other cities. If we are desirous to promote immorality, and at the same time to thin the population of a country, we could not do better than to establish Foundling Hospitals in every parish throughout England. After all, what do Foundling Hospitals effect that is not provided for by the regular arrangements of a parish work-house? and whether monster-nurses are less in the way of Foundling Hospitals than of Work-houses, is a question which I am not prepared to discuss. The management of particular houses of this kind may be commendable, but the principle and tendency of all, when closely examined, would be found to be bad.

As to a provision for the sick and disabled, no objection can be made to that; and, therefore, it is not so obvious that any objection can be made against the hospitals themselves that furnish it, whatever may be urged against their defects or abuses.

These hospitals might be considered in reference to the attending physicians, the regulations of the houses, and the circumstances of the patients.

It is not easy to conceive that gentlemen, who receive a good salary as physicians to some of these houses, have any temptation to do wrong (for honour, and conscience, and character, to say nothing of other motives, have a powerful hold on a real gentleman.) They have no inducement to preference or neglect from the comparison of the fees given by a rich and poor man; none from douceurs, for they receive none: the hours of attendance are regular and fixed; and a stream of kindness that is allowed thus to rise pure from the spring, it may be hoped flows without interruption through every department of the house that falls under their care.

But when it is recollected how very numerous the patients are in the large hospitals, and that there must be frequently occasion

to

to visit them out of the settled hours of attendance; when, further, it is considered that the physicians may have numerous patients in different parts of a great city, from whom, in the regular way of business, they receive fees, it is more than probable that the business of a large hospital may be sometimes done too much in a hurry, and that there may be instances of neglect. The only way to prevent this, is, to give very handsome salaries to some resident physicians, whose business should be wholly confined to the hospital. The incomes of some of these large hospitals, which are now become very liberal, it is probable, could support the expence. The income of one large hospital in London is more than 20,000*l.* a year, and I suspect that one or two others are not much, if at all, inferior to that in their incomes.

Clinical lectures, such as have been long given at Edinburgh, and by some gentlemen now in London, are allowed to be of greater consequence to students in medicine than any other plan of lecturing can possibly be. They must be also of great importance to the patients themselves; since they oblige a physician to be most minute in observing the symptoms and progress of every particular disorder, as well as most correct in ascertaining the means of cure; and it has been thought by some physicians a great defect that this plan has not been more generally adopted in other places.

With respect to hospitals where physicians receive no fees or salaries, there can be little doubt that they will be sometimes attended by able physicians, acting with a view to their own credit, or from benevolence, and with a view to the public good. But how benevolent soever men may be, we should not form unreasonable expectations. They naturally and necessarily look to live by their profession. The presumption, therefore, is, where the medical departments have annexed to them no salaries, they will not always be coveted by men of the greatest experience. It may be expected, on the contrary, that they will be sought after by young men who have all their practice to learn,—who will make them stepping-stones to public favour,—and who, after having made numerous experiments in a large hospital, wish to pass with reputation into the great world.

In such an important case, therefore, as unreservedly resigning the charge of a great number of patients to a professional gentleman, it will be hazardous to rely too generally on gratuitous services. The inference probably is, that salaries should be given to professional gentlemen; for few considerations secure a man's conscience so effectually, of whatever profession he may be, as a comfortable salary. For here is a close connection—a stipulated provision, being, as it were, only the link that precedes acknowledged duties.

Objection

Objection has been made to the practice which prevails in some hospitals of receiving certain fees from the patients; and a physician assures me, that he was applied to not long since by a poor person who was refused admission from a large hospital in Middlesex, for not being able to pay half-a-crown to the porter. It was indeed an abuse, *not sanctioned by the society, but directly contrary to its laws.*

It has been sometimes said, in defending this practice, that such fees are generally small,—that the patients have lodging, advice, and medicine for nothing,—that the fees are in some cases regularly accounted for, in others discretionary; and the like.

This is not the place to make minute inquiries; suffice it to say, that people before they apply for admission into these places are often reduced to their last shilling,—that in all cases these fees are not so small, particularly in one malady, where the patients pass into different wards, and the fees are proportionably increased. The consequences too are often serious; people are apt to be hurried away before they are cured, to make room for a fresh supply of patients and fees, and delays in admission arise from the same cause. One large hospital in Southwark might be pointed out, where this is well known to be very commonly the case; and the presumption is, that in all hospitals similarly circumstanced, similar evils will exist. Much more might be said on the subject, and much on the vast revenue of these hospitals; and I think it could be proved by facts that these houses, supported as they are by these vast revenues, and further assisted by voluntary subscriptions, stand in no need of fees from patients.

But it is enough to say, the principle is bad; and if the practice should be found unnecessary, it should in no case be acted upon; for the influence and the example may perhaps reach, where the thing cannot possibly be sanctioned, where it may not be so easily traced, and where it could not be even supposed to extend.

Many of the hospitals in different parts of the island are by their laws forbidden to take fees; and it seemed of sufficient importance in the eyes of Government, in their late reform of Greenwich Hospital, to abolish them altogether by virtue of that authority with which they are intrusted by the Charter.

As to Lunatic Hospitals, when it is considered how closely the mental and morbid affections are connected, how dependent both are on the animal and organic systems, and that each individual case has something peculiar to itself, what sort of persons they should be to whose care the unfortunate inmates of these places are assigned, is tolerably clear. To say nothing of physicians, no one seems qualified to be even a keeper of lunatics, but one possessed of strong principle, good sense, some information,

tion, and the most humane propensities. Whatever may be said by different writers on the malady itself, and the different ways of treatment, here if any where is a call for humanity; and it may be inferred, that the accommodations and treatment should be very different from what they frequently are. The Hospital and Asylum at York (for both should be mentioned together, being originally founded on the same principles) are perhaps a pattern in many respects to similar houses; but Lunatic Hospitals might be pointed out both in England and Scotland, that are a disgrace to the police of any country.

I shall close with a few general observations, applicable to the circumstances of several public institutions.

As in governments a constitution may be excellent, but an administration execrable, the same also frequently takes place in public institutions. A person, therefore, in becoming a governor, should not rest satisfied in seeing his name shine in a list of subscribers, and in obtaining agreeable or useful connections; this would be to sink his charity into a flirt of vanity, and his office will be turned into a trade, a mere job. He pledges himself, in becoming a governor or trustee, to the performance of certain duties: he should therefore bring with him a conscience, and that may be as serviceable to the society as his subscription. He need not be a trifling and troublesome intruder; but as a steady inspector, and upright improver, he should unite with the other governors to keep things in their proper place; or in those instances, where something may have been originally wrong, he should study to set it right, and to improve all that is susceptible of improvement.

I am pleased to find, by the Report of the Westmorland Lock Hospital, opened by Government in 1792, and perused by me since writing the above remarks, that what has been advanced on the prudence of settling suitable salaries on professional gentlemen, and not relying on gratuitous services, is confirmed by that Report, so far at least as concerns surgeons. On the first opening of that hospital, the physicians and surgeons served without fee or reward. But so far as surgeons were concerned, the plan was found quite defective; attendance from the beginning was irregular; serious consequences followed to the patients; and an addition of contingent expences was unavoidably incurred by the society. In consequence of all this, the Board of Directors, well convinced *that where a daily and laborious duty is required from professional men, they have a fair claim to be paid for their time and trouble*, advised Government to appoint two senior surgeons, and three assistant or junior surgeons, to be chosen every two years, with suitable salaries; and that is now the law of this hospital.

This Report furnishes me also with two other admirable hints: the one relates to an assistant steward or purveyor; the other to a public

public inspector. As to a steward, it must necessarily happen in a large hospital, that by acting in some sort as secretary, memorialist, purveyor, and inspector to the society (at least as the steward in the Lock Hospital at Dublin did), his occupations become multiplied and various: an assistant steward, therefore, supplying some parts of his office, and under his direction, becomes of great importance: his office at this Lock Hospital was to distribute the various articles of expenditure, to visit and regulate the wards, and to take the direction of the personal concerns of the patients; and these matters are a great deal better managed by such an officer, than by a bawdy, housekeeper, or inferior servant.

The public inspector at the Lock Hospital, Dublin, is chosen out of the board of directors and attending surgeons: he is chosen monthly, and in rotation, so that even to gentlemen in great business the office is light, as each director takes his turn only at the end of fourteen months. His office is to inspect each department of the hospital during that period: not in a rapid manner, or at fixed periods; he comes without notice, and often stays a considerable time. Every part of the hospital is subjected to his inquiry and inspection, and all abuses, according to his report, are rectified by the Board. Such an officer is of the greatest consequence in large hospitals. As a superintendant of all other officers, he should be able to command all the charters, bye-laws, and constitutions of the society; to look over books of accounts; to be acquainted with every circumstance in the department of every officer; and, as much as may be, with the situation of the patients.

The observations thrown out in this paper relate mostly to the public institutions in England, and principally to those in the metropolis. Scotland has few poor houses (for Edinburgh and Glasgow at least must be excepted here), but it is abundant (Edinburgh, perhaps, is superabundant) in charitable institutions: those in Edinburgh are in the main well regulated, and take no fees from patients; but from the number of well regulated institutions in Edinburgh, I must be always understood to except the Lunatic Asylum, which both in its building and its regulations is extremely bad. The prisons in Scotland (constructed in conformity to the old Scotch law, to give prisoners pain) are also deplorably bad; but in some instances a better system is beginning to prevail; and it cannot surely be long before a more suitable building, and better regulations, are set on foot than are at present to be seen in this wretched asylum for lunatics; for the Scotch are a humane people.

Oh! Ireland, would to Heaven I could do thee any good, but alas! thy pools are much too deep, and too full of wretchedness, to be scooped out and cleansed by accidental, extemporaneous reform.—Ireland has no poor rates, and to supply the want (it is supposed to be a want, but her evils lie deeper than such a want.)

Government

Government has of late years established Houses of Industry. From the House of Industry in Dublin licensed beggars, with tickets and badges, issue forth, to publish their distresses, and to solicit alms through the metropolis. Here young and old, the idle and the industrious, the infirm and the hale, the abandoned and the unfortunate, have a common dwelling, and are supported by the same stock of public charity.—Ireland would furnish materials for a long tale; but an allusion is now made to Ireland, merely to do it justice in one particular case,—that of the Lock Hospital just mentioned. This is an excellent foundation, and its regulations are a pattern for all institutions of a similar kind.

As public institutions in some sort concern every individual in a community, freedom of inquiry into the customs which prevail in them should be allowed; though, after all, perfection is not to be expected; and good and ill are so intermixed in the common affairs of life, that we are often obliged to submit to some evil to obtain a greater good. Certainly the *cui bono* ought to be the previous question; and next, how the greatest quantity of good can be obtained with the least quantity of evil. Philosophers and philanthropists may both lead us wrong, and we must all be allowed to speculate for ourselves; as to facts, they are often useful in reasonings on either side of a useful question; and should such sort of cursory hints as have been here made prove not unacceptable, I may probably send another letter on different subjects in the same strain.

P. S.—I find, by the perusal of an Act of Parliament passed in 1806, that 2000*l.* were voted to the city of Edinburgh, in addition to the funds raised there, towards erecting a Lunatic Asylum; and, on this ground, that the place where lunatics were confined was incommodious and unfit for its purpose; so that the nuisance here complained of will be soon removed, if it has not been removed already. I have perused the Act only as the sheets are now passing through the press. This paper is written in the way of observations on what the writer knew to exist in different parts of the country a few years ago, having spoken after inquiry, and being an eye witness, long also before the public notice taken of the abuses in Christ Hospital. Should any improvements have been since introduced into other charities, of which I am not aware, the reader will make the proper abatements. But public institutions have always a tendency to decline, and therefore always require watching; it should be added too, that ill-contrived, and even pernicious ones, impede such as are useful, and are supported generally at a much greater expence.

AN OBSERVER.

ART. X.—*On Opinions respecting the English Constitution.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

IN some connection with the essay on the Defects and Abuses of Public Charities, (Art. IX.), it might be allowed us, perhaps, to consider the Defects of Political Constitutions, and even of our own: but it is proposed to confine the subject within narrower limits, and endeavour merely to state its principles.

After all said on public charities, experience forbids us to speak of them as a good criterion of public or private virtue. A constitution and government might, perhaps, be so happily disposed, as that knowledge might be so widely circulated, motives to industry so happily induced, and, at the same time, so much moral sense, so much natural feeling be promoted through a country, that public charities would be less necessary. A state of society, perhaps, may not only be conceived, but even described, in which public charities might be considered almost as an evil and disgrace.

But when we speak of an existing state of society, it may be prudent to keep sometimes out of the world of possibilities. In the removal of a positive grievance under a present system we may do real good, though it may be small. It may become greater in happier times, and under more auspicious circumstances. When speaking then, of political forms, let us leave others to talk of perfect models. Let us renounce theories and appeal to facts; let us feel for substance, and permit the insane, the selfish, the corrupt, to talk of aerial forms and vanishing points.

It should at first seem that the question,—What is the political constitution of a country? is of all questions the most easy of solution; a constitution of forms and laws being the most prominent feature in its policy, to be seen, we should suppose, in daily exercise. Yet in governments do circumstances often arise, by which the question is perplexed, and what ought to be visible and clear, is thrown in the back ground, or kept wholly out of sight.

One might think, that the question as it relates to a country in which we live, could still less be liable to ambiguity or uncertainty. Yet circumstances have arisen in our history that have rendered that peculiarly so with us. Hence some of our historians have been called constitutional, others unconstitutional writers. From such books as *Nicholson's Historical Library*, and such collections of papers as those made by Sir Robert Cotton, Archbishop Parker, and others, and the Reports lately made of the Public Records of the Kingdom, one might conclude, there is

no country that possesses so many constitutional writings: and yet do *Rushworth's Collections*, by exhibiting the eloquence and reasonings of the most able in men the country, shew how, in critical points and trying periods, they differently reasoned on constitutional principles. And Andrew Horne, the author of the *Miroir des Justices*, one of our oldest writers on the Law, shews, in his chapter *de Abusion*, that in the earliest times, the common law was liable to be abused, and that as *Magna Charta* yet had some faults, so also had it in some points been misconceived and abused.

We have at present three predominant parties in the country, (if we may be permitted to use a word without any invidious meaning), we mean classes of politicians, that cannot be induced to make their particular interests and claims one common stock. Yet they all talk of rallying round the Constitution. Will it be said, that in the eye of all the three the principles of the English Constitution are the same?—that the dispute wholly turns on the moderation or excess of its government?—on the qualities good or bad of the administration? Or shall we say it is effected by the selfishness, the pride, or ambition of either party, or of all the parties at once? If there were three hundred parties in England, what is the presumption, that they would not all rally about the English Constitution?

The question, What are the principles of the English Constitution? is receiving an answer, true or false, in the practice of every day; in the symbols and forms of executive power; in the modes and principles of debate in both houses of parliament; in the language of our courts of law; and in the silent homage, either hypocritical or sincere, at least, the obedience, of private life: it will be perhaps then safe to admit, that the two difficulties, the principal difficulties, in the way of this question are, some latent faults, in the Constitution, which few are willing to admit, or in abuse and corruption, which no one is willing to abandon.

Over and above the answer of every day, there arise periods, when the question returns with peculiar force; when all parties are set on the alert; when the press labours; when every public meeting, every private club, every company, every family, resounds with the question proposed, and answered.

In our own time we have had three such periods: one, when we were setting on foot the war with America; another, when we engaged in the present war with France; and a third, at the present moment,—when, alas! we seem at war among ourselves.

Prior to the period of their war with this country, the Americans spoke favourably of English liberty. The political constitutions of their several states were much framed after the English

model; their arrangement of the three powers, in their political body, was regulated somewhat after the English form; their trial by jury and their system of representation were English: our best constitutional political writers, Milton, Harrington, Sidney, and Locke, were their great favourites; Penn, and Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, were both Englishmen; and the former, in some respects the best of political writers, spoke the high language and breathed the purest spirit of English liberty. In one word, with the exception of our limited toleration, against which Penn pleaded so ardently in England,—of the expences of our government,—of our hereditary claims and privileged orders,—with these exceptions, the Americans spoke highly of the English Constitution.

When we proceeded to tax the Americans without their consent, and to make a monopoly of their trade, they made a stand, and altered their tone. This they execrated as an encroachment on their liberty, and inconsistent with the principles of the English Constitution; and some writers in our own country, particularly Dr. Price, examined the American war by the same rule. Now it was, that the boldest of the American writers, the author of *Common Sense*, advanced a step higher,—he spoke the language of abuse and contempt of our Constitution as a house divided against itself: still he expresses himself of its distinction, *in a constitutional sense*, and of the Americans as having a prejudice in favour of the English Constitution.

A second period, when the question concerning the English Constitution became much agitated, commenced with the Revolution of France. That event gave an unusual interest to the question. A new epoch seemed to be forming. Long habituated to contemplate the constitutions of the American states, and now of Poland, and France, as visible and tangible masses, generated as it were on the spot, and shaped within a limited period, the writer alluded to was not satisfied with abuse; he went farther; he roundly asserted we had no Constitution at all.

A third period we venture to pronounce this in which we live. The Whigs and Tories, as they are called, and the third class, who will allow themselves to be called neither Whigs nor Tories, are in the constant habit of using the same or similar language. In the act of exercising, certainly, a great power, the House of Commons talk as being under constitutional protection, (I allude to the case of Sir Francis Burdett), and Sir Francis pleads, in vindication of his resistance, the violation of the principles of the Constitution. A House of Commons, they all allow, is a true form of English policy,—and that it must have privileges; but we see them differing in their opinion on the extent of those privileges. Those, however, the most determined against Reform, in both houses, are for rallying round the Constitution; and Sir Francis

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Francis Burdett, so ardent for Reform, speaks nothing so loudly, as that he and his friends require nothing but the Constitution.

As we have had these three periods when this question became peculiarly interesting, we may be said to have three classes of writers who have taken somewhat different measures in discussing it.

The first is of those who, in pleading against the advocates of arbitrary power, have adopted a mode at once direct and insinuating. Direct, because they appeal to first principles and reasonings from analogies in nature,—the best and most philosophical way of examining the subject, though it requires too profound a turn of thinking for an ordinary genius. Of this description was Montesquieu, who, in his *Spirit of Laws*, professedly examines the English Constitution; and Mr. David Williams, who, by way of comment on Montesquieu, wrote a treatise of political principles. Hooker, on *Analogy*, whether truly or not we do not enquire, lays the foundation of the laws of ecclesiastical polity, in reference to England, on reasonings from analogy; and Locke's general properties of law, in his *Treatises on Government*, have a view to the English Constitution. The mode of reasoning more insinuating, is that which appeals to facts in our own history, as it appeals to the pride of a great nation. Of this character were Sir Robert Cotton, and Sir Henry Spelman, Milton, and Sidney, who, as antiquarians and historians, illustrate the principles of the English Constitution.

Some writers, and this we call the second class, have thought this way of reasoning too general. Advocates of the same cause, they admit the principles to be metaphysically accurate, the facts historically true. But, in their judgment, these principles cannot be so systematically arranged, nor those facts be rendered so producible, consolidated, as it were, into any plan of premeditated contrivance and permanent strength, as to form what might be called the regular features and connected parts of a well-organized body. They allow that we have a Constitution, and that it is excellent; but they speak of it as not to be traced to any particular era, nor to any systematic philosophical plan of principle. They trace it to an heterogeneous mixture of causes and effects, of principles and facts, of opposite powers—each struggling in its turn for victory, and reposing at length in peace; in short, as rising out of jarring interests, of lucky contingencies, and auspicious alliances. Montesquieu himself talks of the English Constitution as formed in this manner, and Bishop Hurd, in his *Dialogues on the English Constitution*. What Montesquieu says of our Constitution in reference to a Saxon origin, the writers alluded to affirm, metaphorically, in reference to the uncertain origin and perturbed progress of our Constitution, "That it was formed in the woods."

Those writers have been followed by others. They perceived that writers of opposite interests maintained the same opinions and appealed to the same facts, and that men who had the same leading views were sometimes divided about them. They asked, in triumph, where did your Constitution begin? and where are the principles laid down? They thought the country not prepared to give a clear and direct answer, and hence they inferred, as we have seen, that England had no Constitution to produce.

Our limits will not allow us to enter on minute distinctions or long discussions now. But we propose in a future paper, to state briefly what we conceive to be the fundamental principles of the English Constitution, and to propose a plan for the readiest diffusion of its principles, an expedient at all times necessary, and perhaps never more so than now. We cannot, however, be supposed to have made any new discoveries. The subject has been discussed a thousand and a thousand times; and the plan being constitutional, will have in it nothing that has not been tried at different periods before. Circumstances, however, may awaken contrivance, and returning evils lead us to look after our natural remedies. In adopting the language, What are the fundamental principles of the British Constitution? we adopt a language which we think liable to no ambiguity, and that keeps free of the forwardness of party. The terms are admitted into the vocabulary of all the parties in England.

AN OBSERVER.

ART. XI.—*Account of a Familiar Spirit, who visited and conversed with the Author in a manner equally new and forcible, shewing the Carnivorous Duties of all Rational Beings and the true end of Philosophy.*

CERTAINLY there is no possible speculation, from which the understanding may not reap some advantage. When people deny the utility of certain obscure branches of knowledge, they deny it, not from the use, but from the abuse of those branches; for knowledge is infinitely various; some of it is for practice, some for communication, some for avoidance; and it is as well to be truly acquainted with trifles, in order that you may really know them for such. The two rocks upon which enquiry is apt to split, are superficiality and superstition—extremes equally hurtful to knowledge from the seductive confidence into which they draw unwary minds. But real knowledge on any subject is real utility: it is only

only for want of knowing, that we do not make the proper application of knowledge. Chesterfield, for instance, is said to have understood the graces properly:—nothing can be more unfounded:—he could talk about them a great deal, and could practise a great many, but in not properly understanding their nature and uses, he did not perceive they were trifles;—and thus he split upon the superficial rock. Cardan, on the other hand, had a great turn for abstruse speculation, and was thought to be the profoundest man of his time; but his fancy and bad nerves uniting, drove him into all sorts of fantastic inquiries: he applied his knowledge to the nonentities of secret magic, forgetting that the proper secret for his discovery was that of social utility and an even mind;—and thus he split upon the superstitious rock.

But even those magnanimous sciences, so well denominated the occult, would never have been abused as they have, had not their greatest professors been the last men who understood them properly. The emptiness of their knowledge might have been discovered from the noise they made about it and the uselessness it exhibited. They studied these sciences just as pedants study books—with much learning and no wisdom; and whatever the Cabalists may say to the contrary, I will venture to affirm that the Great Secret was understood neither by Peregrinus, nor Cornelius Agrippa, nor Celsus, nor Jamblicus, nor Porphyry, nor Don Calmet, nor Raymond Lully, nor even the divine Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus, though he lived six months, upon the strength of his knowledge, without eating and drinking:—a mighty secret truly; when every body may enjoy it as long as he pleases by writing for the booksellers! When the Rosicrucians tell us that we have *only* to anoint our eyes with a certain collyrium in order to see all the people of the air—that we have only to pronounce certain words in order to put to flight the powers of darkness—and that we have only to take a small dose of the Quintessence of Sunshine in order to dispense with the butcher and baker—they tell us, no doubt, things as easy as they are delightful; but in hunting after these supernatural powers, they lost sight of that natural and useful wisdom which ought to have been the result of their studies: the world has not been a jot the better for all the Rosicrucians that have astonished it, and nothing can shew their unphilosophical feelings in a stronger light than the well-known anecdote of their founder, who having rediscovered, according to his disciples, the perpetual lamps of the ancients, and wishing to enjoy the same but not to impart the advantages of his discovery, ordered one to be placed in his tomb in such a manner, that the moment any curious person approached it, the light should be dashed out by an automaton. The great predecessors of these gentlemen in the Cabala seem in like manner

to have mistaken the end of their researches. Apollonius, we are told, was more than mortal; and Porphyry and others, by way of renouncing superstition, endeavoured to oppose his miracles to those of Jesus: but Apollonius turned his divinity to little account; if he did no better than raise a girl to life by his skill in incantancy and ride upon a dart from Athens to Thessaly. Pythagoras also was more than mortal; and certainly his *Golden Verses* are worthy of a wise man, if not of a great poet; but what did he mean by having a golden thigh? It must have been very ugly, not to mention uncomfortable. Nay, say the Cabalists, he had it as a proof of his divine wisdom. It is from this strange precedent perhaps, that every wealthy fool produces his gold as a proof of wisdom.—But Solon settled that matter with Croesus.

These are the abuses of the Cabala—of the Great Secret—of all that knowledge, in short, which goes under the name of Occult Philosophy, and guides us to the depth of wisdom. Those who have talked so much about it have gone but a little way down: their heads were too giddy for the descent. But doubtless there have been many great men, who have felt their way properly, and turned it to excellent account. The Neapolitans to this day insist that Virgil was a great magician, and I believe there are few of us who will be disposed to deny his skill in one great branch of occult science, that of magical numbers. Of Zoroaster and the Thrice-Great Hermes, we know as little as we do of Minos and Cadmus; but all four, according to the Rosicrucians, were masters of the hidden philosophy, and I believe we shall not much dispute the matter when we recollect what they did for their respective countries. Confucius was undoubtedly a great adept:—it is true he always deprecated any suspicion of preternatural knowledge, but that he was master of the Great Secret, one single specimen of his apophthegms will prove, in which he exclaims “Heaven has given me virtue, man cannot hurt me.” It is quite as clear, that Æsop and Pilpay, whom our learned men distinguish or confound just as it suits the display of their learning, had the true knowledge of the language of birds and beasts: they not only knew it, but they knew it to some purpose. Monsieur the Count de Gabalis may have had the power of invisibility,—a very common virtue with such sages; and the egregious Mr. Blake, who wages such war with Titian and Corregio both in his writings and paintings, may tell us that he is inspired by certain spirits to alter the human figure;—but to be out of sight can as little benefit mankind as to be out of nature. If you want an instance of a true Cabalist—one who turned his knowledge of the spiritual world to proper account—look at the divine Socrates, whose familiar spirit taught him to utter sayings

witty and so wise—so true and so useful. Look at Numa Pompilius, who received such wise institutes from the nymph *Ægeria*; Look at our own Bickerstaff the *Tatler*, who made such excellent use of his spirit Pacolet for the detection of human conduct. It signifies nothing to the main point, of what class of spirits the familiar of the Greek philosopher may have been:—it signifies nothing, whether the *Ægeria* of Numa was the Good Genius of Noah's wife, according to William Postel,—or the daughter of Noah's wife and Oromasis, Prince of the Salamanders, according to the Count de Gabalis:—it signifies nothing, whether the Genius Pacolet belonged solely to our illustrious Bickerstaff, or whether he is the same being who makes such a figure with his wooden horse in the renowned history of Valentine and Orson. The genealogies and other trifling questions of the World of Spirits are very properly left to those pedants in the Cabala, who see no farther than it's surface. While they are examining the phial, they let the essence evaporate. While they are counting the trappings of wisdom, the fair spirit indignantly leaves the toys in their hands, and departs to more substantial admirers.

I find I have been making a long preface to my story, but what I have advanced against the abuses of philosophy will make no unprofitable introduction to the grave business of this paper, especially when I do not hesitate to declare to the reader, even in this free-thinking age, that I am no small adept in the uses of the Occult Philosophy, as I shall thoroughly make manifest.—Be it known then, that I am sometimes favoured with the visits of a nocturnal spirit, from whom I receive the most excellent lessons of wisdom. His appearance is not highly prepossessing, and the weight of his manner of teaching joined to the season he chooses for that purpose, has in it something not a little tremendous; but the end of his instruction is the enjoyment of virtue, and as he is conscious of the alarming nature of his aspect, he takes leave of the initiated the moment they reduce his theory to practice. It is true, there are a number of foolish persons living in and about this metropolis, who instead of being grateful for his friendly offices, have affected to disdain them in the hope of tiring him out, and thus getting rid of his disagreeable presence; but they could not have taken a worse method, for his benevolence is as unwearied as his lessons and appearances are formidable, and these unphilosophic scorners are only punished every night of their lives in consequence. If any curious person wishes to see him, the ceremony of summoning him to appear is very simple, though it varies according to the aspirant's immediate state of blood. With some, nothing more is required than the mastication of a few unripe plums or a cucumber just before midnight; others must take a certain portion of that part of a calf, which is used for what

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are vulgarly called veal-cutlets : others again find the necessary charm in an omelet or an olio. For my part, I am so well acquainted with the different ceremonies, that, without any preparation, I have only to lie in a particular posture, and the spirit is sure to make it's appearance. The figures under which it presents itself are various, but it generally takes it's position upon the breast in a shape altogether indescribable, and is accompanied with circumstances of alarm and obscurity, not a little resembling those which the philosophers underwent on their initiation into the Eleusinian and other mysteries. The first sensations you experience are those of a great oppression and inability to move ; these you endeavour to resist, but after an instant resign yourself to their controul, or rather flatter yourself you will do so, for the sensation becomes so painful, that in a moment you struggle into another effort, and if in this effort you happen to move yourself and cry out, the spirit is sure to be gone, for it detests a noise as heartily as a monk of La Trappe, a traveller in the Alps, or a thief. Could an intemperate person in this situation be but philosopher enough to give himself up to the spirit's influence for a few minutes, he would see his visitant to great advantage, and gather as much knowledge at once as would serve him instead of a thousand short visits, and make him a good liver for months to come.

It was by this method some time ago, that I not only obtained a full view of the spirit, but gradually gathering strength from sufferance, as those who are initiated into any great wisdom always must, contrived to enter into conversation with it. The substance of our dialogue I hereby present to the reader, for it is a mistaken notion of the pretenders to the Cabala, that to reveal the secrets on these occasions is to do harm and incur the displeasure of our spiritual acquaintances. All the harm, as I have said before, is in not understanding the secrets properly and explaining them for the benefit of mankind ; and on this head I have an objection to make to that ancient and industrious order of Illuminati the Freemasons, who though they hold with my familiar that eating suppers is one of the high roads to experimental wisdom, differ with him in confining their knowledge to such persons as can purchase it.

I had returned at a late hour from the representation of a new comedy, and after eating a sleepy and not very great supper, reclined myself on the sofa in a half sitting posture and took up a little Horace to see if I could keep my eyes open with a writer so full of contrast to what I had been hearing. I happened to pitch upon that Ode, *At O Deorum quisquis*, &c., describing an ancient witches-meeting, and fell into an obscure kind of reverie upon the identity of popular superstition in different

ages and nations. The comic dramatist however had been too much for me; the weather, which had been warm but was inclining to grow cloudy, conspired with my heaviness, and the only sounds to be heard, were the ticking of a small clock in the room, and the fitful sighs of the wind as it rose without,

The moaning herald of a weeping sky.

By degrees my eyes closed, my hand with the book dropped one way, and my head dropped back the other upon a corner of the sofa. When you are in a state the least adapted to bodily perception, it is well known that you are in the precise state for spiritual. I had not been settled, I suppose, for more than a quarter of an hour, when the lid of a real-pye which I had lately attacked, began swelling up and down with an extraordinary convulsion, and I plainly perceived a little figure rising from beneath it, which grew larger and larger as it ascended, and then advanced with great solemnity towards me over the dishes. This phenomenon, which I thought I had seen often before but could not distinctly remember how or where, was about two feet high, six inches of which, at least, went to the composition of its head. Between its jaws and shoulders there was no separation whatever, so that its face, which was very broad and pale, came immediately on its bosom, where it quivered without ceasing in a very alarming manner, being, it seems, of a paralytic sensibility like blanc-mange. The fearfulness of this aspect was increased by two staring and intent eyes, a nose turned up but large, and a pair of thick lips turned despondingly down at the corners. Its hair, which stuck about its ears like the quills of a porcupine, was partly concealed by a bolster rolled into a turban and decorated with duck's feathers. The body was dressed in a kind of armour, of a substance resembling what is called crackling, and girded with a belt curiously studded with Spanish olives, in the middle of which, instead of pistols, were stuck two small bottles containing a fiery liquor. On its shoulders were wings shaped like the bat's but much larger; its legs terminated in large feet of pure lead; and in its hands, which were of the same metal and enormously disproportioned, it bore a Turkish bowstring.

At sight of this formidable apparition, I felt an indescribable and oppressive sensation, which by no means decreased, as it came nearer and nearer, staring and shaking its face at me, and making as many ineffable grimaces as Munden in a farce. It was in vain however I attempted to move; I felt, all the time, like a leaden statue, or like Gulliver pinned to the ground by the Lilliputians; and was wondering how my sufferings would terminate, when the phantom, by a spring off the table, pitched himself with all his weight upon my breast, and I thought began fixing
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his terrible bowstring. At this, as I could make no opposition, I determined at least to cry out as lustily as possible, and was beginning to make the effort, when the spirit motioned me to be quiet, and retreating a little from my throat, said in a low suffocating tone of voice, "Wilt thou never be philosopher enough to leave off sacrificing unto calf's flesh?"

"In the name of the Great Solomon's ring," I ejaculated, "what art thou?"

"My name," replied the being a little angrily, "which thou wast unwittingly going to call out, is Mupvtgnau-auw-auww, and I am Prince of the Nightmares."

"Ah, my Lord," returned I, "you will pardon my want of recollection, but I had never seen you in your full dress before, and your presence is not very composing to the spirits. Doubtless this is the habit, in which you appeared with the other genii at the levee of the mighty Solomon."

"A fig for the mighty Solomon!" said the spirit good-humouredly; "this is the cant of the Cabalists, who pretend to know so much about us. I assure you, Solomon trembled much more at me than I did at him. I found it necessary, notwithstanding all his wisdom, to be continually giving him advice; and many were the quarrels I had on his account with Peor, the Demon of Sensuality, and a female devil named Ashtoreth, who invented philters."

"The world," said I, "my Prince, do not give you credit for so much benevolence."

"No," replied he, "the world are never just to their best advisers. My figure, it is true, is not the most prepossessing, and my manner of teaching is less so; but I am nevertheless a benevolent spirit, and would do good to the most ungrateful of your fellow-creatures. This very night, between the hours of ten and one, I have been giving lessons to no less than six boarding-school girls, twelve priests, and twenty-one citizens. The studious I attend somewhat later, and the people of fashion towards morning.—But as you seem inclined at last, Mr. REFLECTOR, to make a proper use of my instructions, I will recount you some of my adventures, if you please, that you may relate them to your countrymen and teach them to appreciate the trouble I have with them."

"You are really obliging," said I, "and I should be all attention, would you do me the favour to sit a little more lightly, for each of your fingers appears heavier than a porter's load, and to say the truth, the very sight of that bowstring almost throttles me."

At these words the spectre gave a smile, which I can compare to nothing but the effect of vinegar on a death's-head; however, he

rose up, though very slowly, and I once more breathed with transport, like a person dropping into his chair after a long journey. He then seated himself with much dignity on the pillow at the other end of the sofa, and thus resumed the discourse:—"I have been among mankind, ever since the existence of cooks and bad consciences, and my office is two-fold, to give advice to the well-disposed and to inflict punishment on the ill. The spirits over which I preside are of that class called by the ancients Incubi, but it was falsely supposed that we were fond of your handsome girls, as the Rosicrucians maintain, for it is our business to suppress not encourage the passions, as you may guess by my appearance.

"Pardon me," interrupted I, "but the poets and painters represent your Highness as riding about on horseback; some of them even make you the horse itself, and it is thus that we have been taught to account for the term, Nightmare."

Here the phantom gave another smile, which made me feel sympathetically about the mouth as though one of my teeth was being drawn. "A pretty jest," said he: "as if a spiritual being had need of a horse to carry him! The general name of my species in this country is of Saxon origin; the Saxons, uniting as they did the two natures of Britons and Germans, eat and drank with a vengeance; of course they knew me very well, and being continually visited by me in all my magnificence, called me by way of eminence, the *Night Mara*, or Spirit of Night. As to the poets and painters, I do not know enough of them to be well acquainted with their misrepresentations of me, though all of those gentlemen who could afford it, have been pretty intimate with me. The moralizing Epicurean, whom you have in your hand there, I knew very well: very good things he wrote, to be sure, about temperance and lettuces, but he eat quite as good at Mecænas's table: you may see the delicate state of his faculties by the noise he makes about a little garlick. Anacreon was so fond of drinking and raking that he had little leisure to eat,—and I did not see him much till latterly, but then my visits were pretty constant and close: his wine killed him at last, and this is the event which his successors have so neatly shadowed forth as the effect of a grape-stone. As rakes rather than eaters, I knew also Politian, Boccace, and other Italians, whose hot complexion made them suffer for every excess. A great eater suffers the pains of a rake, and a rake, if he does not half starve himself, suffers the pains of a great eater. The French poets have lived too lightly to be much troubled with my attendance, and I cannot say I know much of your English ones. There was Congreve indeed, who dined every day with a duchess and had the gout: I visited him often enough, and once wreaked on him a pretty

set of tortures under the figure of one Jeremy Collier. My Lord Rochester, who might have displayed so true a fancy of his own without my assistance, had scarcely a single idea, with which I did not supply him, for five years together, during which time, you know, he confessed himself to have been in a state of intoxication. But I am sorry to say, that I have had no small trouble with some of your poetical moralists as well as men of pleasure. Something, I confess, must be allowed to Pope, whose constitution hardly allowed him an hour's enjoyment; but an invalid so fond of good things might have spared the citizens and clergy a little. It must be owned also, that the good temper he really possessed did much honour to his philosophy, but it would have been greater could he have denied himself that silver saucepan. It seduced him into a hundred miseries. One night in particular, I remember, after he had made a very sharp attack on Addison and a dish of lampreys, he was terribly used by my spirits, who appeared to him in the shapes of so many flying pamphlets:—he awoke in great horror, crying out with a ghastly smile, like a man who pretends to go easily through a laborious wager, 'These things are my diversion.' With regard to Dr. Johnson, about whose masticating faculties so much has been said, people do not consider his great bulk and love of exercise: he may have eaten twice as much as any one of his companions, but then he was twice as large and wanted twice as much enjoyment. I assure you all the tea he drank did not hurt him a jot: consider the size of the cups in those days and of the great man who emptied them, and it was nothing but an April shower on Plinlimmon. It is true, he compelled my attendance somewhat too often, but no oftener than men of less size and much less right. The worst night he passed, was after he received his pension: he thought that he was Osborne the bookseller, and that he was knocked down with the second volume of his folio dictionary.—As to your painters, I have known still less of them. There was one Morland, a sad fellow, to whom I was of some service in his correct ideas of hogs, but I have never been on an intimate footing with any other artist, except one now living, who has so long tried to be horrible, that he has at last spoiled his genius and become entirely so. I once sat to this gentleman at midnight for my portrait, and the likeness is allowed by all of us to be excellent."

"Well," interrupted I, "but it is not at all like you in your present aspect."

"No," replied the phantom, "it is my poetical look. I have all sorts of looks and shapes, civic, political, and poetical. Last night, for instance, I appeared to a city baronet, and sat upon his chest in the shape of a bale of goods. I then went to the Ministers, who had been at a dinner with his brethren to consult what they

they should do six months hence against a pressing emergency: I put on a hundred shapes before him, one after the other, and his whole night was filled with confused horrors of dangerous situations, tangled accounts, absconding stewards, royal delinquents, shattered alliances, discoveries, denouncements, want of place, want of words, reformists, Irishmen, impeachments, Bonaparte, Walcheren, Spain, the Indies, and Piccadilly.—It is by particular favour," continued he, "that I appear to you as I really am; but as you have not seen many of my shapes, I will, if you please, give you a sample of some of my best."

"Oh by no means," said I somewhat hastily, "I can imagine quite enough from your descriptions. The philosophers certainly ill-used you when they represented you as a seducer."

"The false philosophers did," replied the spectre; "the real philosophers knew me better. It was at my instance that Pythagoras forbade the eating of beans; Plato owed some of his schemes to my hints, though I confess not his best; and I also knew Socrates very well from my intimacy with Alcibiades, but the familiar that attended him was of a much higher order than myself, and rendered my services unnecessary:—however, my veneration for that illustrious man was so great, that on the night in which he died, I revenged him finely on his two principal enemies. People talk of the flourishing state of vice, and the happiness which guilty people sometimes enjoy in opposition to the virtuous; but they know nothing of what they talk. You should have seen Alexander in bed after one of his triumphant feasts, or Domitian or Heliogabalus after a common supper, and you would have seen who was the true monarch, the master of millions or the master of himself. The Prince retired perhaps amidst lights, garlands, and perfumes, with the pomp of music, and through a host of bowing heads: every thing he saw and touched reminded him of empire; his bed was of the costliest furniture, and he reposed by the side of beauty. Reposed, did I say? As well might you stretch a man on a gilded rack, and fan him into forgetfulness. No sooner had he obtained a little slumber, but myself and other spirits revenged the crimes of the day: in a few minutes the convulsive spatches of his hands and features announce the rising agitation; his face blackens and swells; his clenched hands grasp the drapery about him; he tries to turn but cannot, for a hundred horrors, the least of which is the fear of death, crowd on him and wither his faculties, till at last, by an effort of despair, he wakes with a fearful outcry, and springs from the bed, pale, trembling, and aghast, afraid of the very assistance he would call, and terrified at the consciousness of himself. Such are the men, before whom millions of you rational creatures consent to tremble."

"You

"You talk like an orator," said I; "but every ambitious prince, I suppose, has not horrors like these; for every one is neither so luxurious as Alexander, nor so indolent and profligate as a Domitian or Heliogabalus. Conquerors, I should think, are generally too full of business to have leisure for consciences and nightmares."

"Why, a great deal may be done," answered the spirit, "against horrors of any kind by mere dint of industry. But too much business, especially of a nature that keeps passion on the stretch, will sometimes perform the office of indolence and luxury, and turn revengefully upon the mind. To this were owing in great measure the epilepsies of Cæsar and Mohammed, and such is the cause of that catalepsy or motionless ecstasy to which Napoléon is subject. However, very few of those mighty men have been philosophers enough to resist the consoling enjoyments of the table; and with those, who have been more temperate either from interest or constitution, an occasional excess, however small, has done wonders in the way of punishment. Napoleon himself, as you read some time since in your newspapers, was obliged to confine himself to soups and coffee for days together; he could not indulge in a chop but I was sure to be with him at night; and it was but a few months ago, when he repudiated his wife, that I assassinated him for the hundred and twentieth time."

"You are the public avenger then," said I, "of whom the newspapers talk with so noble a delight, as having performed that consummation so often?"

"Yes," replied the phantom, "I am he; but I still let the great man live, or rather he is too wise to be quite the death of himself. It was in this way that I revenged the world on Dionysius of Syracuse, Henry VIII., Charles IX., on monks, nabobs, inquisitors, women of pleasure, and other tormentors of mankind. With the faces of most of the Roman Emperors, I am as familiar as an antiquary, particularly from Tiberius down to Caligula; and again from Constantine downwards. But if I punished the degenerate Romans, I nevertheless punished their enemies too. They were not aware, when scourged by Attila, what nights their tormentor passed. Luckily for justice, he brought from Germany not only fire and sword, but a true German appetite. I know not a single conqueror of modern times, who equalled him in horror of dreaming, unless it was a little, spare, agreeable, peevish, supper-eating fellow, whom you call Frederick the Great. Those exquisite ragouts, the enjoyment of which added new relish to the sarcasms he dealt about him with a royalty so unanswerable, sufficiently revenged the sufferers for their submission. Nevertheless, he dealt by his dishes as some men do by their mistresses;

tresses; he loved them the more they tormented him. Poor Trenck with his bread and water in the dungeon of Magdeburg, enjoyed a repose fifty times more serene than the royal philosopher in his palace of Sans Souci, or Without Care. Even on the approach of death, this great conqueror—this warrior full of courage and sage speculation—could not resist the customary pepper and sauce piquant, though he knew he should inevitably see me at night, armed with all his sins, and turning his bed into a nest of monsters.”

“Heaven be praised,” cried I, “that he had a taste so retributive! The people under arbitrary governments must needs have a respect for the dishes at court. I now perceive more than ever, the little insight we have into the uses of things. Formerly one might have imagined that eating and drinking had no use but the vulgar one of sustaining life, but it is manifest that they save the law a great deal of trouble, and the writers of cookery books can be considered in no other light than as expounders of a criminal code. For my part, I shall hereafter approach a dish of turtle with becoming awe, and already begin to look upon a ragout as something very equitable and inflexible.”

“You do justice,” observed the spirit, “to those eminent dishes, and in the only proper way. People who sit down to a feast with their joyous darting of eyes and rubbing of hands, would have very different sensations, did they know what they were about to attack. You must know, Mr. REFLECTOR, that the souls of tormented animals survive after death and become instruments of punishment for mankind. Most of these are under my jurisdiction, and form great part of the monstrous shapes that haunt the slumbers of the intemperate. Fish crimped alive, lobsters boiled alive, and pigs whipped to death, become the most active and formidable spirits, and if the object of their vengeance take too many precautions to drown his senses when asleep, there is the subtle and fell Gout, waiting to torment his advanced years, a spirit partaking of the double nature of the Nightmare and Salamander, and more terrible than any one of us, inasmuch as he makes his attacks by day as well as by night.”

“I shudder to think,” interrupted I, “even of the monstrous combinations which have disturbed my own rest and formed so horrible a contrast to the gaiety of a social supper.”

“Oh, as for that matter,” said the phantom, in a careless tone, “you know nothing of the horrors of a glutton, or an epicure, or a nefarious debauchee. Suffocation with bolsters, heaping of rocks upon the chest, buryings alive, and strugglings to breathe without a mouth, are among their common-place sufferings. The dying glutton in La Fontaine never was so reasonable, as when he desired to have the remainder of his fish; he was

afraid that if he did not immediately go off, he might have a nap before he died, which would have been a thousand times worse than death. Had Apicius, Ciceo the Florentine, Dartineuf, or Quin, been able and inclined to paint what they had seen, Callot would have been a mere Cipriani to them. I could produce you a jolly fellow, a corpulent nobleman, from the next hotel, the very counterpart of the glutton in Rubens's *Fall of the Damned*, who could bring together a more hideous combination of fancies than are to be found in Milton's Hell. He is not without information and a disposition naturally good, but a long series of bad habits have made him what they call a man of pleasure, that is to say, he takes all sorts of pains to get a little enjoyment which shall produce him a world of misery. One of his passions, which he will not resist, is for a particular dish, pungent, savoury, and multifarious, which sends him almost every night into Tartarus. At this minute, the spectres of the supper-table are busy with him, and Dante himself could not have worked up a greater horror for the punishment of vice than the one he is undergoing. He fancies that though he is *himself*, he is nevertheless four different beings at once, of the most odious and contradictory natures,—that his own indescribable feelings are fighting bodily and maliciously with each other,—and that there is no chance left him either for escape, forgetfulness, or cessation.

"Gracious powers!" cried I; "what, all this punishment for a dish?"

"You do not recollect," answered the spirit, "what an abuse such excesses are of the divine gift of reason, and how they distort the best tendencies of human nature. This man will rise to-morrow morning, pallid, nervous, and sullen: his feelings must be reinforced with a dram to bear the ensuing afternoon; and I foresee, that the ill-temper arising from his debauch, will lead him into a very serious piece of injustice against his neighbour. To the same cause may be traced fifty of the common disquietudes of life, its caprices, and irritabilities. To night a poor fellow is fretful because his supper was not rich enough, but to-morrow night he will be in torture because it was too rich. An hysterical lady shall flatter herself she is very sentimentally miserable, when most likely her fine feelings are to be deduced, not from sentiment, but a surfeit. Your Edinburgh Reviewers!"

"What?" interrupted I, "do you know our Scottish wits?"

"O yes," replied the spectre, "they have a knack of getting into a passion, which renders them unable to digest the least thing that disagrees with them. I trouble them very often in the figure of an old office-desk, and a few months ago half suffocated one of them in the shape of a Reformer. But I was going

ing to say that the Reviewers thought they had laid down a very droll impossibility when they talked of cutting a man's throat with a pound of pickled salmon, whereas much less dishes have performed as wonderful exploits. I have known a hard egg to fill a household with dismay for days together; a cucumber has disinherited an only son; and a whole province has incurred the royal anger of it's master at the instigation of a set of woodcocks."

"It is a thousand pities," said I, "that history, instead of habituating us to love 'the pomp and circumstance' of bad passions, cannot trace the actions of men to their real sources."

"Well, well, Mr. REFLECTOR," said the spirit: "now that you are getting grave on the subject, I think I may bid you adieu. Your nation has produced excellent philosophers, who were not the less wise for knowing little of me. Pray tell your countrymen that they are neither philosophic nor politic in feasting as they do on all occasions; joyful, sorrowful, or indifferent; that good sense, good temper, and the good of their country, are distinct things from indigestion; and that when they think to shew their patriotic devotion by carving and gormandizing, they are no wiser than the bacchanals of old, who took serpents between their teeth and tortured themselves with knives."

So saying, the spectre rose, and stretching out his right hand, with a look which I believe he intended to be friendly, advanced towards me; he then took my hand in his own, and perceiving signs of alarm in my countenance, burst into a fit of laughter, which was the very quintessence of discord and baffles all description, being a compound of the gabblings of geese, grunting of hogs, quacking of ducks, squabbling of turkies, and winding up of smoke-jacks. When the fit was pretty well over, he gave me a squeeze of the hand which made me jump up with a spring of the knees, and gradually enveloping himself in a kind of steam, vanished with a noise like the crash of crockery ware. I looked about me; I found that my right hand, which held the Horace, had got bent under me and gone to sleep, and that in my sudden start I had kicked half the dishes from the supper-table.—Heaven preserve us all, and give us grace not only before and after meat, but particularly during it.

ART. XII.—*On the Origin of Shakspeare's Tempest.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

I am not sufficiently smitten with the love of verbal criticism, nor so desirous of being ranked among the note-makers on Shakspeare, as to wish to occupy the pages of the REFLECTOR with superfluous observations on the great bard, for notes on his commentators. That path is so worn,—that field has been so often and thoroughly tried, that no adventurer will hope for much amusement in the further pursuit, nor will any eagerly follow an invitation to so beaten a covert. The name of Shakspeare, however, sanctifies in some measure the attempt of whatever author seeks sanction under it; and however numerous and dissimilar the liberties which have been at one time or another taken with him, no writer has altogether used his name in vain. A subject more interesting, and somewhat less hackneyed than the literal illustration of the bard of Avon, are the sources whence he drew the foundations of those dramas which have already been the delight and admiration of two centuries, and of which time is likely rather to advance than deteriorate the value, unless, indeed, the criticisms on him shall increase in proportion to his years, and there may then be danger lest the poet should be overwhelmed by the very props and buttresses raised to support an edifice imperishable in its nature.

While the immortal bard, who was to advance the English drama to a degree of excellence unrivalled by any other country, was yet unborn, the highly poetic genius of Thomas Sackville, regulated by the standards and enriched with the stores of classical erudition, produced the tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex* (in 1560); a drama uniting correctness and elegance of language with a propriety and consistency of conduct, of which theatrical exhibitions in England had hitherto no example. To those contemporaries who were zealous for the honour of the English stage, and had the advantage of enjoying the classic dialogues of antiquity, the appearance of a vernacular tragedy combining the various elegancies of the ancient theatre with a plot derived from the history of their own country, must have been an inexpressible treat, and must have been hailed by the wiser few as the era of great advancement in native dramatic composition. But this example passed not at once into imitation. The chaste and unimposing character of this excellent model was “caviare to the general” taste and feeling of a people, who in their public exhibitions, as is always the case in a rude state of language and the destitution of science, delighted rather in shewy and glaring displays

plays of distorted nature,—in the representation of savage valour, for instance in serious, and gross buffoonery in lighter dramas. While the stage in England was null and void as far as relates to what may be properly termed Comedy, Tragedy advanced by slow but progressive steps to a degree of purity and perfection, to which the other branch of the drama had small or no pretensions. Indeed, genuine wit and elegant dialogue were unknown to the stage, till Tragedy had attained something approaching to perfection and stability, from the excellence, variety, and number of its examples. To this advancement, the several plays of Christopher Marlowe greatly contributed; and in thus slightly referring to the subject, I would not pass silently over the merits of George Peele, even though his muse had produced nothing beyond the exquisitely poetical and polished scenes of *King David and Fair Bethzabe*. This is not the time, if it were the place, to enter into the merits of the question, whether to write tragedy or comedy require the greater genius;—but, certain it is, that anterior to the appearance of Shakspeare on the boards, the dramatic muse had produced nothing representing the more familiar scenes of life deserving the name of comedy; for we can claim little merit from translated humour; while the buskined muse could boast several dramas which may yet be read with pleasure, and might be exhibited with applause, among which Marlowe's *Jewe of Malta*, performed in 1591, deserves to be particularly noticed.

When the stage was thus in advancement towards rational composition, the tedious moralizations of such gentlemen as *Lusty Juventus* and *Jack Juggler*, (the latter of which, from a specimen lately published, has long been deservedly forgotten), were gradually sweeping to oblivion. There was, however, a mixed species of representation, which, for want of a more appropriate title, may be called drolls, and which, in one instance at least, maintained its popularity even after its competitors in mediocrity had given way to positive merit. The example to which I refer is that of *Mucedorus*; and as this is the only compleat and unsophisticated work of its kind which has descended to us, at least as far as I recollect, it would have been judicious to have reprinted it among the *Old Plays*, even if it had not come recommended by the popularity in its day, which five or six impressions, an unexampled multiplicity of copies, unequivocally indicate. Not that I would recommend to the next editor of the *Old Plays* (whoever may assume that office, for rivals will most probably outstep me by their celerity in this job of journeywork) to reprint indiscriminately “the trash of ancient days;”—and, if I were to govern, I would decimate *Andromana*, *The Pinner of Wakefield*, and others already in the collection, which now add to

the heap without enriching the stock; but specimens of the various distinct species are necessary for tracing the progressive history of the stage, and the "conceitede comedie of *Mucedorus*" is one of that complexion.—I have other motives for the preservation of that droll; I think it probable that Shakspeare owed some obligations to *Mucedorus*, which I shall endeavour to show. It cannot have escaped those who have attentively observed the dispositions of our ancestors, as manifested in their public spectacles, that a peculiar fondness has been perpetually indulged for some outlandish personage,—some *Orson* of the modern stage. It is only necessary to refer to the exhibitions provided for the amusement of Elizabeth, in her splendid and ruinous progresses, to remind them of this propensity. The several accounts preserved of these entertainments abound in passages like these:—"As her Majestie returned from hunting the hart of foris camther out of the forest a huge salvage man, who addressed himself to her highnesse in the following verses," &c. Again, in *Laneham's Letter from Killingworth Castle*, 1575, "about neen a clock, at the hither part of the chace whear torch light attended, oot at the woods, in her Majestie's return, roughly camther foorth *Hombre Salvaggio*, with an oken plant pluct up by the roots in his hand, himself all foregrone with mosse and ivye." These imposing personages seem never to have sallied forth upon the spectators in vain;—the "terrible graces" of such formidable enactors arrested the feelings of the good-humoured lookeron with powerful effect;—the character, so interesting in the field, was equally attractive when transferred to the stage, and *Bremio*, the wild-man in *Mucedorus*, maintained his popularity notwithstanding the captivations of Shakspeare and "his fellows." I have elsewhere expressed my belief that Shakspeare, in *Bottom* the weaver, levelled a keen shaft of ridicule at these devices;—*Mucedorus* was still presented, rude, inartificial, and even preposterous as he was;—Shakspeare saw that something better might be produced for the indulgence of the popular impression, and a singular occurrence at length supplied a foundation for the promising attempt.

In the month of July 1609, Sir George Somers, heading nine sail of vessels destined for the colonization of Virginia, was parted by a storm from the body of the fleet, and wrecked under singular circumstances on the island of Bermuda, "which island," according to Stowe, "was of all nations said and supposed to be enchanted, and inhabited with witches and devils." The various reports which arrived in the mother country agitated in an extreme degree the public mind, and the interest felt on the subject may be gathered from the several pamphlets published on this occasion, the titles of which are given by Mr. Malone in a tract
(privately

(privately printed) on the source whence Shakspeare derived the principal incidents of the *Tempest*, and in which he has examined the several parts of the enquiry with his usual minuteness. After perusing the dissertation of Mr. Malone, I have no doubt, with him, that the shipwreck of Sir George Somers supplied Shakspeare with the title and the main features of the *Tempest*.—The injunctions, under which the donation of the tract was made, prevent my observing further on Mr. Malone's satisfactory discovery.—Collins the poet, had a romance called *Aurelio and Isabella*, which furnished the loves of *Ferdinand* and *Miranda*; and the "conceitede comedie of *Mucedorus*," perhaps, supplied some of the features of the monster *Caliban*.—Strange! but thus it is, that the unconnected fragments of Shakspeare's stories are to be collected—

Disipant, multis inveniendâ locis.

A few lines will convey some idea of the comedy, as it is called, of *Mucedorus*.

Mucedorus, the King's son of Valencia, enamoured of *Amadine*, daughter of the King of Arragon, having never seen the lady, imparts to his friend *Anselmo* the resolution he had formed of visiting the court of the latter disguised as a shepherd, in order to ascertain if fame reported truly of his mistress's beauty. He immediately sets forth. *Mouze*, the clown, then enters with a bottle of hay on his back pursued by a bear, "or the devil in a bear's doublet," which "comes in, and he fumbles over her, and runnes his way, leaving his bottle of hay behind him." This sportive sally must have put our ancestors into good-humour for the rest of the evening. The heroine, *Amadine*, is in turn chased by the bear, when *Mucedorus* rescues her, and slaying the animal, politely proffers its head to the lady, exclaiming,

Most gracious goddess, more than mortal wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no less.

Amadine modestly assures him she is

No goddess, but a mortal wight,

which of course the lover is greatly pleased to hear.—This complimentary phraseology might have suggested to Shakspeare the more impressive address of *Ferdinand* to *Miranda*:—

—————Most sure the goddess

On whom these airs attend:—my prime request,

Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!

If you be maid or no?

To which *Miranda* replies, with the ingenuousness of *Amadine*,

—————No wonder, Sir,

But sure a maid.

Much stress, however, cannot be laid on a sentiment, which has been echoed on every similar occasion, by male as well as female;

from the "*O, Dea certe*," of Virgil, on the one hand, and the exclamation of Salmacis on the other, of which Shakspeare assuredly knew nothing except from translations:—

Puer O dignissime credi

Esse Deus; si tu Deus es, potes esse Cupido,—

Sive es mortalis, qui te genuere beati!

Some scenes take place between the clown and *Segasto*, betrothed to *Amadine*, which might vie with the interlocutions of a mountebank doctor and his servant at a country fair: these are interrupted by the appearance of *Tremelio*, who, at the instigation of *Segasto*, attempts the murder of *Mucedorus*, already a favourite at court, to the prejudice of the former favourite. In the encounter *Tremelio* is slain; and, *Segasto* complaining to the King of Arragon, *Mucedorus* is condemned to death, but *Amadine* presenting the bear's head to her father, with an account of her preservation, the sentence of death on *Mucedorus* is changed to banishment; and *Amadine* proceeds into voluntary exile in search of her lover. In a wood she is overtaken by a fierce mis-shapen monster—at once a savage and a cannibal—by whom she is threatened with death and raven, but at length she consents to live with him in the woods. *Mucedorus*, in search of *Amadine*, is surprised by the monster, who foregoes his life at the instance of *Amadine*; but *Bremo*, when instructing *Mucedorus* in wielding the club, is struck dead by the latter. The princes return to the court of Arragon, where *Mucedorus* throws off his disguise and receives the hand of *Amadine*; and the arrival of the King of Valencia in search of his son "concludes this strange eventful history."

In this brief analysis, the broader features of Shakspeare's fable will not be discovered; they must be sought for, as has been already observed, in the circumstances attending the shipwreck of Sir George Somers; some of the slighter incidents may, however, be traced in *Mucedorus*. The defeated purpose of *Antonio* and *Sebastian*, in the *Tempest*, to murder *Gonzalo* and *Alonzo*, has its parallel in the unsuccessful attempt of *Tremelio* to slay *Mucedorus*. *Miranda* is proposed by *Stephano* to be called his Queen, and in like manner *Amadine* is called by *Bremo* the Queen of his woods. *Mouse* the clown, and *Trinculo*, are alike buffoons and jesters. When *Bremo* raises his hand to strike at *Amadine*, he exclaims,

Ah! how my courage fayles when I should strike,

Some new-come spirit biding in my breast.

In a similar manner, but through the means of an agency, which the writer of *Mucedorus* was unable to create, *Antonio* and

and *Sebastian* are unable to raise their swords, while *Ariel* mocks them:—

—Fools! if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strength,
And will not be uplifted.

The resemblance of *Caliban* to *Bremó* is far more striking; indeed the differences in those characters are rather accidental than essential. The monster *Bremó* was as much a lord of the unfrequented woods wherein he dwelt, as *Caliban* of the island which he inhabited, before *Prospero* subdued him by magic. Both, most probably, had their origin in the uncouth personages of the rustic pageants already referred to. But the circumstance of Sir George Somers's shipwreck on an island, to which vulgar belief annexed many marvellous and supernatural stories, suggested to the creative fancy of Shakspeare the formation of a monster dissimilar to the vulgar race, with which the inventors of masques and pageants had hitherto entertained their spectators, and, giving uncontrouled indulgence to his genius, the poet has created an inhabitant of the earth not only new and strange in its nature, but endowed with combinations of language strikingly characteristic of the ferocity of their employer. Shakspeare's judgment, however, avoided the disgusting impropriety of making his female yield even in appearance to an unnatural attachment for a deformed slave and savage; though the monster *Caliban* had attempted to violate the honour of *Miranda*, and boasts with savage sensuality; that he was prevented,

—He had peopled else
The isle with Calibans.

The exquisite genius of Shakspeare, in the conduct of this extraordinary effort of invention, is no where so transcendantly remarkable as in the natural and appropriate qualities, with which he has marked the conduct of *Caliban* towards whoever indulges his sensual appetites,—the only sources of gratification to savage and untutored nature,—the only impulses which sway and bias even better natures, when unsubdued by reason and unrefined by education. The return proposed on the part of the indulged, would naturally partake of the qualities which alone he was competent to prize. *Caliban*, therefore, complaining of *Prospero's* tyranny, feelingly adds,

—When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and mad'st much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in't—And then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities of the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile.

But this minute discernment of nature and propriety of conduct is still more powerfully displayed in the scene where *Stephano*
pours

pours the flaggon of wine into the mouth of *Caliban*. A liquor altogether new, producing upon an animal, half man half beast, an effect so exhilarating, persuades the savage that the bestower is a god; and, in the feelings of gratitude excited by the operation of the stimulating potion, *Caliban* thus proffers to *Stephano* whatever valuable to his sensations the isle afforded:—

I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle;
And kiss thy foot; I pray thee be my god;
I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough,
I pray thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To spare the simple marmazet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Never was savage thankfulness so powerfully portrayed, so rich in the colouring and so true to the life. Nevertheless, *Shakespeare* has not, I fear, strictly observed the Horatian maxim:—

Si quid in expertum scenam committis, et audeas
Personam formare noyau, seruetur ad imum.
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et tibi constet.

Caliban is not "every inch a savage!" when he talks of "being wise hereafter and seeking grace." When he begins to moralize and repent his idolatry, one is tempted to exclaim with *Langa*,

Now, Christian, thou mistak'st my character.

No writer on a similar subject can "bench by the side" of *Shakespeare*—no poet can hope to measure a lance with him with success:—the following passages, however, manifest the hand of a master, and will be read with pleasure even though they should fail to prove that, in the character and language of his "servant-monster," *Shakespeare* owed any obligations to the "*Comedie of Mucedorus*:"—

If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my queen;
I'll crowne thee with a chaplet made of ivie,
And make the rose and lillie wait upon thee.
I'll rend the branches from the burley oke
At noon to shade thee from the burning sunne:
The trees shall spread themselves where thou dost goe,
And as they spread, I'll trace along with thee.
Thou shalt be fedde with quailles and partridges,
With black-birds, thrushes, larks, and nightingales:
Thy drink shall be goates-milke and christel water
Distilled from fountaines and the clearest springs;
And all the dainties that the woods afford
I'll freely give thee to obtain thy love.
The day I'll spend to recreate my love,
With all the pleasures that I can devise.

And

And in the night I'll be thy bedfellow,
 And lovingly embrace thee in mine arms,
 The satyrs and the wood-nymphs shall attend thee,
 And lull thee to thy sleepe with musick's sound ;
 And in the morning when thou dost awake
 The larks shall sing good morrow to my queene.
 When thou art up, the wood-larks shall be strowed
 With violets, cowslips, and sweet marigolds,
 For thee to trample and to treade upon :
 And I will teach thee how to kill the deare,
 To chase the hart, and how to rouse the roe,
 If thou wilt live to love and honour me.

In a disquisition of this nature, absolute demonstration is not pretended ; and it would be absurd to expect proof on a subject almost incapable of probation. That there are features in the two dramas of distant resemblance, and a character in each of striking similarity, cannot, I presume, be denied ; and it is upon a comparison of the leading ideas, rather than in the coincidence of language, in the above passages, that I found my belief that Shakspeare, in the composition of the *Tempest*, had in his mind the popular comedy, or dross, of *Mucedorus*.

After all,—and to conclude in the words of *Iago*,

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
 To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
 Than to suspicion.

OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST.

ART. XIII.—On Early and Late Hours.

All catch the frenzy, downward from her Grace,
 Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies
 And gild our chamber ciellings as they pass,
 To her, who frugal only that her thrift
 May feed excesses she can ill afford,
 Is hackneyed home unlacquyed ; who, in haste
 Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
 And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
 Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.

COWPER'S *Time-piece*.

MR. REFLECTOR,
 THERE is not a pleasanter piece of satire in the English language than Dr. Franklin's *Economical Project*, in which he affects to have discovered that the sun rises many hours before we do and gives light as soon as he rises, and proposes to save an immense

sum

sum in wax, tallow, and oil, by the economy of using the sunshine of the morning instead of the artificial light of the evening. "For the great benefit of this discovery," the Doctor concludes, "thus freely communicated and bestowed by me on the public, I demand neither place, pension, exclusive privilege, or any other reward whatever. I only expect to have the honour of it. And yet I know there are little envious minds, who will, as usual, deny me this, and say that my invention was known to the ancients, and perhaps they may bring passages out of the old books in proof of it. I will not dispute with these people that the ancients knew not the sun would rise at certain hours; they possibly had, as we have, almanacks that predicted it: but it does not follow from thence that they knew *he gave light as soon as he rose*. This is what I claim as my discovery." Now, Sir, my mind is "little and envious" enough to say, that this too was known to our forefathers, aye, and that they took advantage of the knowledge. I shall not travel from my own country; but I have been at the pains to look at a few "old books," and shall bring forward some "passages" in support of my assertion. Let us first see what we can collect from the very methodical and useful *History of England* of Henry and Andrews.

"From the landing of William, Duke of Normandy, A. D. 1066, to the death of King John, A. D. 1216.

"The time of dinner, in this period, even at court, and in the families of the greatest Barons, was at nine in the forenoon, and the time of supper at five in the afternoon. These times were very convenient for despatching the most important business of the day without interruption, as the one was before it began, and the other after it was ended. They were also thought to be friendly to health and long life, according to the following verses, which were then often repeated:—

'Lever à cinq, diner à neuf,
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.'

'To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine.'

"*Recreations Historiques*, Tom. I. p. 170."

A fashionable of the year 1810 would ask here "which five, and which nine?" If those in the afternoon, the precept is still obeyed in high life.

"From the accession of Henry IV. A. D. 1399, to the accession of Henry VIII. A. D. 1485.

"It was now become the custom in great families, to have four meals a day, viz. breakfasts, dinners, suppers, and liveries, which were a kind of collation in their bed-chambers, immediately

ly

ly before they went to rest. As our ancestors, in this period, were still early risers, they breakfasted at seven, and dined at ten o'clock forenoon, supped at four afternoon, and had their liveries between eight and nine, soon after which they went to bed. It is remarkable that shopkeepers, mechanics, and labourers, breakfasted at eight in the morning, and supped at six in the evening, which were later hours than those of the nobility."

"From the accession of Henry VII. A. D. 1485, to the accession of Edward VI. A. D. 1547.

"The dinner hour was eleven in the forenoon, the supper six in the evening; but the dinner was often prolonged till supper, and that protracted till late at night, [not late in the morning]. *Warton's Hist. Poet.* Vol. III. p. 343. n.—*Antiq. Rep.* p. 154, 186.—*Latimer*, 108."

"From the accession of Edward VI. A. D. 1547, to that of James I. and VI. A. D. 1603.

"The hour of dinner with people of fortune was eleven before noon, and of supper between five and six in the afternoon, while the merchants (contrary to modern ideas) took each of their meals an hour later; and the husbandmen one hour still later than the merchants. 'An Italian,' says Dr. Wilson, 'having a suit to the Archbishop of York, attempted to speak to his Grace, but unhappily chanced on a time when he was giving a state-dinner to his prebendaries. At eleven he was just sat down to the splendid meal, nor could the Italian, although he called again at twelve, at one, and at two, prevail on the porter to let him see the prelate, who was still at dinner. Disgusted at the holy epicure, the suitor left his business in the hands of a friend and returned to Italy. Three years after this, meeting an Englishman at Rome, and becoming his acquaintance, he asked him one day if he knew the Archbishop of York? "Perfectly well," said the Briton. "Then tell me," said the Italian, "I beseech you; has he yet finished his dinner?" and related the story.—*Wilson on Logic and Rhetoric*."

There is not so much said here upon the subject of the early rising of our ancestors; but it must be concluded that they who dined at ten and eleven could not rise much after the sun. With the assistance of my friend, Mr. Gilchrist, I have gleaned a few more minute and authentic proofs that our ancestors were perfectly aware that the sun gave light as soon as he rose.

In *Birch's Life of Prince Henry*, we read that the grooms of his chamber were, by his own special orders, directed to be in attendance in his chamber at six in the morning and at eight in the evening, or earlier if occasion required, to do what appertained to them; and, at those hours they were to be neat and handsomely apparelled, not unseemly approaching the Prince with
their

their doublets unbuttoned and their hose untied. Further, "the gentlemen cup-bearer, carver, and server, shall at eleven o'clock in the forenoon and six in the evening be ready attending in the presence-chamber to receive directions for the Prince's service by the gentlemen ushers, as shall be requisite." Among the "directions to the guard," it is also ordered that "at half an hour after ten, before dinner, and half an hour after five, before supper, when the gates are shut, they which wait at the gates are to repair to their fellows, and be in readiness to bring up the Prince's service." The gates of the Prince's palace were opened (for his out-door attendants) in summer at five, and at six in winter, and his guards were at their posts at seven and half past seven. Another order for "the presence-chamber" was, "that at eight of the clock in the evening, service for all night be brought up, and the traverse be drawn." This was clearly what we call supper.

In *Davies's Epigrams*, 1600, we read of a lounge:—

"Fuscus doth rise at ten, and at eleven
Doth go to Gyls, where he doth eat till one,
Then sees a play."

There is no doubt that our gallants dined before they went to the Theatre; and as lately as the reign of Charles II., plays began at three o'clock in the afternoon. What would Mr. Skeffington say to this,—he who was heard to observe the other day, that he was doatingly fond of a play, but that plays began so early, he could not rise from bed in time to see one often? He has been anticipated in this remark, however, by *Lord Foppington*.

In the old play of *Mucedorus*, 1613, we read:—

"Enter Mouse, the Clown, calling his Master:
Clown.—What, hoe maister, will you come away?
Segasto.—Will you come hither? I pray you what's the matter?
Clown.—Why, is't not past eleven of the clock?
Segasto.—How then, Sir?
Clown.—I pray you, come to dinner—
I tell you all the messes be on the table."

And from the following stanza of a nuptial song, in *Herrick's Hesperides*, 1648, we must infer that the usual time of going to bed was nine o'clock:—

"To bed, to bed, kind turtles now; and write
This the short'st day, and this the longest night;
But yet too short for you: 'tis we,
Who count this night as long as three,
Lying alone,
Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one."

The following passage from the *Spectator* fixes the time of rising in the year 1711:—

"I,

"I, who am at the coffee-house *at six in a morning*, know that my friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levy of more undisciplined friends and admirers than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the fens of Court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house, some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster, *at eight in a morning*, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their nightgowns to saunter away their time as if they never intended to go thither."

And it is recorded in the Journals of the Idler and Fine Lady, with which the *Spectator* presents us, that even they "rose at eight o'clock."

These passages might be greatly multiplied by further research; but it is hoped that enough has been quoted to prove, that our hours of rising and going to rest were once as regular and natural as those of the birds and beasts around us, but that they have been waxing later and later every century, till at length they have reached the preposterous pitch at which they now are. It is truly lamentable that men who are blest with the glorious light of the sun, at the season in which I am writing, from four o'clock in the morning, should not condescend to open their eyes and come forth to hail the great luminary, till three, four, five, or more hours after he has risen; and should prefer to move about and transact their business by the paltry light of lamps and candles for more than the same number of hours after he has set. From four o'clock in a summer's morning till six, not a mouse is stirring in most parts of this great city, although it is broad day, and a man might fancy himself, like *Sobeide* in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, in a petrified town, or among the ruins of Herculaneum: yet when in the evening we miss the light of the sun, we seem to mourn its loss; and a regular and expensive system of artificial illumination begins. We entirely sleep off our grief, however, and neglect to take advantage of the sun's light the next morning, with as blind an infatuation as ever. As the whole system of this world is anticipation, and as we only exist, both as a nation and as individuals, by drawing on the future for the payments of the present; so it seems that our indolence has gradually borrowed from the night several hours of sleep, which we every morning neglect to pay, just as the Duke of Newcastle was said to lose an hour in the morning and to be running after it all day. Thus we go on every

every day increasing our debt, and providing no sinking fund for its reduction.

The cause of this defection from natural habits is not to be traced to any peculiar predominance of the *vis inertiae* among us, for laziness is not of modern or of northern growth. The fault, it is true, must have been gradual in its progress; the evil hour of going to rest began to be postponed, and an equal postponement of the evil hour of rising naturally followed; but what made the natural hour of going to rest an evil one? For many centuries, society does not seem to have taken it into its head that any rational persons could oppose the common order of nature; if any excuse could have been found for such a whim, it would have been in the southern nations, the countries of siestas and serenades, of hot days and delicious nights; yet it is the inhabitants of the north, with their cool days and their foggy or freezing nights, who have carried the absurdity to its height. The Romans, whose great men were receiving the visits of their clients as early as seven of our clock, used to reproach Tiberius, one of their most debauched princes, with making his day-break at noon; and even in the time of Domitian, Juvenal laughs at the courtiers who went about *prematurely* paying their devoirs *sideribus dubiis*, at the glimmering of the dawn. (Sat. 5. v. 21.) The custom, like every other considerable alteration in social habits, seems to have resulted from a multiplicity of causes, dependent on the progress of modern luxury and the unrestrained sociality of modern society. One circumstance in particular must have had considerable effect,—the gradual mixture of the middle with the upper classes, of men of business with men of pleasure. In proportion as the majority of society are capable of entering into its more refined enjoyments, they must have great influence in this respect:—business, as it precedes pleasure, throws it forward in point of time, and by fixing the hours of social relaxation in the evening, allows every body to enjoy them. The Greeks and Romans, as suited their climate and the nature of their pursuits, had their entertainments in the day-time, in circuses, in the forum, in open theatres; but these, generally speaking, were enjoyed by such only as had time, or by the rich, the dissipated, the very upper or the very lower orders. In proportion as society advanced in refinement, all began to enter into pleasures of which all were capable, but still time was not to be wantonly broken; the hour of pleasure therefore began at once to be postponed and fixed, and, in proportion as it came to be enjoyed, it also became to be *prolonged*, and thus trenched more and more upon the ensuing day. To this cause must be added the nature of modern entertainments, whether masques, routs, or stage-performances, which are all found to have a better effect from candle-light

light, and perhaps in our northern region, a greater degree of snugness, particularly after the long business of the day. Candle-light indeed is a modern luxury of peculiar charm, particularly with the fashionable ladies, who gain from it a cheap kind of beauty and make it repair the ravages of intemperance. Rembrandt himself never made its effects more subservient to the art of painting.

But the consequences of these late hours do not at all justify their pleasures. What we take from the morning, we take both from mental and corporeal vigour. Those whose deeds are evil love darkness rather than the light; and by entitling ourselves to stir in the dark, habits are acquired by the rich and facilities are gained by the poor, which tend as little to strengthen their morality as their health. It is, indeed, needless to enter into a list of the bad effects of perverting an order of nature at once so useful and so delightful; but there is one manifest evil, which may be pointed out because in these times it concerns us politically as well as morally, and that is, the additional facility which these unnatural hours give to the corrupters of Parliament. Mr. Sheridan, the other day, on a motion for beginning an approaching debate at an earlier hour than usual, deprecated with a candour well becoming his habits of life, the necessity it would produce of rising *soon* in the morning—which *soon* was perhaps twelve or one o'clock. It is notorious that the Minister has often carried an obnoxious question by prolonging the debate till many of those members, who would be no personal gainers by its decision, had left the house from fatigue.—Thus it is that bad private habits are sure to produce a correspondent viciousness in public ones.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school,
To worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place on good security, his gold.—POPE.

Alas, our gold and our sun-rise have vanished together; and though our virtues never wanted more exertion than at present, we seem to enjoy our situation out of very depravity, and to satisfy ourselves with the excuse of poor Thomson, who when he was asked at noon why he did not get up, replied, "I have no motive."

The worst of all this is, that there is no prospect of its ever being remedied. "I weep the more because I weep in vain;" and I myself am now writing against late hours by a midnight lamp.

†††

ART.

ART. XIV.—*On the Modes of Living and Thinking about the Middle of last Century.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

SIR,

IN the two first numbers of the *Athenæum*, (a work the discontinuance of which some of your readers have possibly regretted), a comparison was given between the manners and opinions prevalent in the beginning of the eighteenth and of the nineteenth centuries, in which the representations of the earlier period were chiefly drawn from the periodical papers of the time, the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, under the persuasion, that such writings afford the most correct view of the existing state of society. It happens, somewhat singularly, that nearly at the intermediate point, namely, from 1751 to 1756, a little cluster of periodical works written upon a similar plan appeared, which, having survived the oblivion to which many of their competitors have been doomed, present suitable materials for a comparison of the like kind brought down to the distance of somewhat more than half a century from the present time. This is a period, it is true, within the full recollection of many now living; but to many more its domestic history is a "tale of other times," and its manners in various respects must seem quite antiquated. It may be truly asserted, that changes in the state of the kingdom, external and internal, have taken place since that date, more striking in several points than in any half-century upon record. The year 1756 was the commencement of a war, inauspicious and disgraceful at its outset, but in its progress more glorious and successful than any within the range of British history; and its termination left this island higher in the scale of nations than it had ever before stood, and in that train of rapid advance in interior improvement which untoward events have only temporarily impeded. In the mean time, a new reign had commenced, with all the novelty of views usual on such an event. Such alterations of circumstances could not fail of producing correspondent changes in modes and manners; and it may be presumed, that they will be as explicitly marked in a comparison of which one part is taken from the periodical works alluded to, as in the parallel to which the predecessors of those papers contributed.

The characters of these works are, indeed, considerably diversified. The first in date, the *Rambler*, of which Dr. Johnson was almost the sole writer, is a set of grave papers, in a finished style of composition, consisting chiefly of moral and critical es-

says,

says, allegories, and tales, interspersed, indeed, with portraiture of character, and adventures in common life, but of which the former are derived rather from a closet and theoretical view of mankind, than from an actual survey of society; and the latter betray the very limited knowledge of the world to which the author's situation confined him. Justly, therefore, as the *Rambler* is admired, it is only incidentally that it can afford the requisite information concerning the peculiarities of the time.

Not very different is the character of the *Adventurer*, edited, and about half written, by Dr. Hawkesworth, and to which also Dr. Johnson was no small contributor. It possesses, indeed, more variety, and some of its stories in modern life are read with interest. But its pictures of manners, when attempted, want ease and freedom, and indicate a writer who surveyed society at a distance, rather than mingled with it.

The *World*, on the other hand, edited by Moore, a man who lived in town-society, and supported by the contributions of several persons not less known in the fashionable than in the literary circles, abounds with draughts of the reigning follies and foibles drawn from actual observation, and pourtrayed with equal liveliness and fidelity. Moore's own part, indeed, is chiefly distinguished by a perpetual vein of irony that masks the truth of representation, and is often tiresome and extravagant; but upon the whole, the *World* appears to me to possess more of the true character of a periodical publication than any of its modern rivals.

The *Connoisseur* was principally written by two young collegians, initiated into gay life both in town and country, but not introduced into the best company. It is accordingly characterized by a vivacity of manner, approaching to pertness, and by lively and natural descriptions of such scenes as might occur to an academic familiarized with London. Its strain of thought is light and superficial; but it may be trusted as good authority for the manners and opinions that then floated upon the surface of common society.

From these various sources I have attempted to collect and arrange such facts relative to the modes of living and thinking about the middle of last century, as may serve for a comparison with those of the present period, which, I would hope, may not be destitute either of entertainment or utility.

Though *dress* is one of the most prominent circumstances in the fashions of the times, yet its vicissitudes are of no great importance in the estimate of national manners; for its sole principle being variety, it is continually fluctuating from one extreme to another, little affected by feelings of taste or propriety. It may, however, be remarked, from the authority of the *World* and the

Connoisseur, that about the year 1754, the ladies were distinguished by a very free exposure of their persons both above and below, at the same time that they disfigured the shape by enormous hoops and square stiff stays, and wore patches near the left eye. This would make what we should consider as a very fantastical combination; and if there be such a thing as justness of taste in the affair of dress, the modern modes, planned upon a picturesque principle and the imitation of Greek models, may boast a great superiority in point of elegance to those of any former age in this country. To adapt dress to the outline of the human form, instead of disguising it by every kind of monstrous deviation from the proportions of nature, is certainly the dictate of genuine taste. Decency, however, is a separate consideration, and may be either observed or violated upon either system.

With respect to men's dress, we find that the era of swords, bag-wigs and full suits, for gentlemen, and of flowing perukes and fine waistcoats with a broad gold lace for respectable citizens, was still subsisting. Laced hats were likewise a frequent ornament for the heads of those who wished to inspire respect in the vulgar. An advocate for external distinctions of rank will lament that the relics of these splendours are now only to be met with at court, and in the costume of parish beadle.

Of the taste in building and furniture, we have various intimations in these papers. In a number of the *World* written by Whitehead, we are informed, that "a few years ago every thing was Gothic—houses, beds, book-cases, and couches, were all copied from some parts or other of our old cathedrals." A change, however, had then taken place, by which all was transformed to the Chinese style; "or," says he, "as it is sometimes more modestly expressed, *partly in the Chinese manner*." So universally was this taste spread, that "every gate to a cow-yard was in T's and Z's, and every hovel for cows had bells hanging at the corners." Relics of this mode in pagodas and pavilions, and palings so contrived as to keep no animal of moderate bulk out or in, still occasionally meet the eye. It was, however, too exotic to last; but our native Gothic, by the efforts of antiquaries and men of taste, has maintained its ground, and acquired almost a classic dignity, so as to hold divided sway with the Grecian. At the same time, our intimate connection with India has introduced the varanda, under which, in latitude 52, we may imagine ourselves sheltered from the rays of a tropical sun, while our windows down to the floor admit every passing breeze. Such is the sway of fashion!

The *natural taste* in gardening had been fully established at the period to which we are reverting, but with the extravagance usually attending a novelty. To contrast as much as possible the straight

straight walks and alleys of our ancestors, every thing was made serpentine, and it was a great triumph of art to keep you winding for a quarter of an hour through the labyrinth of a shrubbery, without advancing fifty yards. Walls were thrown down, and ha-ha's contrived,—

By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance.

The varieties obtained in extensive grounds were copied in miniature; and Walpole informs us, in a paper of the *World*, that "there is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat." This extreme has been gradually refined away, and the truly natural style is at present adopted with a perfection that appears scarcely to admit of improvement.

One reason why real nature was less understood at that time, must have been the comparative infrequency of tours of curiosity in the wild and picturesque parts of the kingdom. There is not in all these papers a hint of excursions to the Lakes of Westmoreland, or to the romantic scenes of Wales and Scotland. It may seem still more extraordinary, that the whole system of sea-bathing, and residence during the summer months at maritime watering places, is posterior to this time; for though "the season of universal migration" is mentioned, yet the only places of fashionable resort enumerated are Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, Cheltenham, and Scarborough. Perhaps no age or country can exhibit so remarkable a change in domestic life within so short a period, as the fashion of spending the summer and autumnal months at the sea-side has occasioned among us, in all ranks from the peer to the tradesman, accompanied by as striking a transformation of the fishing villages round the coast into groups of lodging-houses and hotels, with all their appendages of rooms, vice, and imposition.

We shall be induced either to smile or wonder, by finding a heavy complaint in 1754 of the monstrous size of London, the buildings of which are said to have prodigiously increased within the last thirty years. The complaint, however, is as early as the time of Elizabeth; and it has been continually re-echoed by politicians, who, from the simile of a head too big for the body, have foretold some dreadful catastrophe to the state from this disproportion. But if it was well-founded fifty years ago, what must it be now, when every year exhibits new streets, places, and squares, and makes a visible progress in connecting all the adjacent villages with the metropolis, and when on every side so much new is presented that we are at a loss to find what can be

reckoned old? Yet the evils here apprehended from such an increase have not taken place. The police of London is at least as good as at any former period, and it has certainly become more healthy.

The country boxes of the citizens are a source of much ridicule in these papers, especially in the *Connoisseur*, which at present would be inapplicable. The name of *boxes*, implied a minuteness of scale and plan, suited to the purpose of occasional retirement for two or three days in the week, while the town-house was the principal mansion; and their fantastic decorations corresponded with the ideas of persons who studied rural scenery in the tea-gardens about London. Hence their serpentine ditches and Chinese bridges; their temples—

With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;

and their profusion of leaden gods, "squabby Cupids, and clumsy Graces," manufactured at Hyde-park-corner. At present, the numerous villas round the Capital are the family residences of those who possess only counting-houses or offices in town, and are fitted up with all the conveniences and elegancies of the best modern style.

The public amusements of the metropolis do not seem to have undergone much change in the course of half a century. At the commencement of this period, Garrick was in his prime, and the theatre, in consequence, would be the place for rational entertainment; for the theatres were not then too spacious to admit of the full enjoyment of what was passing on the stage. Pantomimes and *spectacles* were, however, then, as now, occasionally resorted to, to administer gratification to the eye as well as to the ear. The *Connoisseur* has an ironical paper on the question "whether the stage might not be made to be more conducive to virtue and morality?" in which it is recommended to the composers of pantomimes, instead of ransacking the *Pantheon* for their subjects, to take them from "some old garland, moral ballad, or penny history-book;" and he specifies *Patient Grizzle*, *The Children in the Wood*, and *The Wolf and Little Red Riding-hood*, as very fit stories for moral pantomimes. I will not assert that this suggestion has really given the hint to some of our modern dramatic composers, but it is curious to observe the coincidence between seriousness and raillery in the course of vicissitude.

Lord Chesterfield, in one of his witty papers in the *World*, congratulates his polite cotemporaries on the revival of "that most rational entertainment" the Italian Opera, and brings several arguments to prove its innocence, which are founded chiefly on its insipidity. The greatly increased taste for music, and that fastidiousness

fastidiousness, which has disgusted people of rank with the very mixed audiences at the theatres, have rendered the opera still more fashionable in our times. Whether its attractions are enhanced and its tediousness abated, its frequenters must determine.

Vauxhall had already advanced from the humble Spring-gardens of the *Spectator*, to be that extraordinary combination of trees and lamps, arcades and edifices, that we now behold, and which has changed it from a garden to an enchanted palace, or a scene in the *Arabian Nights*. The modern improvement in taste has been shewn by discarding some of its puerilities and augmenting its splendours. It has had the advantage of outliving its rival, indeed its superior in polite resort, Ranelagh, which has expired without a successor.

An addition to the luxury of the table, now too common to attract notice, though still at the head of epicurean indulgencies, was then just beginning to be known, and appears to have been an object of wonder—the West Indian delicacy, turtle. A description of a turtle-feast, given in a paper in the *World*, presents some circumstances which, if accurate, will be thought extraordinary. The writer's friend, a man of opulence in the city, and a great lover of turtle, shows him a cistern in which six of these animals are swimming, while twelve legs of mutton are hanging round, being their provision for just two days. He has blankets of a peculiar manufacture for them "to lie in o'nights;" and he produces from a drawer a great apparatus of instruments for dissecting a turtle at table, where it was then always served up in its shell, and extracting all the nice parts. It must be acknowledged, that some of these particulars, especially those relating to the diet and regimen of the animal, savour a little of invention.

Hard drinking was at that time much more common in what may be called decent company, than I believe it to be at present. Lord Chesterfield, in two papers of the *World*, written in his best manner, gives an account of what he calls a modern Symposium or Club, the members of which are in the higher classes of society. Besides the purpose of exposing a disgraceful excess, he manifestly also intended a sarcasm on that narrowness and pedantry which, in our universities, confined literary studies almost exclusively to the classics. Mr. Fitzadam (the assumed name of the author of the *World*) is taken by an old college acquaintance to the dining club of which he is a member, after previously giving him an account of those whom he is going to meet. Most of these are "pretty classical scholars;" and all labour under some chronical disorder, the consequence of their intemperance. The narrator himself is represented as having been brought up to the

church, but succeeding to an easy fortune, he resolved to make himself *easy* with it, by doing nothing. "As he had resided long in college," says *Mr. Fitzadam*, "he had contracted all the habits and prejudices, the pride and pedantry, of the cloister, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off. He considered the critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin words as the utmost effort of the human understanding, and a glass of wine, in good company, as the highest pitch of human felicity. Accordingly, he passes his mornings in reading the classics, most of which he has long had by heart, and his evenings in drinking his glass of good wine, which, by frequent filling, amounts to at least two and often to three bottles a-day." It will not be doubted that this was a very natural character at the time; and I cannot but suspect, that the force of the satire, repeated in other writings of the same noble author, has contributed more to render his name obnoxious to certain classes, than the immoralities of his posthumous Letters. We may, however, hope, that the imputations which here and elsewhere have been publicly thrown upon the habits of intemperance fostered in our universities, have not been without effect; and that it is now fully understood, that a regimen of classics in the morning, and the bottle in the evening, will never make a man distinguished beyond his club and his college.

The vice of gaming, if we may judge from these works, seems to have been at the very summit at that period, and to have infected the fashionable of both sexes. The practice of *pitting* one life against another, and wagers of the most ridiculous and extravagant kind, are spoken of as common amusements of the idle and dissolute. Card-playing is represented as the serious business of life among the ladies, usurping the place of all their duties, and even of their other pleasures. The invectives on this subject have somewhat the air of exaggerations, and I do not pretend to be competent, from my own observation, to make a comparison of past and present times in this point. It is certain that idle wagers are by no means unfrequent in our days, affording much matter to newspapers and entertainment to the public; nor can we flatter ourselves that high play is a rare occurrence. I am inclined, however, to believe, with respect to the fair sex, that the numerous accomplishments studied by them, and their improved taste for literature, have considerably abated that passion for cards of which they were formerly accused.

Newmarket was then in its glory, and jockeyship was a great point of emulation with our nobility and gentry. As the four-hand gentlemen of our times are faithful imitators of the dress and manners of their coachmen, so the amateurs of the turf then closely copied the exterior, at least, of their grooms. A paper
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in the *World*, by the Earl of Bath, describes the universal costume during the races to be,—a pair of boots and buck-skin breeches, a fustian frock with a leathern belt about it, and a black velvet cap. The *Connoisseur*, in his usual lively manner, has drawn a picture of a Cambridge fellow-commoner at New-market, dressed in his blue riding-frock with plated buttons and a leathern belt round the waist, his jemmy turn-down boots made by Tull, his brown scratch bob, and hat with narrow silver lace cocked in the true sporting taste. His adventures on the course and at the gaming-table might probably be paralleled by those of many modern academics, though the equipment of “a knowing figure” would now be somewhat different.

The Hon. Mr. Boyle, in a paper of the *World*, makes a spirited complaint against the mean and inhospitable custom of suffering servants to take vails at every dinner visit, which had become an evil of no small magnitude to persons of moderate fortune. It had proceeded to such a length, that an invitation from a man of rank to an inferior, was rather levying a tax than conferring a favour; and nothing could have been more grating to the feelings of a liberal inviter, than to dismiss his guests through a line of pillagers in his own livery. The enormity of this practice soon after occasioned a general agreement for its suppression.

Among the innumerable instances of the depreciation which money has undergone in the course of half a century, one of the most striking, is the different notions attached to the same nominal prize in the lottery. At the era of these periodical papers, and for several years after, the capital prize, which was to excite all the emotions of cupidity in favour of the scheme, was the single ten thousand. A paper of the *Connoisseur* turns upon the imaginary appropriation of this sum by different lottery-adventurers, who all make themselves sure of obtaining it; and in each case, it is represented as making an entire change in the condition of the winner, and putting him upon the most extravagant projects. At present, we have two or three lotteries in the year, in which a ten thousand is only one of the third rate prizes; and our sanguine adventurers would think themselves hardly dealt with by fortune were they cut off with such an insignificant sum, when they had set their minds upon the thirty thousand.

Of the topics of discussion incidentally noticed as current at the period of these publications, we meet with the Jew Bill, the Marriage Act, the Alteration of the Style, and Inoculation for the Small-pox,—all at present obsolete. In the city clubs, the remarkable affair of Elizabeth Canning occasioned warm debates. Politics, the Englishman's favourite subject, seem to have afforded little interesting matter till the eve of the seven years'

war,

war, when the martial spirit of the nation began to break out in fierce resentment against the encroachments of the French on our North American colonies. We know, however, that it was long before the British Lion was effectually roused; and several of these papers contain strokes of sarcasm against the effeminacy of our pacific men of the sword; a charge afterwards more seriously taken up by Dr. Browne in his famous *Estimate*. There was not, indeed, much to look back upon in our recent military history which could inspire the ardour of emulation; and Fontenoy and Dettingen,—the first, a not inglorious defeat; the last, a chance victory, in which the field and the wounded were relinquished to the enemy,—were the only names that we find produced for the purpose of stimulating English valour. In that particular, at least, the revolution of half a century has wonderfully improved our recollections.

Among the persons satirised in these writings, the Freethinkers of the time stand conspicuous. All the four works enlist themselves in support of revealed religion; the light *Connoisseur* with not less zeal than the grave *Rambler*. The Robin Hood Society was, it seems, at this time, a great propagator of infidelity by its debates, and it cannot be doubted that such polemics would be more distinguished by vulgarity and absurdity than by reason and logic. There was, however, about the same period, a set of writers who discussed the doctrines and authority of revelation in a serious way, suited to the importance of the subjects, and with no contemptible share of learning and argument. To confound these, several of whom were of blameless lives and honest intentions, with the ignorant and unprincipled herd of freethinkers, who adopted the character only because they were free livers, and wished to get rid of the restraints of morality and religion together, is either an unworthy artifice, or a proof of gross inattention. There is too much of this in some of the papers in question, especially those of the lighter kind; and we are sometimes struck with a perception of incongruity in the zeal affected by gay men of the town in defence of doctrines which they could not have studied, and precepts which they little regarded. That the sect of sober and serious adherents to natural religion is at present extinct, or at least silent, is perhaps less an evidence of the enlightened faith of the age, (for we often hear it lamented, that never was infidelity so prevalent), than a symptom either of carelessness about the subject, or of such a progress in scepticism as to have discouraged free enquirers from the attempt of maintaining any specific system.

Dissoluteness and licentiousness probably do not much vary in the degree in which they prevail at different periods, yet in their mode of exhibition, the influence of fashion may be observed, as well

well as in other things over which she exercises her sway. If we may trust the pictures of vicious manners represented in these papers, they were marked with more open contempt of order and decency than is now common, except among the very lowest classes. The names of bucks and bloods, now grown obsolete, denoted a riotous and vulgar irregularity that modern refinement scarcely tolerates. A letter in the *Adventurer* describes the several stages passed through by a country youth transferred to the metropolis, from a greenhorn to a blood, which last is made the designation of a character so totally destitute of shame, that it could scarcely exist but in the inmate of a brothel or a prison. The latter stages of this progress commence after a habit is formed of excess in drinking, a vice the brutalizing effects of which cannot fail to taint and degrade the manners of the age in which it is prevalent. The present generation is sufficiently attached to the pleasures of the fable; but ebriety is rarely seen in anything that bears the name of good company. The mischievous frolics and breaches of the public peace, so frequent in the times of buckism, have proportionally declined; and if the superior classes are not become more moral, they are at least better observers of decorum—which, indeed, is a species of morality.

There is a pleasant paper, by Soame Jenyns, in the *World*, on the war between the great and the little, or, as he terms it, between good and bad company, of which the former have perpetually been endeavouring to keep the latter at a distance by some impassable barrier, while the latter have as perseveringly been attempting to break through or level such entrenchments. When rich dress and expensive amusements failed to afford a distinction to the high, they retired, he says, to their own citadels, and formed numerous assemblies in their own houses; but here too they were foiled, for “no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather, of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables and overflowed with company; and as making a crowd was the great point aimed at, the smaller the houses and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected.” This successful imitation practised by the low, which seems then to have been a novelty, is now become so general a custom, that it has almost banished, even in our country towns, quiet and social visiting, and every tea-drinking is a *party*, to which it is the rule to invite twice as many as the rooms laid together will with any convenience hold, in order to ensure a sufficient crowd. Modern houses are constructed upon the plan of accommodation to this mode, and one or two large rooms for company, squeeze the family into mere closets for their lodging. This, however, is borne the more cheerfully at home, since some of the hottest months
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are usually spent at watering places, where the evils of scanty room are experienced in tenfold aggravation.

Lord Chesterfield, as a kind of supplement to a serious letter he had written in the *World* in recommendation of *Johnson's Dictionary*, then (1754) about to be published, contributes an humorous paper concerning newly-coined words in fashionable society. "I assisted," says he, "at the birth of that most significant word *flirtation*, which dropt from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has received the sanction of our most accurate laureat in one of his comedies. I was also a witness to the rise and progress of that most important verb, *to fuzz* (at cards)." *Fast* and *vastly* were then the "fashionable words" of the most fashionable people;" and *vastly* glad and *vastly* sorry, *vastly* great and *vastly* little, were standing phrases of exaggeration in the politest companies. They have been succeeded by *immense* and *monstrous*, and lastly, by the most vulgar of all, *famous*, which may be still in existence if it has not been abolished by the ridicule of a witty female pen. A subsequent paper, by Mr. Cambridge, treats upon other articles for a neological dictionary. Every age is productive of such terms, some of which become incorporated into common language, while the greater part are only a temporary cant, which sinks into oblivion, and is succeeded by other terms of the like nature. The habitual use of all cants, however, whether high or low, is an infallible token of vulgarity of taste and poverty of expression.

A paper in the *World*, by Whitehead, complains of the multitude of romances and novels with which the press overflowed, and which he divides into those "which are *above*, and those which are *below*, nature." The latter, or the common novels, appear to have been of a lower cast than the compositions of that description at the present day, and frequently indecent and vicious. If modern novels do not often merit an elevated place in the literary scale, they rarely offend against morals or decorum.

There are not, in these papers, many notices of literary productions of consequence; perhaps their subjects did not lead to it. The announcement of *Johnson's Dictionary* has already been mentioned. That writer, in the *Rambler*, gives a slight critique on English historians, in which the only names are Raleigh, Clarendon, and Knolles. Hooke, however, had at this time published the greater part of his *Roman History*; and he, Browne, and Akenside, are selected by name in a paper of the *Connoisseur*; among living authors of eminence. We should now add to the list many more of that period whose works survive; yet the vast additions since made to the mass of standard English literature permit us to conclude, that the national advancement in arts, arms, commerce, and manufactures, during the last half-century, has

has been attended with a proportional advance in mental improvement, and in the industry and ability of our writers.

I shall be gratified if the preceding remarks prove interesting to your readers, and remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

J. A.

ART. XV.—*On the Spirit proper for a Young Artist.*

THE arts are now rising into greater notice every day, and there are not wanting persons who see in them a new sign of national decay. It has ever been the custom of small thinkers, who cannot trace the gradual changes of political feature, to attribute the decline of states to some superficial cause of this sort. They think, like the rigid dissenters, that what is ornamental cannot be useful, and that they have proved you in the high road to destruction, the moment they find you guilty of an accomplishment. But in this, as in all other cases, it is the abuse of the thing, that produces the abuse of the logic. Nothing that is calculated to inspire us with the love of right, can in it's nature be wrong. To contemplate on the canvas the deeds of our ancestors, to cherish taste and the love of virtue in their proper unison, to sit in rooms where we are surrounded with the faces of the wise and good who witness, as it were, our commonest meditations, can only tend to produce in us enlarged and honourable feelings, and to make us individually and therefore nationally good. The perversion of art is another matter. Le Brun may have helped the vain-gloriousness of his countrymen by his allegorical flatteries of Louis XIV., and Julio Romano may have assisted the sensuality of his, by his illustrations of the detestable Aretin. But these were vices of the painter, not of the profession, and should teach us, if we would prevent similar perversions of genius, not to begin by abusing the art, but by instilling proper sentiments into the artist.

The young artist then, who has taste and enthusiasm, and would render his profession an honour to himself, must begin by doing as much honour as he can to his profession. By this, I do
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not mean, that he should display any prejudices or make any parade on it's account,—that he should exalt it over all other acquirements and thereby shew his ignorance, or should carry himself with a pedantic air of satisfaction and thereby betray his insufficiency. I mean that he should acquire as correct an idea as possible of the spirit requisite to make him *truly great*. To this end, it is necessary that he should be something more than studious, something more than fond of the great poets, nicely observant of nature, and ardent for reputation: it is necessary that he should have a just sense of the characters of his employers, of his own wants, and of the main end of his art—national advancement. If he obtain two of these requisites, he will hardly fail of the third, for the great evils he has to avoid, next to indolence and dissipation, are, a courtly notion of patronage, and a worldly notion of personal success. It is a pity, that the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds and other professors are so deficient in this respect; they teach the student what is correct and beautiful in art, and thus indeed pursue the main, perhaps the *only*, end for which they are to mount the rostrum; but they say nothing of it's moralities, they say nothing of the character which an artist ought to maintain in society, of that dignity and that singleness of mind, which are so useful as well as honourable to the art in their effects. In Sir Joshua, these deficiencies perhaps should be no matter of surprise, as it is now pretty well acknowledged, I believe, that he was too much a man of the world and extremely cautious of giving offence to it's feelings. His successors have been men of more independent sentiments, but they have neglected what might have been imagined congenial to their feelings. Perhaps they would have gone to the other extreme, for it is curious enough, that of an art which professes to refine the behaviour and sweeten society, no less than three teachers, since the lectures of Sir Joshua, have been remarkable for rudeness of manners—one of them from misanthropy, another from want of education, and the third from a most disgusting mixture of insolence and affectation.

It is a common mistake with young artists, as soon as they have taken the brush in their hands, to think that nothing can be done without a patron. If the youth is in a very low rank of society, or in absolute want of bread, patronage of some kind is certainly necessary; but I speak of the generality of students who have parents or other near friends, and are at least enabled to *live* till they can procure their independence. It may be unpleasant to wait, and it is a laudable feeling not to relish dependence of any kind; they must therefore procure their own subsistence as soon as possible by industry and every proper exertion,

tion, but let them beware that in pursuing one good feeling, they do not lose sight of a thousand others which a false notion of patronage may set aside; in a word, let them take care how they exchange one kind of dependence for another infinitely more dangerous and humiliating. By too high an idea of patronage, they serve to keep one another in continual alarm, and to obstruct the best part of ambition.—I have no patron, says one despondingly; I am neglected, I shall never get on.—I have a patron, says another proudly; I am properly appreciated, my fortune and fame are secure. These reasonings are equally bad, and injure the true feeling of art, by depraving the moral feeling. By degrees, want of patronage comes to be regarded as synonymous with want of talent, and of course, the possession of the one as a proof of the other; or if not, ambition is turned out of it's proper course; envy and craft succeed to emulation and fair endeavour; and a society of artists, which ought to be an assembly of placid and friendly men, conscious of their powers and social utility, becomes a throng of jealous adversaries, annoying and obstructing each other at every step, and relying for success, not upon their talents for art, but upon their turn for intrigue.

It is by no means my intention to say that an artist should have no patrons. Nobody would deny the mutual blessings of respect and reward to men of taste and desert. But care should be taken, that the patron is properly won, and that the artist does not confound individual interest with the claims of the public;—in a word, that he does not degenerate from a man of enlarged mind into a *courtier*. If he has an early demand for his pictures, so much the better, provided those who buy them are good judges: if certain persons of rank or riches shew a value for him all his life, nothing can be more pleasant, provided they value him for what he does, and not for what they can make him do. But the great patrons to whom he should look up, are the public, —society at large,—posterity.

A young artist is introduced, perhaps, to his patron's table; he touches wealth and title with his elbows; and he is honoured, if not with much attention from the company, with good dishes and excellent wine. His patron is a good-natured and well-meaning man, and probably has some taste though he talks a great deal about it; our young stranger listens to what is said, perhaps tacitly acquiesces in every thing out of politeness, or bashfulness, or a false notion of gratitude; but there is great danger that if he think too little of himself on these occasions, his patron will look on him in a light still less and at the same time learn to think too much of himself. By degrees the patron feels and demands a kind of claim upon the practical as well as theoretical
acquiescence

acquiescence of his protegee, for the power of wealth over genius is in general too flattering to its possessor not to be abused, and there is no homage greater or more dangerous than that which intellect pays to superficiality. By degrees also, the other has learnt a habit of yielding; he gives into any opinion that chances to be that of the great world, whether of men, of manners, or of politics; and at last becomes a mere slave to his inferiors, a diner and a ready laugher, a cringing taker of snuff and of insults. If matters do not reach this extreme,—if the young artist is too full of his books and his better ambition to agree with the frivolity about him,—if he becomes tired with sayings that teach him nothing and with jests that cannot amuse his fancy, there is still danger that the contrast of his own unadorned solitude with the glitter and luxury into which he is drawn, may enter too much into his views of success, and that he may render the better part of his labours subservient to the worse. If this do not take away enough of his spirit to make him cringing, it will take away enough to make him insincere. A bishop never preaches against war, and an artist in high life is equally cautious how he offends the passions of his employers. He will become a courtier, so much the more dangerous as he is more pleasing: he will add to the follies of high life by giving them the grace, if not of his practice, of his presence and acquiescence; and his habits will not only injure the tone of his thinking and consequently the strength of his genius, but they will degrade his character in the sight of wise men, and most assuredly injure it with future ages. The ill effects of too intimate an acquaintance with the great have been observable in the prostitution of every kind of genius. The poets, in particular, dealing like the painters in an art which can be rendered as seductive to vice as to virtue, have found it a fatal obstruction to their better thoughts and reputation. If Boileau had not been a courtier, he would not have written the worst of all odes:—if Virgil and Horace had not been courtiers, they would have saved half their moral character with posterity; and Dryden, in like manner, would have been preserved from the infamy of calling Charles II., “pious,” “forgiving,” and the “best of kings.” As to philosophers, they have nothing to do but to fly altogether from the splendour of courts. Shade, not sunshine, is necessary to their laurels. In the palace at Berlin, Voltaire was a man of wit, was a chamberlain, was an eater of ragouts, was a miserable squabbler, was a slave; it was at home only, that he was a philosopher. Painters, the nature of whose engagements hinders them from enjoying the seclusion of the literary, must for that reason be still more cautious how they lose the bloom of their character,—how they give into compliances

pliances and littlenesses, which, in identifying them with men of the world, will contradict every fine thing they chuse to say on the canvas, and mingle the best of their reputation with bitterness. David, the finest artist of the neighbouring country, has a worldly mind and a passion for power, which have made him all things with all men, at least with all men in authority: at one minute he is a fierce republican, painting Brutuses and Ankerstroems, and sentencing to death every body who likes the word king: at the next, he is an arrant courtier, painting coronations at Notre Dame and portraits of *Sa Majesté le Roi de Westphalie*, and wearing the livery of his master the French Emperor. The consequence is, that every wise man despises him and that many others have little less contempt for his art. The painter who lives with the great world, is too often induced to contribute to their crimes, not only like M. David by decorating ambition in its trappings and giving perpetuity to its haughty looks, but by making his pencil subservient to the gayer vices, and sometimes even by winking at the opportunities that are taken of the great resort to his house. Such is the origin of those loose pictures which have disgraced some of the greatest artists, which fill the boudoirs of the luxurious and the houses of gloating old men, and are of more harm than use to the young artist himself who studies them for colour and for beauty. Such too is the origin of those degrading stories, which have injured the character of more than one artist in our own times, and which did not spare Phidias himself, who was accused, and it is supposed with too much truth, of accommodating his house to the pleasures of his friend Pericles, on which account, in fact, he fled from Athens to Elis. Envy no doubt does much on these occasions, but appearances do much more.

—Well, cries a young enthusiast full of the thoughts of being known and caressed, but may I not get rich by honourable methods? Have I not as much right to acquire wealth as men of no taste, no genius, no virtue? You talk of philosophers: pray recollect the philosopher, who when he was found eating a good dish and was rallied for it, asked his reprovers with a smile, whether they thought that the good things of this world were intended for fools only.—

My good friend, I do not say that you may not get rich, still less that you may not have a good joint upon your board with plenty of vegetables and a pudding. Men of genius and philosophers are precisely the persons to enjoy the good things of this world—*wisely*. I only say that you must not acquire them by wrong means. But still there is a question, how far you go in your ideas of wealth and of good things? What do you under-

stand by getting rich? Do you mean rich for a painter, or rich for a duke?

—Rich for a painter! No, I mean rich for a rich man. I do not know what you mean by “rich for a painter.” A painter, I should think, has at least as much right to acquire wealth as an intriguing politician, or as a money-hunter, or as a slayer of men.—

Yes, as much right, and more; but by no means so much necessity. Let the hunters of money get what they sacrifice all their comfort to acquire; let the intriguing politicians and the slaughterers of mankind recompense themselves, if they can, for their continual cares and bad passions, and let them afterwards, if they chuse, blow out their brains like my Lord Clive. Your mode of acquiring money is itself the great end of other men’s pursuits; it is an enjoyment to you, it is happiness; and you should leave to inferior minds those busy desires which only serve to disturb it. People do not think of this when they complain that the foolish acquire wealth and titles, and that poets and philosophers do not.

—I agree with you there. It is certainly the greatest of pleasures to be wrapped up in one’s art, and I have no objection to be a philosopher, since it will not make me hold my maul-stick less steadily, discolour my eye-sight, or derange my ideas. But one does not get rich, you know, for one’s self only: there will be my wife, and then there will be my children: it is necessary they should be as comfortable as myself.—

So it is, and so they will be, if you make their comfort dependent upon their own virtues and good sense. If your wife marry you for what she ought, she will not admire you the less for eating out of crockery instead of silver: and if your children be as clever as their father, they will be enabled to get their own living in time with the *little* you may leave them, for the best legacy a father can leave to his offspring is the ability to conquer fortune, not the leisure to be corrupted by it.

Well: all that is very true; but if I am satisfied with loving my art and getting enough to make me comfortable, other artists are not; and if historical painters are comparatively poor, while flower painters and fish painters, confound ’em, get rich, what will the world say?

Ay;—here is half the secret of the wrong prospects to which the lovers of fame are apt to look forward. My good friend, it is a very difficult thing to ascertain what the world will say; but it is most probable, that by far the greater part of the world will say as little about you, as they do about Milton and Michael Angelo; and this consideration should make all of us, who are
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fond of fame, anxious to please the wise only. Let us pity those who admire flowers and fish in preference to men and minds; no person of taste will imitate them, and is it not better to be admired by twenty persons of taste, than by two hundred of none? Do you think that when judicious men are looking at your pictures, they will say "This is a good figure, but it would have been better had the artist been rich"—"That is a fine idea, but it would have been much finer had he dined upon five courses?" If men of inferior genius are sometimes richer than others, they are nevertheless much poorer in mental enjoyment, in the acquaintance and admiration of the sensible, and in lasting reputation and utility.

After all too, the artist may be assured that this reasoning is not merely speculative or only founded on the good feelings of those who adopt it. Whatever may have been the perversions of great talent, it's worldliness and it's degradations, it is nevertheless very true, and very inspiring to recollect, that men of the most exalted genius, generally speaking, have been men of the most exalted spirit. Witness the principal philosophers of old; witness in modern times, Columbus, the Duke de Sully, Milton, Dante, Michael Angelo, Locke, Newton, and the amiable D'Alembert, who with one of the sincerest of hearts and soundest of minds, and a disposition equally tempered by gaiety and philosophy, seems to have understood all that was necessary, practised all that was rational, and enjoyed all that was peaceable, in this chequered life. The noble sentiments of these great men equally tended to elevate them above misfortune, to perfect their talents, and to complete and immortalize their fame. Had Columbus been a man of the world, he would have begged to get rid of his unworthy fetters, and not have chosen to keep them on as contrasting ornaments to his worth. Had Michael Angelo been a man of the world, he would never have put his profligate Cardinal in Hell, tormented by serpents. Had Locke and Newton been men of the world, their faces would not have come down to us with that venerable influence, which divides our thoughts between what they wrote and what they practised, and makes us love genius and virtue for the sake of each other.

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ART. XVI.—*The Travels of Reason.*

Translated from the French of Voltaire, with a Continuation to the Present Time.

[THERE is already, I have no doubt, a translation of Voltaire's *Voyage de la Raison*, though I have never met with one: but I was induced to translate it for the present publication, not only as one of the most spirited sketches of that great master of men and things, but as a curiosity in the present state of the political world. The continuation, which I have ventured to add by way of second chapter, serves at once as a commentary on the original and perhaps, though with far different colours and a meaner pencil, as a completion of the picture.—Voltaire, in receiving the homage of the most enlightened princes and in witnessing the rapid progress of toleration, was led into a sanguine prospect of European felicity, highly honourable to his feelings, but not altogether compatible perhaps with the general keensightedness of his philosophy. With regard to religious liberty, which forms his chief ground of exultation, events have proved him right even beyond his hopes; but the rational policy, for which he gave so much credit to the intentions of the great, never reached us at it's promised hour. He foresaw a great deal, and a great deal of what was extraordinary; but he did not foresee that princes and governments, selfish in the midst of all their improvements, would not go far enough; and that the people, hastily catching up the spirit which their superiors were afraid to pursue, would go too far. Europe has grown too wise for religious slavery; but it remains for some greater age, some still more potent philosophy, some millenium of Reason and Truth, to find it too wise for political slavery. In this little piece, however, we see the expectations as well as opinions of one of that celebrated body of men, which was supposed to have formed a combination against all the civil and religious governments of Europe; and from this piece alone it is manifest, that they entertained no expectation—that they had formed even no supposition of the terrible convulsion that has since ploughed up the Continent. Nothing indeed but a sheer ignorance of the political opinions held by those individuals, an ignorance rendered careless and insolent by religious animosity, could have ventured upon such accusations.—*Ref.*]

CHAPTER I.

In the sixteenth century Erasmus wrote the eulogy of Folly ; it is your wish that I should write the eulogy of Reason.* This Reason has not been welcomed among us till more than two hundred years after her enemy, in many instances still later ; and there are nations who have hitherto not even seen her. She was so utterly unknown to us in the time of our Druids, that she had not even a name in our language. Cæsar brought her neither to Switzerland, nor to Autun, nor to Paris, which was at that time a mere fishing-hamlet ; and he himself knew little or nothing of her. He had such a multitude of great qualities, that Reason could find no room in the croud. This magnanimous madman left our wasted country to go and lay waste his own, and to receive twenty-three thrusts of the dagger from twenty-three other illustrious madmen, who were not half so good as himself.

Clodovich or Clovis, the Sicambrian, came about five hundred years after, to exterminate one half of our nation and to subdue the other. Nobody heard any thing about reason, either in his army or in our unhappy little villages, except it was about the reason of the strongest.

We remained stagnant for a long time in this miserable and degrading barbarism. Crusading did not extricate us :—of all follies, this was the most universal, the most atrocious, the most ridiculous, and the most wretched. To this remoter evil, succeeded the abominable folly of civil and religious war, which exterminated so many people of the dialect of *Oc* and the dialect of *Oueil* :† Reason had no inclination to shew herself then. At that time Politics reigned at Rome : she had for ministers her two sisters, Imposition and Avarice, who sent Ignorance, Fanaticism, and Fury with their orders all over Europe, while Poverty fol-

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lowed

* The *Voyage* was supposed to be read before a literary academy.

† Voltaire lets no opportunity pass of shewing his acquaintance with the pettiest or obscurest matters, but he does it with a sprightliness that dissipates all idea of pedantry. *Oc* and *Oueil*, it is supposed, were a cant distinction between the dialects of two French districts south of the Loire. The former is still retained in the name of *Languedoc*, to the massacres in which country the author here alludes ; and the latter is said to have anciently given the name of *Languedoueil* or *Languedouil* to the neighbouring district northward. The origin of this distinction is very obscure to the French themselves. The best conjecture seems to be, that the Gascons, who were of Gothic origin, pronounced the common word *oui* with a guttural harshness resembling *ouic* or *oc*, which provoked perhaps the ridicule of their poster neighbours. See the *Dictionnaire de Trevoux*, p. 411, 412. Ed. 1711, —*Ref.*

lowed them every where. Reason hid herself in a well with her daughter Truth, and nobody knew the situation of this well ; had people entertained the least suspicion of it, they would have descended into it and cut the throat of both daughter and mother.

When the Turks had taken Constantinople, and redoubled the miseries of Europe, two or three Greeks in their flight tumbled into this well or rather cavern, half-dead with fatigue, hunger, and fear. Reason received them with humanity ; set victuals before them without distinction of meats, a thing which they had never known at Constantinople ; gave them a few instructions, for Reason is by no means prolix ; and bound them by an oath not to discover the place of her retreat. They took their leave, and after many peregrinations, arrived at the court of Charles V. and Francis I. Here they were received as jugglers who came to perform their tricks in order to amuse the indolence of the courtiers and ladies in their intervals of assignation. The ministers condescended to notice them in those moments of relaxation which they were able to snatch from a torrent of business : they were even received by the Emperor and the King of France, who in going to their mistresses honoured them with a passing glance ; but they were more noticed in some little cities, where they met with some good citizens who had obtained, I know not how, a certain glimmering of common sense.

These feeble glimmerings were utterly extinguished in the civil wars which desolated Europe. Two or three sparks of reason could have no effect in a world, illuminated for so many years with the burning torches and stakes of Fanaticism. Reason and her daughter hid themselves closer than ever. The disciples of their first apostles held their tongues, with the exception of one or two who were inconsiderate enough to preach reason unreasonably and out of season. It cost them their lives as it did Socrates ; but nobody took any notice of it. Nothing is so disagreeable as to be hung in obscurity : but people had been occupied so long with Saint-Bartholomews, with massacres in Ireland, with beheadings in Hungary, and with assassinations of kings, that they had neither time nor spirit to think of the petty crimes and private calamities which inundated the world from one end to the other.

Reason, informed of what was passing by some exiles who took shelter in her retreat, was touched with pity, though she has no great character for tenderness. Her daughter, who is of a stronger temperament, persuaded her to see the world and endeavour to heal it's wounds. They made their appearance and began talking ; but they found so many profligates interested in contradicting them, so many weak persons in the pay of these profligates, so many indifferent persons completely taken up with themselves and the present moment, and caring neither
for

for them nor their enemies, that they wisely returned to their asylum.

In the mean time, some fruit-seeds, which they always carry about them and which they had scattered abroad, sprung up on the earth, without even rotting.

At length, they took it into their heads one day to go on a pilgrimage to Rome, disguising themselves and concealing their names for fear of the Inquisition. On their arrival, they addressed themselves to the cook of Pope Ganganelli, Clement XIV., for they knew that of all the cooks in Rome, he had the least employment: perhaps one might say, that after you, Messieurs confessors, he was the most unoccupied man of his profession.*

This worthy person, after giving the pilgrims a dinner almost as frugal as that of the Pope, introduced them to his Holiness, whom they found reading the meditations of Marcus Aurelius. The Pope recognized the masques, and embraced them cordially in spite of etiquette. "Ladies," said he, "if I could possibly have imagined that you were upon earth, I would have paid you the first visit."

From compliments they proceeded to business. The next day Ganganelli abolished the bull *In Cæna Domini*, which had so long been one of the greatest monuments of human folly; and an outrage on all potentates. † The day after, he took the resolution of destroying the company of Garasse, of Guignard, of

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Garnet,

* It is well known that Ganganelli, through all the stages of his exaltation, preserved the usual philosophic simplicity of his life and manners. When he came to the throne, he told the papal cook, that though he would do no injury to the latter's profits, he did not mean to lose his health purely to keep the kitchen in employment.—*Ref.*

† The bull *In Cæna Domini*, first issued by the violent Julius II., and gathering repeated aggravation from the violence or necessities of succeeding Popes, contributed at last to render that power ridiculous which it had once made so formidable. This bull excommunicated, among others, all heretics, their abettors, and those who read their books; all civil magistrates who pretended to judge ecclesiastics; all persons who issued edicts, regulations, &c., affecting in the smallest degree the liberties of ecclesiastics and the rights of the Holy See; and all ministers, chancellors, parliaments, &c. &c. daring to interfere with ecclesiastical matters, or to obstruct, under pretence of keeping order, the execution of the apostolic letters. It was read publicly every year by a cardinal-deacon at the gate of St. Peter's, and his Holiness concluded the ceremony by throwing down a burning torch by way of gauntlet to all such as chose to dare a similar fate hereafter and oppose his edict. Ganganelli, who had as little power as inclination to make any use of this farce, consented to gratify the feelings of the European powers respecting it. He did not however abolish the bull; but he answered all the purposes of its abolition by discontinuing the above ceremony in the year 1770.—*Ref.*

Garnet, of Busembaum, of Malagrida, of Paulian, of Patouillet, of Nonotte;* and Europe clapped her hands. The day after that, he lessened the imposts of which the people complained; he encouraged agriculture and the rest of the arts; and endeared himself to all those who were supposed to be hostile to his situation. It might have been said in Rome at that time, that there was but one nation and one law in the world.

The two pilgrims, perfectly astonished and perfectly satisfied, took their leave of the Pope, who presented them, not with Agnus and reliques, but with a good post-chaise to continue their journey. Reason and Truth had never before been so much at their ease. They made the tour of Italy; and were surprised to find, in the room of Machiavelism, an universal emulation among the princes and republics, from Parma to Turin, to render their subjects better, richer, and happier. My child, said Reason to Truth, our reign is now commencing, I think, after our long imprisonment. Some of the prophets, who came to visit you in your well, must have been very powerful both in words and works to effect such a change in the face of things. Every thing, you see, advances slowly: it has to pass through the shades of ignorance and illusion before it arrives at your palace of light, from which you and I were driven for so many ages. What has happened to Nature will happen to us: for innumerable ages she was covered with a paltry veil and altogether disfigured: at last comes a Galileo, a Copernicus, a Newton, who exhibit her almost naked, and make every body fall in love with her.

Conversing in this manner, they arrive at Venice. Their attention here was principally excited by a Procurator of St. Mark, who held a large pair of scissars before a table covered with claws, beaks, and black feathers. "With your leave," cried Reason, "Illustrissimo Signor, those scissars, I believe, are a pair of mine which I took with me into the well when I fled thither for refuge with my daughter! How did your Excellency get them? And what are you about?"—"Illustrissima Signora," returned the Procurator, "the scissars may have belonged once to your Excellency, but we had them some time since from one Father

* The Jesuits. Some of those here mentioned were fanatics; others formed part of the literary rabble that persecuted Voltaire with equal want of principle and common sense.—This society, powerful from its influence in education, from its spirit of combination, and from a worldly ambition at once cloaked and assisted by its vow against worldly honours, became at last intolerable to all the Catholic governments by its political intrigues; and Ganganelli, after much anxious reflection, suppressed it in the year 1773, declaring his conviction at the same time that the proceeding would be fatal to him. He died a few weeks after, with all the appearances of poison.—*Ref.*

Father Paul,* and they serve us to cut off the claws of the Inquisition, which you see displayed on this table. These black feathers belong to the harpies who come to eat the republic's dinner; we clip their nails and their beaks every day, or they would finish by devouring every thing, and then nothing would be left for our wise nobles, nor for the Pregadi, nor for the citizens. If you pass into France, you will probably find at Paris your other pair of scissars in the possession of a Spanish minister, who puts them to the very same use, and who will one day be blessed by the human species."†

Our travellers, after having attended a Venetian opera, departed for Germany. This country, which in the time of Charlemagne

* The illustrious Peter Sarpi, better known by his monastic title of Father Paul, flourished at the commencement of the 17th century. It was by his spirited advice and still more spirited though temperate conduct, that the Venetians successfully resisted the pretensions and corruptions of the See of Rome. The only forcible reply to his arguments, according to the custom of those times, was an attempt to assassinate him: he received three wounds, but recovered, and hung up one of the weapons used on the occasion, with this inscription over it—*Stilo della Chiesa Romana*—Stiletto of the Romish Church. Father Paul has been called the Pascal of the Venetians, but he went beyond Pascal in accomplishments. Dr. Johnson, in his pleasing little account of him, (Vol. XII Murphy's Edit.), tells us that he was "not only acquainted with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee languages, but with philosophy, the mathematicks, canon and civil law, all parts of natural philosophy, and chemistry itself,"—that he could converse upon astronomy, medicine, and the analysis of metals, with their respective professors, "not as a superficial enquirer, but as a complete master;" and that Aquapendente confessed himself indebted to him for his theory of vision. Something, however, must be allowed for the exaggeration usually attendant on the praises of such men, and had Johnson written this account at a later period of life, he would have made the due allowances for it; but there is no question that Sarpi was at once a genius in some things, and a discerning one in every thing; and the Doctor might have added, that he was the reputed architect of the celebrated elliptical chamber of anatomy in the University of Padua,—and that he had the glory of bringing forward the genius of Galileo. The Venetians ascribe to him the discovery of the circulation of the blood, as the Socinians did to Servetus, and as the discovery of the Newtonian attraction has been attributed to Bacon. It is very probable that such men made excellent guesses at these secrets; but the honour of discovery belongs only to him who proves it; and thus the reputation of our Harvey remains undiminished.—*Ref.*

† Was this the Count d'Aranda, President of the Supreme Council in Spain, and Captain General of New Castile? A Spaniard opposing the Inquisition is a phenomenon even in our times: Jovellanos only ventured upon it obliquely; but the resistance of Aranda was face to face, and what is more singular, or rather what helpt to account for it, the throne was on his side. In 1770, a soldier had been taken up for bigamy, and the right of trying him was claimed by the Inquisition: the Count disputed this claim; and the King decided in his favour by a very curious edict, in which the Inquisitor-General was advised to keep to his proper sphere and not meddle with the royal jurisdiction. See the article *Aranda* in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*.—*Ref.*

lemagne was nothing but a huge forest, intersected with morasses, they rejoiced to see covered with flourishing and peaceful cities;—this country, peopled with sovereigns once barbarous and destitute, now altogether polished and magnificent;—this country, which in ancient times had none but sorceresses for priests, who sacrificed their own species upon huge mishapen stones;—this country, which afterwards had been inundated in it's own blood in order to discover precisely whether or not a thing was *in, with, or by* ;*—this country, in fine, which took to it's bosom three hostile religions, astonished at living peaceably together. God be praised! said Reason; these people have come over to me by mere force of madness.—The pilgrims were introduced to an Empress, who was something more than reasonable, for she was liberal: they were so pleased with her that they overlooked a few customs that might have shocked them; but they absolutely fell in love with her son the Emperor. †

Their amazement redoubled when they came to Sweden. What! said they, a revolution so difficult and at the same time so instantaneous, so perilous and yet so peaceable! And after this great event, not a day lost without doing good! And all this at an age which is so little the age of reason! We should have done well to have come out of our hiding place when this great event struck all Europe with admiration. ‡

From hence they passed rapidly into Poland. Ah, my mother! cried Truth; what a contrast! It makes me long to return to my well. Such is the result of oppressing the most useful part of the human species and of treating the cultivators of the earth worse than they treat their own cattle. This chaos of anarchy could never be cleared away but by a general ruin, which was too clearly predicted. I am grieved for a monarch virtuous, wise, and humane; and I dare hope that he will yet be happy, since
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* The jargon of the theological disputants respecting the divine presence in the sacrament.—*Ref.*

† The celebrated Maria Theresa of Hungary, and her son Joseph II.; who is here sufficiently praised by Voltaire. He had a reforming spirit, but it seemed the result of a love of display, rather than of sound thinking. It was the brother of this Joseph, who abolished in Tuscany the inefficient and worse than useless punishment of death: he had the happiness of seeing the good effects of the abolition, and of thus setting an excellent and complete example, which will most probably be followed by all Europe at no great distance of time, unless commerce interfere.—*Ref.*

‡ This passage, by the description and by the year in which the *Voyage de la Raison* was written, can hardly allude to the Revolution which made the Swedes a free people; it must refer to the one in 1772, which enslaved them again; and yet it is difficult to conceive how the author could be in raptures at such an event. It is true, his philosophy and his prejudices were generally at variance on such subjects. See the following note.—*Ref.*

other monarchs are becoming so and begin more and more to feel the light of your radiance. Let us go and contemplate, continued she, a change more happy and more surprising; let us turn to this immense hyperborean region, which was so barbarous eighty years since, and which is now so enlightened and so invincible; and let us go and gaze upon her who has achieved the miracle of a new creation.—They hastened thither, and confessed they had not exaggerated.* They admired without ceasing the changes which the world had experienced in the course of a few years, and concluded, that one day perhaps, Chili and the Terra Australis would be the centre of politeness and good taste, and that it would be necessary to go to the Antarctic to learn how to live.

When they came to England, Truth said to her mother, "It appears to me that the happiness of this nation is not constituted like that of others. She has been more foolish, more fanatical, more cruel, and more miserable than any that I know; and up springs an unique government, in which she has preserved all that is useful of monarchy and all that is necessary of republicanism. She is superior in war, in legislation, in the arts, in commerce, I see her embarrassed only respecting North America which she has gained at one end of the world, and some fine provinces of India which she has subjugated at the other. How will her prosperity be able to sustain these two burdens?"—"The weight is heavy," said Reason; "but if she will only hearken a little to me, she will find means to lighten it."

At length, Reason and Truth passed over to France. They had already shewn themselves there, but had been chased out again. You remember, said Truth to her mother, the anxious desire we had to establish ourselves among the French during the fine days of Louis XIV.; but the impertinent quarrels of Jesuits and Jansenists soon made us bury ourselves again: the continual

* Voltaire, when he reasons in a general way, is an ardent advocate for popular freedom, but when he comes to particulars, he is too apt to exhibit the Frenchman and the "Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber." In the course of a few lines, he has here been praising the freedom of Venice, admiring the despotism of Sweden, lamenting the wretched state of Poland, and panegyricizing Russia and Catherine. This it is to have been brought up in the French circles. Voltaire had been flattered by the great, and had unluckily witnessed little but ignorance and bigotry in the inferior classes; and in spite of his love of freedom and his keen detection of folly, he suffered his eyes to be dazzled more than once by the brilliancy of courts. It is thus that while philosophers are exposing the inconsistencies of their fellow-creatures, they also betray their own. Voltaire, the benevolent and the satirical, could panegyricize Frederick, Catherine, Louis XIV.; and Hume, the benevolent and the cool-judging, could be the steady advocate of the Stuarts.—*Ref.*

nual complaints of the people could not recall us. I now hear the acclamations of twenty millions of men who bless Providence: some of them say—"This accession is the more joyful inasmuch as we pay nothing for our rejoicing;"—others exclaim, "Luxury is nothing but vanity:—pluralities, superfluous expenses, and excessive profits are to be retrenched."—And they are right.—"All impost is to be abolished."—And they are wrong; for it is necessary that every individual should contribute to the general good. "Laws are to be uniform."—Nothing is more desirable; but then nothing is more difficult. "The immense possessions of certain idlers who have made a vow of poverty, are to be distributed among the poor labouring classes, and particularly among poor officers. These men of mortmain shall no longer have slaves of mortmain. We shall no longer see the bailiffs of monasteries drive impoverished orphans from their paternal mansions, to enrich with their spoils a convent enjoying seigniorial rights, which are the rights of the original acquirers. We shall no longer see whole families vainly soliciting charity at the gate of the convent which has despoiled them."—God grant it! Nothing is more worthy of a king. The King of Sardinia has put an end to this abuse in his country. Would to Heaven it were exterminated in France! Do you not hear, my mother, all these voices which say, "The marriages of a hundred thousand families, useful to the state, shall be no longer reckoned concubinage; and their offspring shall no longer be declared bastards by law."—Nature, Justice, and you, my mother, all demand for this great object some wise regulation compatible with the security of the state and the rights of man.—"The profession of a soldier shall be accounted so honourable, that he shall no longer be tempted to desert."—The thing is possible, but delicate.—"Little faults shall not be punished as if they were great crimes, for every thing should be proportionate: a barbarous law, obscurely promulgated and badly explained, shall no longer condemn indiscreet and imprudent children to iron bars and to flames, as if they had assassinated their fathers and mothers."—This ought to be the first axiom of criminal justice.—"The possessions of the father of a family shall no longer be confiscated, since the children ought not to be starved for the errors of their father, and the king has no need of such wretched confiscations." Admirable! This too is worthy the magnanimity of a sovereign.—"The torture, originally invented by highway robbers to make passengers discover their money, and still in use among a few nations for the purpose of saving sturdy guilt and destroying feeble and faint-hearted innocence, shall no longer be employed but against the crime of violated society in the person of its first chief, and then only for the discovery of accomplices;

accomplices ; but such crimes will never be perpetrated." Nothing can be better. Attend to the vows which I hear made from every quarter ; and I will record these great changes in my annals, I who am Truth.—I hear, all around me, from all the tribunals, these remarkable words : " We will talk no more of two distinct powers, because there can exist but one,—that of the king or the law in a monarchy, and that of the nation in a republic. Divine power is of a nature so distinct and superior, that it cannot compromise, by any profane adjustment, with human laws. Infinite cannot be joined to finite. Gregory VII. was the first who dared to call the infinite to his assistance when he carried on his wars, of a nature till then unknown, against Henry IV., an Emperor too finite—too limited, I mean. These wars drenched Europe in blood for a long time ; but at last, the two venerable beings, who had nothing in common, were separated ; and this is the only way to live in peace."—These discourses, on the part of all the ministers of the laws, appear to me very forcible. I know they recognize two powers neither in China, nor India, nor Persia, nor at Constantinople, nor at Moscow, nor at London, &c.—But I submit myself to you, my mother, and will write nothing but what you dictate.

" My child," replied Reason, you know very well that I desire nearly the same things and many besides. Every thing demands time and reflection. I have always been contented when in the midst of my troubles I could meet with even a little relief. To day I am too happy.

" You remember the time when almost all the kings of the earth, enjoying a profound peace, amused themselves with playing at riddles, and the beautiful Queen of Sheba came to have a tete-a-tete in rebuses with Solomon."—" Oh yes :—those were fine times, but they did not last."—" Well, well," returned the mother ; " these are infinitely better : they dreamt of nothing then but a little wit ; but these ten or twelve years past, I perceive, Europe has applied herself to the arts and the virtues that sweeten the bitterness of life. It seems as if a general signal had been given, to think more solidly than for these thousands of ages. Tell me now, you who cannot falsify, what times would you prefer to the present for living in France ?"

" I have the reputation," answered the daughter, " of loving to say things sufficiently hard to the people about me, and you are perfectly aware that I cannot help it ; but I confess that I have every reason to speak well of the present times, in spite of so many authors who praise none but the past. Posterity must be told, that it was in this age men learnt to guard against a frightful and deadly disorder, by giving it to themselves in a less fatal manner : that they learnt to restore life to those who had

lost

lost it in the water ; to rule and defy the thunder ; and to supply a fixed point which they had looked for in vain from west to east :—that they did still more with regard to morals, in daring to demand justice of the laws against laws that had condemned virtue to punishment, and that this justice was sometimes obtained :—in fine, that they dared to pronounce the word Toleration.”

“ Well, my dear daughter, let us enjoy these fine days : we will remain here while they last ; and if the storms return, we can go back to our well.”

CHAPTER II.

Reason had scarcely uttered these words, when they heard a great uproar, and presently found themselves surrounded with an immense croud of persons in cockades of three colours. Some of them carried boughs of poplar, others bleeding heads upon pikes, and others wine-bottles and fiddles. “ Citizeness Reason,” said one of them, reeling up to her and almost stilling her in a horrible embrace, “ we very much respect you and your daughter, for we know your concern in the late glorious events.”

“ The king then,” said Reason, “ has”—

“ There is no such a thing as a king ;” interrupted the man.

“ In God’s name,” said Truth, “ what is”—

“ *Sacre Dieu !*” interrupted the man ; “ there is no such thing as a God. But come along with us, and join in the triumph of virtue and liberty.” So saying, the whole croud roared out “ Liberty and Equality,” and sent up a shout of joy mixed with oaths and obscenities.

Reason and Truth took them for a parcel of madmen broken loose, and suffered themselves to be led along into Paris in the hope of being rescued by the populace. When they got there, the populace joined in the cry, and utterly confounded the travellers. They hardly knew Paris again, the common people were so joyous, and the higher orders so invisible. The Bastile was in ruins, and this neither surprised nor grieved them ; but on the other hand, the streets ran with blood ; nothing was heard but groans and huzzas ; and in an instant, the whole croud left them to make up towards a man, who was coming along in a plain hat, and whose head and hat, in the twinkling of an eye, were mounted on the top of a pole. Reason and Truth slipped down a narrow passage and came out upon a square filled with an immense multitude in the midst of which was a scaffold with a

number

number of persons on it but not a single priest. As fast as these persons were beheaded, others were brought in. "Liberty for ever!" cried the sans-culottes, leading along fifty men and women with their hands bound. "Liberty and Equality!" cried the soldiers, and knocked down every body in their way. Presently, a beautiful young female advanced to the block, and when her head was chopped off, the executioner held it up and patted it on the cheek. "Am I in France!" cried Reason: "or am I in Pandæmonium!" These words were not understood by the mob, but the looks of Truth shewed such little approbation of what was going forward, that a sullen murmur went round, and the travellers thought it best to retire. They put on their old disguises, and made the best of their way out of Paris. The day was hot: a thick mist obscured the face of the sun, and seemed impregnated with blood; and as they gradually got rid of the noise of the metropolis, they met frantic parties upon the road coming from slaughter elsewhere. On every side grounds were laid waste, and country-seats demolished. In one of the convents, blackened with smoke and half in ruins, drunken soldiers, smoking and laughing, were lolling out of the drawing-room windows; on the right, some peasants were feasting on the ground under the heels of a farmer-general who was hanging before his own door; and on the left, a troop of horse came galloping out of a church-door.

"I now perceive," said Truth to her mother, "that we reckoned somewhat too much upon the exertions of the great. They could not hinder the progress of knowledge, and some of them even helped it a little; but they did not chuse to make the people too sensible of their importance, and on the other hand the people were grown too knowing to suffer themselves to be cheated. Add to this, that to a set of reforming princes, has succeeded a race of foolish ones; and the whole secret is explained. Kings have done too little, and the people have revenged themselves by doing too much."

On entering Spain, they heard that war had been declared by the surrounding nations against France. Reason shook her head. "It will do no good," she observed. "This frantic spirit of equality, which if left to itself might subside into what is reasonable, will be turned into a spirit of conquest. Europe has ever been afraid of giving France such an opportunity, and now she wantonly provokes it. The idea of liberty will last long enough to give an irresistible impetus to this spirit, and when no longer necessary, will vanish at the nod of some ambitious general, who will easily teach a vain people to look upon his own aggrandizement as a substitute for their happiness. I am ashamed of England, but I wonder at nothing else when I look round upon this country,

country, in which we now travel, and which we missed in our former tour. Human nature here seems in it's dotage: the state is like a wicked and exhausted old man brought out into his fine garden to die, without power to enjoy any thing in it himself and without temper to let his children do so. But in vain does a stupid despotism count upon the ignorance of the people; in vain are books forbidden and rational men imprisoned; in vain does the Inquisition gnash it's few remaining teeth. The subjugation of such a country is inevitable, unless those who interfere to support her, will fight for her liberty and not for her prejudices; but such a discrimination is not likely."

"No," said Truth, as they passed again through Italy and Germany; "a fatal mistake is every where prevailing. Every where the princes, roused at once to alarm and to resentment, and forgetting the original cause of these troubles, think proper to return to their false notions and to affect a disdain of the people. This only serves to open an easier way to French victory, and accordingly the French are every where victorious. As to ourselves, we have nothing to do but to get out of the way, for I shudder to think what may happen to us."

The travellers indeed had a dismal peregrination. Their disguises had become so threadbare, that their persons were sometimes recognized; and as often as this was the case, there were such quarrels among all ranks of people on their account, that it was wonderful they escaped with their lives. The lower orders huzzaed them but almost suffocated them in the croud: the middle classes cast a wistful eye of pity at them and shrugged their shoulders; while the great never condescended to notice them except it was to denounce them as French spies and order them out of their territories. Such was their treatment over the greatest part of the Continent. In Holland, indeed, the people only stared at them; but in Spain every body was for making them nuns; and at Rome, what a change from the time of Pope Ganganelli! The cardinals, it is true, though they took no notice of them in public, wrote them billets-doux of a very tender description; but all access to his Holiness was impossible; and instead of a good post-chaise to continue their journey, they could hardly procure a loaf. They had scarcely left the city, when it was entered by the French, who by a strange course of things followed our travellers every where but never came up with them.

They embarked for England in a packet, in the cabin of which was an Italian priest reading Voltaire; a German officer with dispatches which he kept in his hand that they might not make his pocket stick out; a dozen abbés vehemently settling the balance of power, while the vessel was pitching them against each other;

a number of ladies weeping ; and a peer of France who was trying to pour out tea for them into a wooden bowl. When they arrived in England, they heard of nothing but one Pitt, who was the greatest man upon earth. He got rid of every thing that was calculated to make his country too proud, that is to say, of it's gold, of it's high tone, and of certain laws, that made the English value themselves on their persons. One very remarkable instance of his superiority was, that as he made paper pass universally for gold, so he made continual ill-fortune pass for success ; and perhaps in all the annals of philosophy, there never was such an instance of the lustre which a great man derives from adversity. Reason and Truth confessed that he was quite above their understandings, and they did not comprehend him a jot the better, when they found that a little lieutenant of artillery, of the name of Bonaparte, had become master of the Continent. The great man died and was succeeded in his power and wisdom by his own servants, who were almost as illustrious and quite as unfortunate. They were of that description of great wits, which is nearly allied to madness. They would appear in public in the most indecent manner, and if you remonstrated with them, they said you had a design against the King's life. They had a great antipathy to the Irish, because the latter eat hot cross-buns for breakfast ; so they tied up their hands, and then told them to perform the broad-sword exercise. One of them maintained, on his master's authority, that all poverty was to be cured, like a cut finger, with a few rags ; another, on the same ground, insisted that nothing was necessary to the deliverance of Europe, but a German sausage ; and a third sat looking all day at an old turtle which lay on it's back, because he had heard his master say, that all would be well the moment that animal chose to " turn up." — In the mean time the thinking part of the nation looked first at their rulers and then at themselves, and said to one another, " Are we the descendants of Burleigh and Chatham ? Are we the countrymen of Newton and Locke ?"

" It appears to me," said Truth to her mother, " that the English, in troubling themselves too much about the constitutions of others, have taken too little care of their own. But they will be well again, if they will only take a little of your advice." — " I will do what I can," said Reason, " when I recover my voice, which is almost gone in talking to so little purpose. You say not a word about going back to our well ; and indeed, I do not think it necessary just now. There are many things to annoy us here, but then there are plenty of loaves and post-chaises, and we live comparatively at our ease. Confess, after all, my daughter, that if we have seen many shocking things, we have also seen a few more promising than we ever yet beheld."

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"I think with you, my mother," said Truth, "as I always do. We have seen indeed events very surprising, but not at all unsuitable to their causes. Retribution has been very active, and a little has been done for improvement. The Poles have been revenged for the abominable partition of their country, and the French for the intended seizure of their's: Spain has been taught the folly of superstitious ignorance; Austria the folly of old and bad systems; England the folly of thinking to preserve and to benefit by all this; and France will, in her turn, be taught the folly of exchanging freedom for conquest. This Bonaparte, who is by some called a man of genius and by others a man of luck, is in fact both, for his seizure of opportunities is a proof of the one, and the opportunities offered him are a proof of the other. The princes his enemies form indeed an uncommon list. Four of them are confessedly weak,—two are approaching to idiots,—one is half mad,—and another is quite so. Some of them have become wanderers, others kiss his feet while he tramples on them, and others enter into his family in order to be safe. These men never had any glory to lose, but their adversary had the greatest of glories before him, that of being the establisher of French liberty, and he lost it for the sake of mingling with the Alexanders and Charlemagnes, who in point of real glory are some hundred fathom below the Epaminondases, the De Witts, and the Washingtons. On the other hand, literature and the arts are growing into more general repute: the Pope, so long the arbiter of power and of conscience, has fallen without noise, almost without notice: the new world, gradually shaking off it's dependence on distant nations, has at least the good omen of coming forward as Superstition is retiring; and in a word, my dear mother, if little or nothing has been gained for civil liberty, a great deal has been gained for religions. Philosophy could not turn the sword, but it has entirely put out the stake; nay, it has almost extinguished this fire in men's bosoms, and people are no longer ranked with criminals for not kissing two sticks laid across, or for not contradicting the multiplication-table, or for not believing the divine goodness to consist in burning the majority of mankind to all eternity. This is a great good, and compensates for many evils."

"Well," said Reason, "if any country is ours, it is certainly that of Alfred, of Newton, and of Locke. We will remain here in spite of the storms, and will never return again to our well till it be out of our power to do good."

A friend of mine saw Reason and Truth the other day in their retreat, where they have a cottage embosomed in trees, a small library, and an excellent kitchen-garden, not to mention a very pretty one of flowers, for Reason affects no austerities. At the

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side of the house are a bench and a well-spring for travellers. Truth was writing a history of the past years, very different from the lucubrations of Gifford, of D'Ivernois, of Mallet Du Pan, of Gentz, and of the Moniteur. As for Reason, she was surrounded by a crowd of mothers holding out their laughing little children, whom she was inoculating with the discovery of Dr. Jenner.

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ART. XVII.—*On War.*

THAT war is the greatest evil incident to man in the social state, will scarcely be denied by those who consider, apart from preconceived system, the innumerable vices and calamities to which it gives birth, and which, however they may be glossed over by sophistry, are felt in all their reality by the immediate sufferers under their effects. The philosopher or the theologian may at his ease, sitting in his closet, make calculations of the moral and physical good produced by wars, and declaim, the one, on the *manly* and *respectable* virtues which they call into action, —the other, on the uses they serve in the scheme of Providence; but the poor villager, whose house has been committed to the flames, and his family exposed to brutal outrage, in the operations of an army either of friends or enemies, will be little disposed to enter into their speculations.

Assuming therefore as a fact, that war is the most grievous pest with which the race of man is afflicted, it may be supposed that the genuine philanthropist cannot have anything more at heart than to discover the means by which this evil may be, if not eradicated, at least rendered less frequent. But before he indulges a hope of success in this attempt, he will probably think it necessary to satisfy himself concerning the questions, Whether a state of war be an unavoidable consequence of the nature of man, or whether wars be owing to imperfections in the frame of governments, or other errors in social institutions which it might be possible to correct. If the former, he will be apt to conclude that he has nothing to do but to sit down in passive acquiescence in the destiny of mankind, with no other exercise for his benevolence in respect to this object than endeavouring to mitigate some of the severities practised in warfare; and even in that, his expectations of success will be very limited; for, war

being essentially a process of destruction, to effect its purpose in a mild and humane way is a contradiction in terms. But if, on the other hand, he convinces himself that there is nothing in the human character and condition which should prevent men from living in peace with their fellow-men, and ranking rather among the gentle than the murderous animals, he will feel himself strongly inclined to search into, and endeavour to find a remedy for, those disorders which have so lamentably deteriorated their lot upon the earth on which Providence has placed them.

It is this leading question, therefore, that I mean in the present paper to discuss; and in order to do it usefully, I shall omit all theoretical speculations upon the human mind, and the variety and strength of the motives that may be expected to operate upon it, and shall simply consider man as that being which the narratives of his actions in all ages have shewn him to be; and thence endeavour to elicit some light as to the effects of the different circumstances in which he has been or may be placed, upon his disposition to preserve or to violate a state of amity with his neighbours.

Ancient history is little more than a tissue of warlike transactions, only varied by the changes in dominion, and the successive appearance of one great commander after another. In some of those instances, whole nations seem to have been animated with the spirit of hostility against their neighbours; in others, they have been mere machines in the hands of their rulers wherewith to carry on the chess-play of ambition: and in both cases war would appear to have been the great occupation of mankind. From the manner in which some of those states were formed we can readily account for their being involved in perpetual quarrels. Thus, that people which is the subject of the most ancient history extant, having emigrated in a body with the purpose of settling in countries already possessed by inhabitants whose expulsion or extermination was previously necessary, could not fail of inheriting a succession of bloody and cruel wars. Other tribes of antiquity, which deserted cold and sterile regions to establish themselves amid the "plenty of the plains," were in like manner doomed to inflict and undergo the evils of incessant hostility. At the same time those larger masses which coalesced into potent empires under the controul of a despotic sovereign (as was generally the case in the East) were continually immersed in external wars kindled by the passions of their weak and misdirected masters, or in internal disorders arising from revolts and disputed successions.

If the reader of history, disgusted with the records of barbarism, turns his view on the Grecian republic, where polished manners and elegant arts were joined with large enquiry into all
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the topics most interesting to mankind, he will be mortified to find that their whole public story consists of little more than the warlike operations of opposite confederacies, or the sanguinary contests of adverse parties in the same state. The two leading divisions of republican government, the aristocratical and democratical, were two vortexes involving all Greece in a perpetual whirl of conflict, and continually interfering in their spheres of action. The respective centers of these were the two states of Athens and Sparta, opposite in character, situation, and political system, and each the exemplar and patron of the plan of government it had espoused. By their influence a balance of power in Greece was formed, which preserved the country, indeed, from a single domination, but was so nice and fluctuating, that its adjustment was at the expence of an almost unintermitting series of internal wars. It may seem remarkable that the Lacedemonian state, the laws and polity of which were expressly calculated to foster a martial spirit, should have generally confined itself to defensive war; whilst the Athenian, which cultivated all the arts and studies that have a tendency to soften the disposition, should have been continually engaging in schemes of aggrandizement and conquest. But there were causes for this apparent inconsistency, the consideration of which will reflect much light upon the usual incentives to war. The institutions of Sparta had rendered it a country subsisting entirely upon agriculture, without any artificial wants, and in which, the accumulation of wealth being impossible, the desires of cupidity were stifled in the birth. Athens, on the other hand, possessing a district of little natural fertility, but maritime and well situated for commerce, gave free scope to the commercial speculations of its citizens, and prided itself in concentrating all the pleasures and refinements that distinguished the Grecian genius. Foreign connections and possessions were therefore essential to its existence; and in the acquisition of these, by means of a powerful navy, it was perpetually either invading the rights or thwarting the interests of other states. And although by its political constitution the determination of peace and war was committed to the mass of people, who might be expected to prefer their own safety and quiet to hazardous enterprizes for the emolument of a few, yet their national vanity, and that vivacity which rendered them ductile to the purposes of crafty and mercenary demagogues, inspired them with an eternal restlessness and agitation which were totally averse to permanent tranquillity.

For the reasons above assigned, the history of the Grecian states is that of a series of national wars with short intervals, till at length they all fell under the yoke of the Macedonian kings, Philip and Alexander. The latter of these was of a dis-

position to set the whole world in arms in pursuit of his projects of ambition and vain-glory ; and after his short and destructive course was run, he bequeathed to those countries which were the theatre of his exploits, an interminable succession of wars between the sharers of his dominion.

In the Roman state, which, from its foundation, appears to have adopted a system of aggrandizement by force of arms, war was the main spring of policy ; and during the wonderful course of its advancement, till it became mistress of all the civilized world except the remote regions of the East, it was engaged in almost incessant hostilities with the nations to which it successively extended its limits. Its annual supreme magistracies were a constant stimulus to the passion for military fame in individuals, and led them to seek all possible occasions for new wars, in which they hoped to distinguish their names by a conquest or a triumph. Hence the patricians, to whom such magistracies naturally fell, were constantly the promoters of war ; while the plebeians, who were continually called out to toilsome and dangerous service, frequently expressed their desire for intervals of peace and quiet. Another inducement for the nobles to engage the state in foreign quarrels was to prevent those domestic dissensions which their unjust prerogatives were sure to create when the lower classes were at leisure to attend to them,—a cause of war the operation of which may be traced in the history of many other states. The Roman Empire at length became too vast to be administered as a republic, and by means of the military force which had raised it, was converted into an absolute monarchy. Its policy was thenceforth changed ; for all its wisest emperors, satiated with extent of dominion, employed their cares rather to preserve the boundaries bequeathed to them by their predecessors, than to enlarge them. This, indeed, they found to be a sufficient task ; for the liminary provinces on all sides were subjected to continual inroads from those barbarous tribes which at length effected the subversion of that mighty edifice which had been built at such an incalculable cost of human life. Its rise, progress, and decline, its external and internal transactions, are all recorded in letters of blood.

In the course of this sanguinary history, we can scarcely discern, by its political effects, the promulgation and final prevalence of a religion, the precepts of which, as delivered by its founder, seem expressly designed to allay the angry passions, and diffuse the blessing of universal peace. Corrupted to a system of mysterious dogmas and ritual observances, it soon ceased to impress its peculiar moral character upon its votaries, and readily accommodated itself, when allied to power, to the schemes of ambition and cupidity. It even gave birth to wars of a new species,

species, those, by a monstrous conjunction of terms, called *religious*; and if any single fact could decisively prove that war is the natural condition of mankind, it would be, that matters of opinion, the importance of which is confessedly limited to another world, have been made an occasion of drawing the sword, to compel, by an appeal to arms, the assent which could not be obtained by an appeal to argument. It cannot be said, however, that Christianity, even in the darkest periods, has been destitute of those who have better understood its spirit, and have openly protested against these violences, though with an unavailing voice. But another new religion, Mahometism, avowedly enjoined its propagation by the power of the sword; and its establishment in many of the most populous countries of the East and South was not effected without a long series of bloody contests.

The breaking up of the Roman Empire left Europe parcelled into a number of independent states, governed by semi-barbarous rulers, who were almost constantly at war with each other; while the unsettled condition of government in each, exposed them to continual domestic tumults and revolutions. The division of countries into a number of separate sovereignties greatly added to the causes of quarrel, and spread the flames of war more universally. The plurality of kingdoms in England and Spain, the feudal sovereignties in France and Germany, and the numerous republics in Italy, formed a complication of rights and interests, which, in the deficiency of a common head or empire, could not fail to produce infinite disputes, only to be decided by the arm of the strongest. Such, for many centuries, was the wretched state of what we account the most civilized part of the globe; and so fatal were its effects, that population, agriculture, and all the arts of life, in many countries sunk to the lowest point of declension.

At length, many of these small states became consolidated into large ones. Governments assumed a more stable form, and the general principles of politics were better understood. Domestic wars were rendered less frequent; but a number of potent and independent sovereigns who, in their differences, could refer to no arbiter capable of enforcing his awards, were not likely long to live together in harmony. Accordingly, the history of Europe during the later centuries has been that of a perpetual war, interrupted only by truces. For although the formal language of treaties speaks of establishing a firm and lasting concord between the contending parties, yet it is well understood by politicians that nothing more is meant by such a phraseology than that the present quarrel is made up, without any approach to real amity, or any diminution of future occasions of dispute. It is

true, projects have frequently been formed for the prosecution of future wars; and the imaginary *balance of power* has had for its principal object the formation of such a predominance of force on the side of peace and national equity as should quash all the enterprizes of ambition and rapacity. But experience has proved, as in ancient Greece, that the conspiracy of two or three leading powers is always able to destroy this balance, and that the law of nations is in effect no other than the will of the strongest. The idea of a balance has itself proved an additional cause of war; for, it being a maxim, too well verified by fact, that power, in whatever hands, will be abused, it has been thought justifiable to interfere to prevent its augmentation even though effected by the most unexceptionable means. This principle has been carried so far, that Lord Bacon (as quoted by a modern prelate with apparent approbation) argues for the justice of making war against a nation becoming great, "either by increase of territory, or by embracing of trade." It is manifest that such an indulgence to the spirit of hostility must administer eternal pretexts for wars between neighbours, who are thus taught to look upon each other as one wild beast would upon another in an adjoining lair, assured that when grown stronger than himself he would fall upon and worry him.

If the history of the civilized part of mankind affords such abundant evidence of the propensity of human beings to contend in arms with each other, that of savage life appears still more to confirm the same fact; for although some philosophers have chosen to vent their spleen against the institutions of polished society by lavish encomiums on the equity, mildness, and beneficence of men in the simple state of nature, it is ascertained by the concurrent testimony of all veracious travellers, that the several tribes existing in that condition, or near it, are found to wage perpetual and merciless war with their neighbours. Thus in Keate's elaborate and rhetorical account of the Pelew Islands, after the inhabitants had been painted in glowing colours as the most amiable and benevolent of human kind, it came out from a plain fact that they were constantly engaged in hostilities with the neighbouring islanders, in which the captives on both sides were invariably put to death. And it evidently appeared that the hospitality they displayed to the shipwrecked English was for the purpose of engaging them to assist with their fire-arms in expeditions against their foes,—a condition that was complied with! Many savage tribes make a constant practice of massacring all strangers who come within their reach; and not a few satiate their ferocity, or their carnivorous appetites, by feeding on the carcasses of the slain.

From the preceding survey of mankind drawn from the records

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of their actions, it might be inferred that the proposed question is decided, and that a state of war is the inevitable consequence of the nature of man. But various considerations may be adduced to show that this would be a precipitate conclusion. In the first place, a great portion of human life escapes the notice of the historian, whose attention is commonly occupied with the events that produce remarkable changes in the political state of nations, and which necessarily include scenes of contention and hostility, while the quiet and pacific course of things glides along without regard. Hence, wars seem more frequent than they really are; and while they only, like the red letters in an almanac, mark out points and eras with large intervals between them, they appear to the cursory observer to occupy the whole space. In fact, the works of peace, so conspicuous in many flourishing countries, demonstrate that peace must long have existed in them. Wealth, arts, letters, plenty, populousness, order, are all the products of internal tranquillity, and are incompatible with the alarms, the devastations, and the avocations of war. Even distant warfare exerts a blighting influence upon them; and when it is brought home to a people, all the fair forms of civil life vanish before it.

Then, although history has chiefly delighted to dwell upon the splendid page of wars and conquests, it has not wholly neglected to record examples of humane and pacific policy. States are found at different periods flourishing by their industry and natural advantages, without usurping on the rights of their neighbours, and long preserving themselves in peace by their disposition not to molest others, and by a capacity of defending themselves if molested. The reigns of many kings, like that of the philosophic Numa, have been entirely pacific; and if they have not ranked in popular fame among the most illustrious of their line, they have often enjoyed a heartfelt reward in the happiness of grateful subjects.

Further, although the wants and desires fostered by civilization are in some respects incentives to that cupidity which generates war, yet, upon the whole, the more property, and the larger share of the comforts of life, are accumulated in a community, the greater are its inducements for preserving tranquillity. This is very sensibly experienced with regard to internal disturbances, which are always most discountenanced by the class which has the most to lose. And the same consideration cannot fail to render that class averse to foreign wars, when there is a probability of hazard to their persons or properties in the course of hostilities. Moreover, it is certain that the community as a body must be more a loser than a gainer even in a distant and successful war. This pest is the most wasteful of all human fol-

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dies, and imposes the most grievous burdens. All the lavish expenses of Louis XIV. could have done little to the ruin of the finances of such a country as France, had they not been accompanied by the spirit of conquest, which involved the nation in continual wars. When a people, therefore, are sufficiently advanced in political knowledge to discern their true interests, and have tasted the sweets of commerce and industry, it can be only some extraordinary concurrence of circumstances that can inspire them, in the mass, with a readiness to engage in war. For, how natural soever violence and rapine may be to man, (as, indeed, all his propensities are a part of his nature), self-preservation, and the desire of quiet enjoyment of the goods of life, are at least equally so. If, therefore, civil communities were so constituted that the will of the majority should preponderate in the public counsels, and if the condition of that majority were such that peace should be its obvious interest, it might be presumed that no other wars than those of necessary defence would be undertaken. We know too well that such is not the state of the world in which we live; but it may not be difficult to suggest reasons why it is not so; and if the causes shall appear in any degree removeable, in so far we may indulge the hope that a future amelioration may take place. As no examples come so home to our minds as those drawn from our own country, it may be useful to consider the particular circumstances which have operated in producing that long series of wars in which this nation has been involved.

No situation can be more favourable to the enjoyment of peace than that of an island possessed of naval superiority; but, on the other hand, by the sense of security it inspires, it will naturally encourage in the inhabitants a promptitude to engage in foreign hostilities from which they have no reason to apprehend any urgent or serious dangers. Out of the reach of enemies, and seeing them all within their reach, capable of employing just such a measure of force as suits their purposes, and of withdrawing it at pleasure, they will be strongly tempted, upon any view of advantage, or under the resentment of any supposed insult, to resort to the decision of arms, rather than wait the effect of calm discussion. If such a nation is likewise (as it must almost necessarily be) highly commercial, though it has more at hazard than others, it is better able to protect its property than they; and by obstructing the navigation of a foe or rival, it gains the opportunity of establishing monopolies of its own products, or those of distant lands. Those, also, of its citizens who are engaged in a maritime life will always be impatient to be let loose upon the trade and treasures of a prosperous competitor. These circumstances have so eminently concurred in the case of Great Britain,

Britain, that it would be surprizing if they had not sometimes exerted their natural influence; and nothing but an immoderate national partiality can blind us to the censurable effects they have in some instances produced. They have too much fostered a spirit of domination upon what we have been taught to call *our own* element,—as if the sea were not as free to others as to ourselves; have given our naval commanders a tone of superiority and defiance highly offensive to other maritime nations; and have urged us to boundless adventures, in which we have occasionally disregarded the claims and violated the regulations of foreign states.

Yet, upon a retrospect to the immediate causes of the wars in which we have been chiefly engaged during a century past, it will perhaps appear that they do not so conclusively decide against the pacific inclinations of the bulk of the people as might be supposed; nor, consequently, render so desperate the hope of future more wise and laudable counsels as despondency would suggest. I shall pass lightly over those in the earlier part of this period, which may be chiefly placed to the account of political speculations in our rulers with respect to the fancied balance of power; or the consequences of the accession of a new family to the British throne. It will be sufficient for my purpose to advert more particularly to the wars of the present reign.

That, in the midst of which it commenced, was occasioned by disputes with the French concerning limits in North America, which certainly might seem very remotely to concern the people of this country; yet if the French acted upon a plan which, if successful, would have laid at their mercy all our (then) American colonies, and after due remonstrances refused to abandon it, I know not how the appeal to the sword could be avoided. The result of this quarrel was a wider extension of hostilities between the two nations than had ever before been witnessed, and in the end, a more glorious triumph to the British arms than history had recorded. It placed this nation on the pinnacle of prosperity; and after the restoration of peace, its progress in commerce, manufactures, and improvements of every kind, was rapid beyond all example. The national spirit rose in an equal proportion; and was more than once on the point of blazing out into a fresh quarrel, before it fell on the colonies, and involved the country in a new and disastrous war. But though perhaps a majority of the nation held the high notions of the authority of a *parent* and *superior* over *children* and *subjects*, which were the theoretical causes of the war, yet the commercial and manufacturing part of the public openly expressed their aversion to mea-
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tures of actual hostility; and the landed interest was induced to consent to them only by the minister's lure of lightening the taxes of the mother country by those which were to be imposed upon the colonies. In the progress, indeed, every effort was employed to connect the support of the war with that much-abused principle of *loyalty* which substitutes the will and wishes of the monarch to the voice and interest of the nation; and some of the very towns which had manifested their sense of its original impolicy were animated with so much loyal zeal as to raise regiments for its support. The nation however, was at length heartily sickened of a war, the original object of which, the subjugation of the colonies, became manifestly unattainable; and while the court and ministry were still bent on carrying it on, it was terminated by a vote of the House of Commons,—a most instructive example of the wisdom of a people successfully combating the folly of its rulers!

During the succeeding interval of repose, more liberal maxims of public polity seemed to prevail; and when a commercial treaty with our habitual foe and rival was projected by our young minister, orators in and out of parliament were accustomed to descend upon the truly pacific ideas of mutual interests subsisting between neighbouring nations, and the means by which the prosperity of one might be made to conduce to the advantage of another. These were then considered as the true commercial principles, not those of establishing monopolies by compulsion, and ruining competitors. The term of *national enemies* began to be regarded as barbarous and ill sounding; when the mighty event of the French revolution, with its direful consequences, darkened this cheering prospect, and plunged Europe again into all the horrors of blood and devastation.

By what a concurrence of circumstances we were impelled to take a part in the confederacy against that distracted nation, is fresh in every one's memory. The alarm of the higher orders artfully communicated to the lower, and associated to every sentiment that could inflame the passions, was soon able to extinguish the good will with which one free nation first looked upon the acquired freedom of another, and to revive all the bitterness of ancient enmity. Though no specific object of the war was held to view, yet each class was assiduously taught that it was fighting for its own peculiar objects; the rich for their property, the merchant for his trade, the pious for his religion, the patriot for his constitution, and all for security. The events of the war, however, were such, that the return of peace was hailed by the people with uncommon demonstrations of joy, and the two nations immediately rushed to a friendly intercourse.

It is needless to lament the very short period of tranquillity, or to enquire by whose fault hostilities were renewed. We have now seen several years of a second war, without any other apparent purpose than that which experience proves to be absolutely unattainable by our arms,—the subversion of a power which war alone has raised to its present formidable magnitude. Heartless and hopeless, overwhelmed with taxes and mortified by disgraces, the nation submits to it in silence, rather under the persuasion that it is unavoidable, than with any reasonable prospect of a fortunate issue. There are classes of men, indeed, whose interests lead them to wish its indefinite protraction; and on the failure, some time since, of negotiations to put an end to the immense waste of blood and treasure, the Exchange of London resounded with a savage yell of exultation from a herd of stock-jobbers, monopolists, and contractors. This involuntary burst of feeling may serve to indicate those persons whom, if the nation ever becomes really desirous of lasting peace, it should regard with suspicion, and exclude from the public counsels—men who have no permanent concern in the welfare of the country, and who are upon the watch to make advantage of its difficulties and distresses, upon which, and not upon its prosperity, they found their expectations of raising a fortune. That at the present moment all but such men, and the immediate instruments of war, would heartily rejoice in a peace that should alleviate their burdens and quiet their fears,—that should open a regular market to the merchant and manufacturer, and secure the landowner and capitalist in the enjoyment of their property,—it is impossible to doubt. By what means it is to be obtained, is a question which I do not profess to discuss. It is sufficient if the preceding observations have rendered it probable that a time may come when the nation, instead of the grasping projects of domination which it has too fondly entertained, shall adopt a sincere desire of living peaceably among its neighbours, content with the distinction it cannot fail to maintain by the effects of its superior knowledge and activity.

Peace, however, it will be objected, does not depend upon the disposition of one nation, unless it consents to submit to all the injustices that may be practised against it. This is true; but moderation, when joined with innate strength, will avert all the usual causes of quarrel; for they who do not themselves offend, yet show themselves able to repel an offence, are seldom molested, either in public or private life.

But how, it may be asked, shall a nation desirous of peace be enabled to enforce that policy at home against the will of an ambitious king, the intrigues of a rash minister, or the machina-
tions

tions of those subordinate classes who have so often succeeded in kindling the flames of war for their own interests? Obviously no otherwise than by the influence of a constitution that effectually subjects partial wills to the general will. The British Constitution in its purity possesses that advantage; for although it has placed the actual declaration of hostilities within the prerogative of the crown, yet it has provided a sufficient check to its exertion in the responsibility of the crown-ministers. But such a responsibility must be real, and not nominal; which it manifestly becomes when the sanction of a subservient parliament can be previously obtained to all the measures they choose to adopt. Thus, in this great point of national welfare, as in every other, all is found to revert to the fundamental maxim, that *an independent parliament is the only security the nation possesses against the errors or vices of its government*; and I cannot better conclude this paper than by leaving this important truth upon the minds of its readers.

J. A.

ART. XVIII.—*Doctor Bentley.*

“At his impenetrable armour of celestial mould, the critics, both Oxford and Cambridge men, both aliens and his own brethren, in those days, very generally united in brandishing their *bull-rushes*, from an ignominious jealousy, I fear, of his superior acquirements.—It might be said of Bentley, as of the shield of the Trojan hero :

“Unum omnia contra
Tela Latinorum.”

“Alone sufficient to sustain the war.”—DRYDEN.

Gilbert Wakefield's Memoirs, Vol. I. p. 70, 71.

THE talent of wit, as it is sometimes a noble assistant of truth and virtue, so at others is a dangerous weapon of malignity and detraction. “Lampoons and satires,” says a great moralist, “that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but render it incurable.” Certain it is, that the characters of some men live more clearly in the writings of the satirist than in their own,—a circumstance by no means to be complained of, where the satire is just as well as witty,

witty, but only when the misrepresentations of malevolence are seconded by talent, and prevent a candid enquiry into works of merit. When Dryden indignantly exclaims of his "numerous little enemies," that in his verse

"their names to all succeeding times
Shall live, in spite of their own doggerel rhymes,"—

we know the utter contemptibility of those enemies, and therefore sympathize in the great poet's indignation: but when the venerable name of Bentley is assailed by the satire of Pope, and his writings condemned with indiscriminate censure,—we are constrained, in very humanity, to deprecate such barbarity, and to cry out, shame! on the prejudices of the satirist.

That the wounds inflicted by the pen of the satirist on the reputation of Bentley are not quite incurable, we have good reason to hope: but there is little doubt, that the generality of readers, who have not examined the voluminous writings of this profound critic, are too apt to take on credit the character of him drawn by Pope in the fourth book of the *Dunciad*. With full confidence in the truth of this character, and delighted with the humour of its delineation, they hastily condemn, as a haughty and illiberal pedant, a man who was an ornament to the world of literature,—who was the most profound scholar* this country has produced, and the boldest and most successful champion of ancient learning.

This bitter libel upon Bentley, (for a libel it is of the most barbarous kind),—though it is upon the whole too diffuse, and might gain something in strength from a skilful condensation,—is yet written in Pope's best manner, with an easy, uninterrupted flow of wit, which is but too well pointed by a violent feeling of personal malignity. The opening of his address to the Goddess of Dulness, is irresistibly ludicrous:—

"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt!—is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains,
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains,
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again."

But, says that most ingenious of critics, Warton, "his Horace ought not to be ranked with his Milton, as containing many acute remarks and happy emendations; and therefore did not
make

* It may be questioned whether Porson was so profound a scholar as Bentley: undoubtedly, he was a more elegant one, and he had the advantage of his predecessor in a superior taste.

make Horace dull." Here, then, is a vigorous defence of Bentley! Here, then, is a candour, which really does—

"descend
With bigot zeal to combat for its friend!"

But, what? Is there nothing more to be said of Bentley than that he did not absolutely "make Horace dull?" Nothing of his critical sagacity and extensive learning?—But, poor Warton! he was an Oxonian; and, at the time he wrote, Oxford was yet sore with the flagellation which Bentley had given her.

That Pope, in his animosity against the great scholar, should ridicule the discovery of the Digamma,—unmindful or ignorant of the vast service which the discovery had conferred on his own Homer,—that he should speak with contempt of Suidas, Gellius, and Stobæus, as "dictionary-writers of impertinent facts and barbarous words," is not very surprising, because, as Dr. Jortin observes, he knew very little of their works: but that Warburton, the learned, the profound, the classical Warburton, should not only contumacious, but even by his own act aid and abet so gross a calumny,—seems to be such an act of voluntary self-degradation, as no consideration of personal partialities can excuse, and scarcely any deed of literary treason can parallel. In spite, however, of the absurd raillery of the "unlicensed Greek" of Suidas, the value of his work has remained undiminished and uncontested; and for the admirable use Bentley has made of it, he has been rewarded with the thanks and the admiration of every scholar in Europe.

To pass over the intermediate parts of this facetious caricature, the conclusion is distinguished by the same mock-heroic dignity as the beginning: there is the same ludicrous air of sullen pride, the same abrupt and contemptuous self-importance: and the comparison, in the last line, to Ajax' spectre, gives an admirable finishing to the whole picture:—

"But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
Walker! our hat—Nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away."

Walker, we are told, was Bentley's constant friend in college. But it gives an additional air of ludicrousness to the dignity of the critic, to remember, that Walker was moreover Vice-master of Trinity College at the time that Bentley was Master; and how laughable an effect arises from this contemptuous employment of inferior officers, will be immediately recognized by those who have witnessed Kemble's exquisite touch of burlesque in the character of Coriolanus, where, with a proud disdain of so unworthy

worthy an accoutrement, he throws his shield to his lieutenant to carry for him!

If it be unjust in a satirist to present to his readers an exaggeration of faults which do exist, though in a less degree,—to make a purposed concealment of excellencies, or by a ludicrous perversion to turn those very excellencies into ridicule,—then we must take the part of Bentley, and acknowledge that Pope's hostility against him, as it originated in a mean and petty cause, vented itself in unfair and unreasonable invective. Yet Bentley had his faults; and these faults are exposed by Warburton, in a long and excellent note on the imitations of Horace,* with a candour which has not scrupled to do justice to the merits of our great Aristarchus, and which would have been yet more honourable to the commentator, if it had not been displayed after Pope's death. In this note, however, one of his most objectionable faults is unnoticed, viz. the unsparing severity which he has exercised towards the errors of those who differed from him. It would have been strange indeed, if this fault had been very strongly censured by a man so self-confident and so vehement as Warburton: and if a clamour has been justly raised against it by others, it is at least fair to pay so much deference to Bentley, as to judge him by the same rule of forbearance, by which he has judged others. "If," says he, in his Preface to his Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris, ("immortalis ista dissertatio," as it is called by Porson) "if a magisterial air and too much heat and passion appear in their writings, a candid reader will forgive it, and say, *Sume superbiam quantam meritis*: he'll impute some of it to their temper, but the most to the ill usage they met with from envy and detraction." Now, he who could make such allowances for the want of temper betrayed by others, and could generously impute it to "the ill usage they met with from envy and detraction," may reasonably demand the same allowances for himself: he may, surely, be supposed to have written from his own feelings, and to have made a kind of tacit acknowledgement, that his own temper had been somewhat soured by illiberal detraction, and that a just indignation had produced in him a spirit of unjust virulence. Certain it is, that no man ever endured a heavier load of envy and reproach, than he; and this might furnish some apology for his occasional warmth of temper: and, at the same time, he has used a singular temperance, as remote as possible from dogmatism and insolence, in refuting the errors of the "very learned Mr. Dodwell;" nor has he been at all sparing of praise and respect, where they were due,—as in speaking of Casauban, Scaliger, &c.

* Illustrated by Bentley and Warburton. The

The other great fault of Bentley cannot be so easily defended. It is his want of poetical taste, which has given the chief occasion to his enemies to reproach him; which has reduced him to a place in the same satire with the Dennises, the Durfleys, and the Blackmores; and which has done much towards withering the laurels he had acquired by his stupendous learning. As a commentator on Horace, he has displayed much arrogance and tastelessness,—mixed, however, with much ingenuity and a considerable degree of successful criticism:—but his Milton is altogether a

—“*monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*

A vitis;”

a publication, consisting of conjectures without taste and without plausibility,—of ignorance supported by impudence, and wild fancies patched up by vanity. *Ex. gr.* in Book I., for that expressive passage,—

Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest, that swim th' ocean stream,—

Bentley says, “Read—

Leviathan, whom God the vastest made
Of all the kinds that swim the ocean stream.”

Here we see “slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,” and employing it in the most unmerciful manner. But this single specimen will satisfy the admirers of Bentley, that his “Emendations” of Milton must be given up to oblivion, as a work of which there is no hope: and, after such a specimen, it is a peculiar gratification to turn to the fairer side of the great critic's character,—to contemplate his amazing learning, and the depth of his researches; the solidity of his knowledge, and the benefits which resulted from it to the commonwealth of literature.

There seems to be no branch of learning with which this wonderful scholar was not acquainted; none, in which he was not thoroughly versed. He had read the writings of the ancients upon all subjects; and he had so read them, as to retain not merely a superficial knowledge of their contents, but an intimate and minute acquaintance with their several parts: he comprehended, at the same time, the general spirit and meaning of the whole, and the various bearings and connections of the inferior divisions. And he appears to have enjoyed so happy a memory, that what he had once made his own, was always ready at hand when required for use: upon whatever subject he was engaged, whether critical or historical, he brought forward to its elucidation a vast store of learning, which he did not squander away for the purpose of ostentatious parade, of unnecessary quotation, and unintelligible confusion, but employed for illustration

and

and improvement,—and that, too, with such a felicity of application as no man ever possessed in an equal degree with himself. This excellent qualification shines in the fullest perfection in his *Dissertation on Phalaris*; a work, of which it may, without much danger, be said, that it contains more learning than any other single book in the English language.—Mr. Boyle, of Oxford, it seems, had published certain Epistles which he ascribed to Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum. These Epistles, Bentley, from an honest conviction, one would think, and regard to truth, declared to be spurious; and he immediately published to the world the grounds of this opinion. That Boyle should feel offended at this declaration, is not very wonderful, though very illiberal; but it is generally believed that he was assisted by the rest of the Oxford wits in the scurrilous answer which he prepared to Bentley's publication. In this answer the reasoning of Dr. Bentley is controverted, his meaning is distorted, and his abilities are vilified; and he is rewarded with such harsh appellations, as but ill become the disputations of scholars and of gentlemen. It was after this provocation that Bentley rose up with his gigantic strength, and went forth to the contest armed with a just indignation: he summoned all his powers,—his accumulated stores of learning were employed with successful skill,—and he gained an easy, but complete victory over the combined forces of the University of Oxford. He exposed the cavils and false logic of his adversaries, he corrected their errors, and chastised their impertinence; and, finally, he left no man unconvinced, that the *Epistles of Phalaris* no more belong to Phalaris than to the Nabob of Oude.

In addition to the important service of exposing the imposture of these Epistles, he interspersed in the work so much adventurous information,—he corrected, “*currente calamo*,” so many corrupt passages of so many different writers,—and he cleared up so many obscure points of history, that if he had failed of making out a case of the forgery of the letters, his book would still have been, for its internal merits, inestimably valuable.

But Bentley was not a mere scholar,—he was not a mere thing patched up by the pedantry of schools, and stuffed with a collection of words and sentences and languages:—such accomplishments could never have qualified him to encounter with such success the sneers of the ignorant and the assaults of the malevolent:—he possessed a strong natural genius, which was happily seconded by his learning; and these qualifications were so admirably blended together, that they extricated him from difficulties, in which neither of them singly could have availed any thing,—in which neither the “*rude ingenium*,” nor the “*studium sine divite venâ*,” could have accomplished his deliverance. His

character is well described, though not very favourably, in that passage of Cicero, which has been already applied to him by Warburton:—"Habuit à naturâ genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat; quod erat in reprehendis verbis versutum et solers; sed sæpè stomachosum, nunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum."

His style is distinguished by a raciness which we do not often find in the writings of such profound scholars. There runs through his works a perpetual strain of wit, which sometimes looks very much like pertness, and now and then degenerates into coarseness; but which, in general, hurries the reader forward with a lively pleasure over the most barren ground of criticism, and makes him forget the dulness of the road in the agreeableness of his company. He was a perfect master of his own and of the Greek and Latin languages: he displays a remarkable acuteness in detecting any irregularities of diction, and a prompt facility in quoting the writings of others, and applying them to their own condemnation. If, as Horace says,—

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo,—

this praise cannot be denied to Bentley, who never failed to instruct by the most profound learning, at the same time that he amused by the most agreeable pleasantry.

When it is considered, in addition to these excellencies, that this great man was constantly occupied in what would procure glory to himself and confer a benefit on society,—that his life was not wasted in idleness, nor his strength exhausted upon trifles,—that, though exempted from any necessary obligations to exertion, and living in a College among the most indolent race of men under the sun, he yet voluntarily chose to suffer toil and tribulation in the cause of letters, rather than wanton in ease and luxury;—we may be allowed to wonder, what could unite almost all the writers of his day in a league against him, and render him the laughing-stock of his generation. Gilbert Wakefield, we see, attributes it to an "ignominious jealousy of his superior acquirements;" and this may, perhaps, be sufficient to account for his unpopularity among the "Oxford and Cambridge men:" among men who sleep upon their Fellowships, and naturally feel indignant if any one cast a tacit reproach upon themselves by rising up and calling for his "calamum, chartas, et scrinia."—But this is hardly an adequate ground for that hostility which was manifested against the great scholar from the nation in general: Pope's satire, probably, went a great way towards it; and his enmity to Bentley is imputed to a cause, equally foolish in itself, and disgraceful to the poet. We are told, that "At-

terbury,

terbury, being in company with Bentley and Pope, insisted upon knowing the Doctor's opinion of the English *Homer*; and that, being earnestly pressed to declare his sentiments freely, he said, 'The verses are good verses, but the work is not *Homer*,—it is *Spondanus*.' "

VINDEX.

ART. XIX.—*Atys the Enthusiast*;

A Dithyrambic Poem translated from Catullus, with Prefatory Remarks,

THE adventures of the eunuch Atys seem to have been great matter of controversy among the ancient writers, and accordingly the poets altered or embellished them as they chose, except with regard to the main incident. As a matter of taste however, it is of little concern what may have been the original story,—whether Atys was or was not the first who raised his mistress Cybele to the rank of a goddess,—whether her revenge for his infidelity or his own remorse on the same account was the cause of his misfortune,—or whether he was the same as Adonis or Osiris, a Greek or an Asiatic, a shepherd or a prince. If the story was an astronomical or metaphysical allegory, as the Platonic cabalists supposed, it was in too bad a taste to have been of Greek origin; if it was the adventure of a real person, it may have originated in any country and in any superstition, and will never want corroboration, as long as mankind think to please their Creator by the most painful and preposterous sacrifices. Similar facts have not been wanting in our own times, not to mention those of early Christianity; and in truth, what have the monks been in all ages, but so many professed though not indeed practical Atyses, who denied themselves in conscience what they took care to retain in capability? It is most probable therefore, that Atys was really a religious enthusiast, who mutilated himself in the hope of extinguishing his passions, and founded a severe and fanatical sect in honour of the Mother of the Gods; and it is under this character he is represented by Catullus, whose poem on the subject is not only one of the most singular, but one of the noblest remains of antiquity. Had this poem been a loose one, or in any respect of a loose tendency, a translation of it would never have found a place in the REFLECTOR; but Catullus, duly impressed with the nature and interest of his subject, has treated

it in a manner that might have made Pope himself blush for some parts of his *Eloisa*. As a piece of composition nothing can be completer than its arrangement and whole conduct; as a piece of interest, there is no poem of the same brevity that unites with so powerful an effect the two great tragic requisites of pity and terror. In the beginning all is hurry and brief execution, followed by enthusiasm; then, after a night's sleep, come recollection and repentance; then returns madness and rapidly shuts the scene; and the poet, in the agitation of his sympathy, concludes with an impassioned prayer to Cybele against similar visitations on himself. These are the productions, which seem really to proceed from inspiration, and from which the poet may well be supposed to rise with a shaken frame. "All the allegories," says Gibbon in allusion to this story, "which ever issued from the Platonic school, are not worth the short poem of Catullus on the same extraordinary subject. The transition of Atys from the wildest enthusiasm to sober pathetic complaint for his irretrievable loss, must inspire a man with pity, an eunuch with despair." (*Dec. and Fall*, 8vo. Vol. IV. Note p. 72.) In a translator perhaps it is not very becoming, certainly it is not politic, to dwell upon the beauties of such an original; but it is due both to the Latin poet and to the English reader; and whatever faults the following version may possess, must be charged entirely to my own boldness in attempting it. There has hitherto been none, I believe, in our language but by the anonymous Translator of Catullus, who in the notes to his work has shewn a taste singularly contradicted by his poetry, and of whose translation it may be said altogether, that it possesses nothing whatever to atone for such a gross violation of decency as a complete version of Catullus must necessarily be. With an Italian Catullus, after much diligent enquiry, I have not been able to meet; and I regret exceedingly this want of success, not only because the English and French translators are inclined to speak well of the attempts of the Abate Raffaele and Signor Biacca, but because the genius of the Italians and of their poetry seems peculiarly fitted for enthusiastic imitation, and the search might have been well rewarded. As to the French, it seems in vain to look for the preservation of our author's vigorous beauties among a people, whose best imitators convert the reasoning of *Hamlet* into flippancy and Milton's *Adam* into a fine gentleman. M. Noel, in the notes to his wretched prose translation, published at Paris in 1803, has quoted an imitation of the poem on Atys by a modern writer who talks of having attained the "dithyrambic march" of the original and of "painting" the effect of the several instruments by harmony of sound and diversity of rhythm. Of this imitation some parts are ridiculous and others disgusting. A specimen

cimen of the former will suffice. Speaking of the feelings of Atys on coming to his senses, the bashful Frenchman says,—

Atys s'éveille alors; l'indulgente Vénus
Semble encore apparaître à ses yeux éperdus;
Il est calme. Abaisant une faible paupière,
Il se cherche, rougit,—accuse la lumière; &c. &c.

The faults of preceding writers can justify none of mine; but they have at least taught me to avoid these gross aberrations from the original. Setting aside the proper freedom of a translation, which endeavours to accompany the poet's ardour rather than to tread in every print of his feet, it is only in two instances that I have made any considerable deviation from my author's text;—one, where he alludes to a custom of which neither our manners nor morals should endure to hear,—and the other, where he converts Atys, on his emasculation, into a female. The above-mentioned English translator, to use his own words, has “hazarded this change of sex” in his version; and he has touched the change more spiritedly than the French imitators; but the effect is still very awkward;—

Now when his limbs despoil'd of sex he found,
Saw the fresh life-blood trickling stain the ground,
Then, female-stamp'd, her soul by conflicts rais'd,
With snowy hands the timbrel light she seiz'd,
The timbrel sacred with the trump to thee,
At thy dread rites, maternal Cybele!
And, as the loud drum her soft fingers struck,
Thus to her mates in song she trembling spoke.

Vol. I. p. 209.

In fact, the genius of the English language will not allow this determined metamorphosis, however warranted it may have been by that of the Latin, and by the light in which the ancients regarded eunuchs. I have therefore substituted the pronoun *it*, as expressive of neither sex, though nevertheless applied to beings respecting whose sex we may be doubtful or indifferent, as children and animals; not to mention, that this pronoun, when used on any mysterious occasion, has an air of solemnity and perplexity, that seems peculiarly to adapt it to the present subject. The use of irregular versification I do not call a deviation, since it would be impossible by a continued heroic measure to give any idea of the anxious rapidity of the original; * Alexandrines would have

✱ 4

been

* Of the Galliambic verse and its effects on the passions of the hearers, we are told wonderful stories by the commentators, who in default of a taste for poetry exhibit a profound rapture at anapaests and iambics. They had read of the surprising influence which the incantations and fræstic ceremonies of the priests of Cybele had upon the spectators, and mistook the

been still less suitable; and Hexameters, in our language, have a kind of hopping solemnity that looks like burlesque. But the irregularity, allowed by modern poetry, had other advantages; it naturally surpasses all regular metre in *variety* of expression, and has been reckoned by the best writers the most suitable vehicle for the changeful temper of enthusiasm, as may be seen in the two most enthusiastic poems of modern times,—the *Alexander's Feast* of Dryden, and Redi's singular dithyrambic of *Bacco in Toscana*. No apology therefore is necessary for differing from the original in this respect. The verse which I have used at the commencement, and which appeared best adapted to the expression of the Latin, is not a capricious or eccentric one, being nothing but two lines of a common song measure thrown into one;—

As near Porto-Bello lying—On the gently-swelling flood.

Atys o'er the distant waters hurried in his rapid bark.

By this length of line, the reader is inclined to throw a still stronger accent on the antepenultima, and thus give the three last syllables the force of a dactyl. Dr. Johnson's ridicule of the use of long lines in expressing swiftness, seems to have been one of those hasty prejudices, not uncommon with the great critic. He judges from the length of the course, instead of the powers and sweep of the race. Long lines are not indeed essentially expressive of swiftness, but neither are short ones: the expression depends upon the progress of the rhythm or intermediate parts, and if that expression be hurrying, the long line will invigorate it by the very continuity to which Johnson objects, just as a rapid bird on the wing has a finer effect according to the length and sweep of its flight.—The succeeding variations I have endeavoured to suit to the immediate expression of exultation or rapidity; after which the heroic measure seemed to fall in, with greater solemnity, upon the altered tone and settled misery of the enthusiast. The versification upon the whole, if criticised by later models, will most likely be considered as too rude; but a carelessness of rhyme, and an occasional use of triplets, appeared suitable to the reckless vigour of the original. Even on
other

power of association for the mere power of verse. The celebrated Muretus understood his brethren well in this respect, and amused himself with cheating them by his Latin verses. Vulpius, and Burman after him, relate with admiration, and perhaps with a little professional malice, that he passed them off for Catullus upon no less a personage than Joseph Scaliger. Muretus, I believe, might have deceived twenty Joseph Scaligers; but the truth is, that his hymn to Bacchus, in imitation of our poet's Gallianbica, is an imitation in nothing but the verse, and possesses neither closeness of thought nor an atom of original fancy.

other subjects, our versification would perhaps be rather improved than injured by looking back to the style of Dryden, particularly with regard to long words at the *end* of a couplet, and the flow of one couplet into another.—But more of this at a future and better opportunity.

Atys o'er the distant waters hurried in his rapid bark
 Soon with foot of wild impatience touch'd the Phrygian forest dark,
 Where amid the awful shades possess'd by mighty Cybele,
 In his zealous frenzy blind
 And wand'ring in his hapless mind,
 With flinty knife, he gave to earth the weights that stamp virility.
 Then as the widow'd being saw it's wretched limbs bereft of man,
 And the unaccustom'd blood that on the ground polluting ran,
 With snowy hand it snatch'd in haste the timbrel's airy round on high,
 That opens with the trumpet's blast, thy rites, Maternal Mystery;
 And upon it's whirling fingers while the hollow parchment rung,
 Thus in outcry tremulous to it's wild companions sung :—
 Now rush on, rush on with me,
 Worshippers of Cybele,
 To the lofty groves of the deity !
 Ye vagabond herds that bear the name
 Of the Dindymenian dame !
 Who seeking strange lands, like the banish'd of home,
 With Atys, with Atys distractedly roam ;

Who

SUPER alta vectus Atys celeri rate maria,
 Phrygium nemus citato cupide pede tetigit,
 Adiitque opaca silvis redimita loca deæ :
 Stimulatus ubi furentj rabie, vagus animi,
 Devolvit illa acuto sibi pondera silice.
 Itaque ut relictæ sensit sibi membra sine viro,
 Et jam recente terræ solâ sanguine maculans,
 Niveis citata cepit manibus leve tympanum,
 Tympanum, tubam, Cybelle, tua, mater, initia :
 Quatiensque terga tauri teneris cava digitis,
 Canere hæc suis adorta est tremehunda comitibus ;
 Agite, ite ad alta, Gallæ, Cybeles nemora simul,
 Simul ite, Dindymenæ dominæ vaga pecora ;
 Aliena quæ petentes, velut exsules, loca,
 Sectam meam exsecutæ, duce me, mihi comites

Rapidum

And on pursue the sacred crew, till at the door of Cybele,
Faint and fasting, down they sink in pale immovability :
The heavy sleep---the heavy sleep grows o'er their failing eyes,
And lock'd in dead repose the rabid frenzy lies.

But when the Sun look'd out with eyes of light
Round the firm earth, wild seas, and skies of morning white,
Scaring the ling'ring shades
With echo-footed steeds,
Sleep, from the suffering Atys, wing'd his charms
To fair Pasithæ's expectant arms,
And the poor dreamer woke, oppress'd with sadness,
To mem'ry woke and to collected madness :—
Struck with it's loss, with what it was, and where,
Back trode the wretched being in despair
To the sea-shore, and stretching forth it's eye
O'er the wide waste of waters and of sky,
Thus to it's country cried with tears of misery :—

My country, oh my country, parent state,
Whom, like a very slave and runagate,
Wretch that I am, I left for wilds like these,
This wilderness of snows and matted trees,

To

Rapidæ ducem sequuntur Gallæ pede propéro :
Itaque, ut domum Cybelles tetigere lassulæ,
Nimio e labore somnum capiunt sine Cerere :
Piger his labante languore oculos sopor operit,
Abit in quiete molli rabidus furor animi.

Sed ubi oris aurei Sol radiantibus oculis
Lustravit æthera album, sola dura, mare ferum,
Peperitque noctis umbras vegetis sonipedibus,
Ibi Somnus exitum Atyn fugiens citus abiit ;
Fugientum eum excepit dea Pasithea sinu.
Ita de quiete molli, rabida sine rabie,
Simul ipsa pectore Atys sua facta recoluit,
Jiquidamque mente vidit sine queis, ubique foret ;
Animo æstuante rursum, reditum ad vada retulit ;
Ibi maria vasta visens lacrymantibus oculis,
Patriam allocuta mœsta est ita voce miseriter :—

Patria ô mea créatrix, patria ô mea genetrix,
Ego quam miser relinquens, dominos ut herifugæ
Famuli solent, ad Idæ tetuli nemora pedem,

Ut

To house with shiv'ring beasts and learn their wants,
 A fierce intruder on their sullen haunts,—
 Where shall I fancy thee? Where cheat mine eye
 With tricking out thy quarter in the sky?
 Fain, while my wits a little space are free,
 Would my poor eyeballs strain their points on thee!
 Am I then torn from home and far away?
 Doom'd through these woods to trample, day by day,
 Far from my kindred, friends, and native soil,
 The mall, the race, and wrestlers bright with oil?
 Ah wretch, bewail, bewail; and think for this
 On all thy past variety of bliss!
 I was the charm of life, the social spring,
 First in the race, and brightest in the ring:
 Warm with the stir of welcome was my home,
 And when I rose betimes, my friends would come
 Smiling and pressing in officious scores,
 Thick as the flow'rs that hang at lovers' doors;—
 And shall I then a ministring madman be
 To angry gods?—A howling devotee?—
 A slave for Cybele to haunt and vex,—
 Half of myself,—a man without a sex?
 And must I feel, unrespected of woes,
 Th' o'erhanging winter of these mountain snows?
 Roam through the ghastly scene for evermore,
 Skulk with the stag, and wander with the boar?

Ah

Ut apud nivem et ferarum gelida stabula forem,
 Et ut omnia earum adirem, furibunda, latibula,—
 Ubinam, aut quibus locis te positam, patria, rear?
 Cupit ipsa pupula ad te sibi dirigere aciem,
 Rabie fera carens dum breve tempus animus est.
 Egone a mea remota hæc ferar in nemora domo?
 Patria, bonis, amicis, genitoribus abero?
 Abero foro, palæstra, stadio, et gymnasiis?
 Miser ah miser, querendum est etiam atque etiam, anime!
 Quod enim genus figuræ est, ego non quod habuerim?
 Ego mulier, ego adolescens, ego ephebus, ego puer,
 Ego gymnasii fui flos, ego eram decus olei:
 Mihi januæ frequentes, mihi limina tepida,
 Mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,
 Linquendum ubi esset orto mihi Sole cubiculum.
 Egone deum ministra, et Cybeles famula ferar?
 Ego Mænas, ego mei pars, ego vir sterilis ero?
 Ego viridis algida Idæ nive amicta loca colam?
 Ego vitam agam sub altis Phrygiæ columinibus,

Ubi

Ah me! Ah me! Already I repent;
 E'en now, e'en now I feel my shame and punishment!

As thus with rosy lips the wretch grew loud,
 Startling the ears of heav'n's imperial crowd,
 The Mighty Mistress o'er her lion yoke
 Bow'd in her wrath,---and loos'ning as she spoke
 The left-hand savage, scatterer of herds,
 Rous'd his fell nature with impetuous words:—

Fly, ruffian, fly, indignant and amain,
 And scare this being, who resists my reign,
 Back to the horror-breathing woods again!
 Lash thee, and fly, and shake with sinewy might
 Thine ireful hair, and as at dead of night
 Fill the wild echoes with rebellowing fright!

Threatning she spoke, and loos'd the vengeance dire,
 Who, gath'ring all his rage, and glaring fire,
 Starts with a roar, and scours beneath her eyes
 Scatt'ring the splinter'd bushes as he flies:
 Down by the sea he spies the wretch at last,
 And springs precipitous:—the wretch as fast,

Flies

Ubi cerva sylvicultrix, ubi aper nemorivagus?
 Jam jam dolet, quod egi, jam jamque poenitet.

Roseis ut huic labellis palans sonitus abit,
 Geminas deorum ad aures nova nuncia referens,
 Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus,
 Lævumque pecoris hostem stimulans, ita loquitur;
 Agedum, inquit, age ferox, i, face ut hinc furoribus,
 Face ut hinc furoris ictu reditum in nemora ferat,
 Mea liber ah nimis qui fugere imperia cupit:
 Age, cæde terga cauda, tua verbera patere,
 Face cuncta mugienti fremitu loca retonent,
 Rutilam ferox torosa cervice quate jubam.

Ait hæc minax Cybelle, religatque juga manu:
 Ferus ipse sese adhortans rapidum incitat animum;
 Vadit, fremit, refringit virgulta pede vago:
 At ubi ultima albicantis loca litoris adlit,
 Tenerumque vidit Atyn prope marmora pelagi,

Facit

Flies raving back into his living grave,
And there for ever dwells, a savage and a slave:

O Goddess! Mistress! Cybele! dread name!
O mighty Pow'r! O Dindymenian dame!
Far from my home thy visitations be:
Drive others mad not me:
Drive others into impulse wild and fierce insanity!

65

Facit impetum: illa demens fugit in nemora fera:
Ibi semper omne vitæ spatium famula fuit.

Dea, magna dea, Cybelle, Dindymi dea, domina,
Procul a mea tuus sit furor omnis, hera, domo:
Alios age incitatos, alios age rabidos;

ART. XX.—*On the Catholic Claims.*

STRONG and powerful as are the bands which rally round long-established corruptions, as members of a free and well-informed community we enjoy sometimes the pleasure of witnessing their final overthrow. To contemplate the slow but effectual progress of some great truth in practical politics to general admission, is at once gratifying and curious. The abolition of the disgraceful slave trade may be termed the most recent instance of this species of dignified and rational triumph.—Parliamentary Reform, and the regulation of our Money System, seem about to press on the general attention, and the important cause of Catholic Emancipation has advanced to a stage from which to retrograde is impossible. Predominant but most pernicious interests oppose the genial current of improvement in all these points: it becomes therefore the duty of those who are seriously and conscientiously convinced of the necessity of attending to them with honesty and ardour, to disseminate their convictions. Influenced by this consideration, the following remarks on the Catholic Church and Controversy are with diffidence submitted for publication in the REFLECTOR. Whatever opinion may be formed of their strength and pertinency, there is a pleasure in being satisfied, that the cause of civil and religious liberty cannot be materially injured by the occasional deficiency of its advocates.

There

There is much reason to think that the study of politics as a science would be materially assisted by an able dissertation on those critical periods in society, when a dissolution of ancient relations requires a considerable modification of that opinion and practice, the correctness and utility of which, in their past operation, have been decidedly manifest. A nice perception of the approach of this inevitable reaction in human affairs is a leading endowment in a statesman, and a disposition to prepare for and break the force of the recoil, the soundest he can evince. Few display the second who possess the first; and the reason is evident. There are deep-rooted interests in all states which startle at innovation of every kind, nor can the popular or general sentiment be reasonably expected to anticipate remote conclusion. Thus, unless some great and commanding genius arise, a few trite and obvious deductions from the successful past form the current politics of the great majority of every community, whose very natural fault it is, to infer too implicitly from *facts* unconnected with the circumstance or contingency which give them *soul*, operation, and merit. But that opinion may be judicious, that principle may be sound, which have neither the support of long existing establishment on the one side, nor the voice of the people on the other, will not be denied by those who are most conversant in the progress of human affairs. The interested are seldom induced even to listen, and argument being unfavourable to repose, there is a numerous body who would rather sail quietly and indolently into the gulph which has swallowed up surrounding nations, than undergo the fatigue of attention. Appeal to these would be nugatory: there are, however, among the opposers to the Catholics, many at once honest, rational, and disinterested; to such these observations are more immediately addressed. Their aim is to lead them into an examination of certain notions, taken up rather on trust than from conviction, or at best produced more by a forcible impression from striking facts in our history, than from any accurate deduction from the long train of circumstance which caused them to form so melancholy a part of it.

I. It must be allowed, there is something in the plan of that spiritual dominion, which has preserved the identity of the Roman Church for so many ages, peculiarly unfavourable to a controversy with adversaries who abound more in zeal than in candour. The priestly policy of centuries of ignorance and barbarity may reasonably be expected to afford considerable scope for critical severity, and unfortunately for the Catholic, his domineering creed allows of no appeal from the prelate regularly appointed, or the council duly convened, whatever may have been the character of the times and the actors. Such is the misfortune of an ambitious pedigree, to maintain an uninterrupted succession, from
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the Apostles and the Holy Ghost, that the spiritual enactments of every intervening knave and fool are consecrated to reverence and regard. The theory of the Romanist makes his church an abstraction from its administrators, the seal of divine authority ratifying equally the ordinances of the good and the bad, the artful and the ignorant, at all times and under all circumstances. *Churchmen* may be vile, but the *Church* cannot err; the attribute is miraculous, and the miracle is asserted. Now this system of spiritual pretension, so artfully and powerfully constructed for the prevention of schism, is more assailable from without than any other: once clear of the circle and the spell is at an end; and avarice, treachery, ambition, and cruelty,—benevolence, paternity, and Christian zeal,—are detected and acknowledged according to the philosophy of humanity and fact. The Catholic, if he dared, might answer, that it is practically so with himself, and that the ecclesiastical enactment and ordination most dishonourable to the character of his religion, are now known only by the quotations of its enemies. This fact may satisfy the statesman, (whose object, like that of a pilot in the icy seas, should be rather to clear the condensed error of ages by avoidance, than run any needless risk from concussion), but will never silence the interested controversialist, who can urge his shackled opponent to a maintenance of the infallibility, inspiration, and spiritual endowment of the most weak or the most vicious of mankind. Thus the votary of Rome, of the present day, is conquered rather by the letter of his tenet than the spirit of his practice.—That he is, however, logically in a dilemma, can hardly be denied by himself, and still less by his friends, while his enemies feel with satisfaction that the best way of fighting men is with shadows, provided those shadows are of their own creation.

But whatever opinions may be formed of the principles of the church government of Rome, as applicable to established Christianity, the rapidity of its early progress was materially owing to the early adoption of that levitical order of priesthood, which has so especially distinguished the Jew and the Christian from the rest of mankind. Every religion has been steadily maintained, which has sanctified a portion of its votaries for its guard and guidance. The people stiled the Chosen of God, by dedicating a tribe to his service, laid an effectual foundation for that tenacity of faith and observance, which has been so strikingly exhibited by their scattered posterity; and had the doctrine of Moses promised a spiritual futurity instead of temporal greatness, and inculcated the merits of conversion, it is not unlikely the loose Paganism of the Roman Empire, and the grosser idolatry of the East, might have been assailed long before the promulgation of the gospel or the flight of Mahomet. The mission of the Hebrew lawgiver was, however,

however, infinitely more limited, and the reward held out for Jewish faith and observance having been mere earthly grandeur and dominion, the effect of his theocratic institution was consistently enough confined to the seed of Abraham. An indifference to proselytism, indeed, grew out of the doctrine, since, eager as men are often found to increase the inheritors of the kingdom of heaven, they are infinitely less liberal of their mundane advantages. The beneficent spirit of Christianity proffered its blessings to the whole human race; yet, notwithstanding this enlargement of theatre and strong distinction in tenet, its priesthood having been formed on the Jewish model,* a great similarity may be traced in the priestly career of either dispensation. If we look back into the Scriptures, we find many Athanasiuses and Becketts chronicled in Israel; and even as to the locality of inspiration and heavenly communication, the Jerusalem of one age was the Rome of another. The same spiritual *imperium in imperio*, the same independence of civil rule, the same claim to a paramount jurisdiction as interpreters of the divine will, have been maintained by the high priest both of Jew and Gentile. Kingdoms have been laid under interdict, allegiance transferred, monarchs deposed, and the links of society dissolved, by the one as well as the other. The analogy might be traced even to minute resemblance,† were it necessary, such is the effect of marked institution on man: but the world begins to entertain tolerably

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clear

* This cannot be denied: for whether a regular chain of ordination commenced with the Apostles, as seems to be averred by the Episcopalians of all churches, or whether the first spiritual rulers of the Christians were merely the most zealous and respectable members of their community, as is asserted by the Independents, the quick and political transformation of the simple dispensers of regulation into an established and indelible priesthood, was the result of Jewish institution, Jewish opinion, and Jewish practice. "The first fifteen bishops of the parent church of Jerusalem," says Gibbon, "were all consecrated Jews, and the congregations over which they presided united the law of Moses with the doctrine of Christ."—A special dedication to the service of the Lord, could not but be the consequence of such an initiation. The Gentile convert quickly got rid of the weight of the Mosiac ceremonies, but a spiritual order was as essential to the inconceivable mysteries of the new religion, as to the burthensome detail of the old.

† The extraordinary resemblance of certain parts of the Jewish and Christian history in the effect of the influence and interference of the priest and the prophet, is exceedingly striking. See the conduct of Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, &c. The later prophets of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, in their occasional missions, fierce intolerance, retirement to desert places, and mode of typifying their predictions, forcibly remind us of the earlier Christian marks. Temporary inspiration and miraculous powers seemed in either cases the reward of austerity, mortification, and self-denial the most uncongenial to humanity.

clear ideas of the uniform tendency of a predominant priesthood, although to shew that similar consequences have resulted from resembling institutions in very different modes and constitutions of society, cannot but add force and accuracy to the general principles deducible from such varied experience.

Adopting the foregoing conclusions as the basis of certainly not a very flattering apology for the church of Rome, it follows that the monstrous assumptions and intolerance of its rulers are to be considered, in a very eminent degree, the natural growth of human ambition under circumstances favourable to its development; and which, after a long career, has yielded to opposing circumstances in its turn. The early prelates of the Christians would have been startled at a vision descriptive of the future arrogance and domination of their successors; yet as each of them was anxious to extend, and, generally speaking, did extend, the earthly authority of the priestly office, very extraordinary consequences were even then within human anticipation. Individuals are occasionally led out of an interested career by the suggestions of reason and conscience, or by yielding to accidental impression; bodies of men are not liable to this variation, the bias of the majority being always too strong for the exception. When, therefore, the enthusiastic zeal and pervading tenet of the Christian had created an interest worthy of government, the effect of the momentous distinction of priest and layman quickly began to appear; the loss of all directive operation in spiritual matters on the part of the laity was, in fact, the immediate consequence. The choice of the pastor, or president, had rested with the communicants at large while the congregations remained separate, but as soon as the diffusion of the creed of salvation rendered a more intimate correspondence necessary, and assemblies of their heads expedient, then it was discovered, that as the latter were the most competent judges of ecclesiastical qualification, it was decidedly for the interest of the faith, the appropriation of the holy functions should remain exclusively with them. They were right—(under Heaven) the early formation of a theocracy which led the opinion and directed the practice of myriads, was one of the main causes of its extraordinary diffusion. The necessity of courting the suffrage of multitudes would shortly have constituted as many creeds as congregations. Deprived of that formidable unity of view, combination of means, and lordly dominion over conscience,* would the Pagan have been so irresistibly overcome?

Would

* In the fond imagination of many, the primitive Christians were mild and tolerant: alas! there is little proof of this in any stage of their progress. Regard the various sects into which they were divided while equally unseparated

Would the aspect of a vast though falling empire have been so rapidly and completely transformed? It is conceived they would not; and some little should be allowed on that score by those who deem that conquest and transformation the triumph of salvation and the gospel. In fact, out of new and growing interests there commonly arises a kind of necessity for the assumption of authority by a few, and for the liberal acquiescence of the many in such assumption, the result of which is, that good is the first effect, and ultimate evil certain. This admixture of principles, it may be tritely observed, appertains to humanity in general, but it has never been more impressively displayed than in the history of the Mother Church. The zeal, the sanctity, and merits of the first Christian prelates cannot be denied; their fervid virtue yielded not to opposition; their sincerity was often ratified by martyrdom, and the welfare of the rising religion cemented with their blood. Confidence is never scrupulously bestowed on these qualities, nor is there any nice investigation of the pilot's power whilst the tempest rages. When elevation is dangerous, none but bold and ardent spirits will court it; bold and ardent spirits govern decidedly; and such were the fathers of the growing church, who laid the foundation of a power more independent of common-place vicissitude, by the nature of its origin, profession, and contact with certain governing tendencies in the human mind, than any the world had ever before witnessed. The Emperors and empires converted ceased to exist, but the influence of the priest gathered strength from surrounding ruin. Conquerors of the arts and arms of civilized society, the ferocious hordes who successively overran the territory of Europe, yielded to the zeal and persuasion of those who had now become masters in the science of both worlds,—a phalanx who appealed with as much effect to the policy and interests of this life, as to the hope, fear, and mystery, attendant on all reflection upon that which is to come.

But however aspiring the nature of a priesthood so constituted, their quick accession to such extraordinary influence was materially owing to the form and aspect of society when the progress of the Gospel began to be visible beyond the bounds of Judea. It may be averred of the boasted civilization of the Roman Empire,

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pire,

unseconded by temporal authority; not one but maintained the absolute essentiality of its own opinion, and the damnable tendency of the notions of all the rest;—not one that did not persecute when seconded by authority;—not one which did not aspire to become a catholic and governing church. It is impossible to investigate with impartiality the principles upon which that of Rome acted, when in the fulness of power her dominion was so formidably assailed, without bearing this truth in mind.

pire, that it was very partial, and confined chiefly to Rome, Greece, and the seats of provincial government. The vast bulk of population, composed of people of such various education, custom, opinion, and language, must have coalesced much too coarsely for that reciprocity of communication and unrestrained intercourse so necessary to the creation of a strong and well-founded common sense. If this is to be allowed with respect to the first centuries of the Christian progress, what is to be said of the period which followed the invasion and destruction of the Western Empire? The barbarous invader professed and respected the religion of the invaded; annihilating the emperor, he yielded to the priest, at the same time producing a mental eclipse, under the veil of which any pretension could stalk with safety the superior art or ambition of the latter might lead him to form. Let the most zealous Anti-Catholic abstract from his mind a knowledge of facts, and ask himself what might have been reasonably expected to arise out of the superstition and devotion of votaries so perfectly incompetent to an investigation of the grounds of ecclesiastical authority? Exactly in proportion to the ignorance and confusion of society did the domination of the priesthood increase, which is merely saying, the clergy possessed superior knowledge, had a common interest, and were men. In the Eastern Empire, whose fall was to be accomplished by very different enemies, no primate, whatever his influence, ever ventured to assume the lofty privileges of the Roman Pontiff. There is evidence enough to prove this forbearance to have been owing to any thing but moderation. Had not the Turks been also the warriors of a creed,—had that ferocious tribe, like the more docile conquerors of the West, embraced the opinions of those whom they subdued, it is not perfectly clear that we should have been more edified by the humility of Constantinople at one period than with that of Rome at another.

There is a striking agreement, as to the correctness of the last-mentioned premises, among the zealous opponents of Catholic Claims on the one side, and certain well-wishers to their civil rights on the other. Talk of times of ignorance and the excessive absurdity of Catholic belief, and you are hailed with rapture;—state that the excessive arrogance and pretension of the Holy See grew out of the superstition and barbarity of inundated Europe, and nothing can be more correct;—speak with contempt and derision of the understanding which can bow down to images, assert the real presence, and pray in Latin, and thousands will run from a devout repetition of the Athanasian Creed to applaud your zeal and discernment:—but venture to suggest a modest conclusion from all this, that the Catholic Creed is no longer dangerous, the Pope no longer formidable, and that a few Catholics

tholics may be legislators, judges, and generals, without annihilating liberty, law, and constitution, and you are immediately deserted. Contempt is instantly changed to apprehension:—this creed so monstrous, this practice so superstitious, this supremacy so absurd, cannot be admitted for a moment on equal ground, without a return to captivity and Babylon.—Thus Roman Catholicism, for ludicrousness of aspect and fascination, may be compared to the fabled snake, which charms the unfortunate victim into the gulph it is most anxious to avoid. How despicable all this as reasoning, as the jargon of political interests, how much worse:—assailed by such argument and opposition, Ireland will soon become the most rigid papistical country in Europe; and the conviction his own mind may fail to yield, will be furnished to the Catholic by the egregious logic of his enemies. The author of these observations neither participates in the contempt nor the fear of these miserable controversialists. He cannot exactly despise a system of priesthood which has given a complexion to the history of eighteen centuries, and which still retains influence enough to be deprecated; nor can he, on the other hand, fear the revival of a mere influential dominion, which has once yielded to the good sense and increasing knowledge of mankind.*

Nothing is more essential to a correct estimate of the march of society during the middle ages, than to separate that which necessarily sprung from the Catholic hierarchy, as a system, from the actual conduct of its various administrators. It is too much in the spirit of Protestant interference to conclude, that all which *now* appears to have been encroachment,—all which succeeding experience has proved erroneous,—in a word, all which the better sense of improved humanity has since condemned, proceeded directly from conscious fraud and deception in the priest, the prelate, or the council. It would be as much for the benefit of truth as liberality, to allow that infinite mischief might

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occasionally

* That the actual power of the Pope, even at its zenith, has been greatly exaggerated, will probably appear from a cool examination of the fate of its exertions. It has been too much the practice to confound the pretension with the fact. What strong and able sovereign was ever materially overcome by Rome? When, indeed, a weak monarch contrived, at the same time, to embroil himself with the Pope and his subjects, like our silly John, considerable results might follow from the enmity of the Church. But even the history of this period proves the empty and transitory nature of the papal triumph. The Conqueror, Rufus, or Beaucelerk, would never have been thus nominally overcome; and if a final humiliation was endured by Henry II., it principally arose from the perpetration of a rash and unspicuous murder by his servants. It was not in opposition to the civil ruler, but in conjunction with him, that Rome showed her cruelty and power.

occasionally arise out of the error of the well-intentioned, error that would have been rectified if understood.* A thorough and early infusion of the theological spirit might conceal from many a zealous prelate, that he was only ambitious when he thought himself devout, and that the triumph of the church was generally little more than the exaltation of its rulers. That species of fraud too, which is honoured with the appellation of pious, is perfectly congenial with zeal of every description, political or religious; the facility with which honest intention is sometimes seduced into the employment of contemptible means, being one of the most striking anomalies in the human character. Some of the most flagrant impositions of the See of Rome may be considered to have sprung out of a mixture of motive, not altogether undefensible. To point out a few instances of positive, incidental, and partial good, effected by the predominance of the Church, will not be wholly unserviceable, if it prevent any well-disposed mind from lending itself to that indiscriminate abuse so common to the great and little vulgar, and which those who claim a higher title, hesitate not to encourage when a dirty interest is to be served.

How much the rapid extension of Christianity was owing to the early formation of a combined ambitious and political priesthood, has already been noticed. Attend to the character of the Roman rulers when they began to yield to the zeal and perseverance of the votaries of the gospel.—Were Constantine and the first imperial and courtly professors men to be gained by pure and undeviating simplicity? They certainly were not; and yet, to deny the vast importance of their conversion to the Christian cause is impossible. Again: when the Church was more firmly established, the spirit, zeal, and policy of her extensive missions, discover the aspiring and masterly nature of the constitution which gave force, unity, and effect, to the labour. The success and utility of these exertions were, and are, manifest; not merely be-
cause

* It is, however, too much the fashion to call that error and ambition which is not. How frequently are the crusades mentioned as a striking instance of the two combined. Yet, says Mickle, "a combination which tended to support the Greek Empire for the security of the eastern part of Europe, and to drive the enemy from the southern, whatever the superstition of its motives and conductors, can by no means deserve to be called a singular instance of human folly."—See Notes to the *Lusiad*, book 7. The fact was, the power and encroachments of the Mahomedan rulers were at this time particularly striking, and a confederacy to attack them in their own dominions was not the least sensible manner of arresting their progress. The West had seen itself in jeopardy from the same enemies, a century or two before, when the victory of Charles Martel, to quote (from memory) the arch remark of Gibbon, possibly decided that Oxford should not give up Christian temples for Saracenic mosques.

cause a spiritual dominion was extended, but because the diffusion of something of the morality of the gospel, and something of practical civilization and improvement, necessarily attended them.* To say they were connected with worldly interests, is only stating the cause of their prosperity, it being a great question how far rude and uncultivated men can be made to embrace pure speculative tenets unseconded by any visible or imposing authority. How little can be done for ignorant and ferocious men of one description by the ignorant and weak of another, has been recently evinced by the miserable apostles of Point Venus and Tongataboo. The Catholic missionary sounded the venerable name of Rome,† and invited his half savage convert to the sound and undoubting repose to be found only on the bosom of an infallible church. He received them into the fold without waiting for radical and supernatural changes, wisely concluding, the points of submission and acknowledgment once gained, their more essential inspiration and improvement would be more in the power of the shepherd. Nor does this method deserve the name of art or imposition. If a Creed is to be communicated to an unenlightened people, the same indulgence must be extended to them as to children, for what are such but children? When would education finish if a child's progress was arrested until he clearly understood the nature of the general and abstract terms he must necessarily employ? And when would the conversion of a rude nation be effected, if kept without the pale until it mastered the doctrinal intricacies not always perfectly comprehended by the zealous teacher himself? The quick accession of western Europe to one religious denomination, or at least to the admission of one revelation, whatever the imperfection of the means or medium, has been productive of political consequences most beneficial and important. One train of thought, one idea of duty, one opinion of the virtues most acceptable to Heaven, pervaded the major part of Europe, although divided into numerous warlike and independent states. Setting all distinction of sects aside, how much this uniform derivation of religious and moral duty from the same source was calculated to create a common feeling and improve general intercourse, is demonstrable from a comparison of

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* There are people who will deny this, and at the same time illustrate the blessed effects of Christianity by the comparative superiority of Europe.

† A pleasant, although melancholy, association is awakened in the mind of the historical student, when he reads of the involuntary respect of the barbarian for what to him must have been merely traditional, "the long glories of majestic Rome." This was evinced by the very hordes actively employed in the subversion and destruction of the Empire.

the history of Christendom with that of any other portion of the globe. Had the Church of Rome endeavoured to propagate the faith after the manner of some recent missionaries of our own, we might very likely have been worshippers of a somewhat humanized Thor or Woden at this hour. In fact, the practical ability and good sense of the Catholic in the conversion of the Pagan, was undeniable, until, intoxicated by pride and prosperity, he finally adopted the principle of compulsion. Approbation must then cease,* but as applied to the communication of Christianity to barbarous Europe, no qualification is at all necessary. Let, then, the sanctified and elect few, soften their pious hatred of a church from whom, under Heaven, the train took rise which conducted them by wonderful mercy through thousands of notions leading to destruction, into that narrow and isolated opinion which can alone secure possession of the kingdom of Heaven. Let, also, the less rigid, who have been led away by early prepossession and an illiberal and interested cry, review with more temper the religion they so abuse, and at least admit the good effected, if they cannot attain the philosophy of forgiving the evil which can never be repeated.†

Even some of the early ingenuity of the see of Rome, which did border upon imposition, has been visited with a severity of stricture somewhat incommensurate with the offence. The usurpation of a temporal territory, for instance, if a domain could be called usurped which was claimed with quite as much justice by its bishops as by any of the Gothic captains who successively mastered it. The pretended gift from Constantine to Silvester, however calculated to impose on the illiterate warriors to whom it was produced, could not deceive, and probably was hardly intended to deceive, the people of Italy.‡ Be this as it

* There is some reason to suspect that religion was a mere pretence for the execrable murders of the Spanish and Portuguese in South America and India, the wretched gilding of rapine and avarice. This is the more likely, as many of the clergy, like Las Casas, were unwilling instruments; and what is still more convincing, a great degree of the same sordid tyranny and covetous oppression has been exhibited by the colonial adventurers of other nations,—men who retained sufficient grace to leave religion out of the question.

† Even John Bunyan, a century and a half ago, found out that which is still invisible to Mr. Perceval,—that Popery could only retain the disposition without the power of mischief.—See the passage relative to Pope and Pagan, in that coarse but accurate allegory, the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

‡ At least, more recently, the Italians have treated the subject with ridicule. Ariosto speaks of this famous deed, as discovered by Astolpho in the Moon, where all that never was to be found,—a satirical magazine of ideal and insubstantial existences.—It may be observed here, that nothing

it may, in the height of the cruelty and injustice of barbarous warfare, the creation of a patrimony of St. Peter, by sanctifying one spot in disordered Europe for superstitious reverence and consequent peace, was not the most unpardonable sally of priestly policy. It certainly favoured the revival of learning in Italy. Where indeed could literature and the arts be so likely to revive as within a circle thus dexterously withdrawn from the evils of war, and for a long time rendered unassailable by the magic of opinion? It may be doubted if this assumption was ever made with a direct view to any scheme of temporal dominion, although so likely to lead to it: the dignity and independence of the seat of religion was, perhaps, all that was originally designed. The mistaken ambition of succeeding prelates, as might have been foreseen, sought with avidity to encroach the papal territory; but the same pretension and fallacy was not calculated to succeed in every stage of the European progress; and when the individual who claimed the highest sanctity of character was observed to seek specific aggrandizement by the same means as the most unprincipled layman, a severe shock was given to the common sense of mankind. Unseconded by any thing like an adequate physical force, to expect greatness this way was futile: the legitimate empire of papal Rome was that of opinion, and she never hazarded its loss, for any cause whatever, without serious injury to herself.

The office assumed by the Pope, an office well becoming a Christian pontiff, that of being the arbitrator and appeaser of the quarrels of Europe, has given offence to many; it is conceived, rather unjustly. The theory which held the Pope to be the father of the common religion, naturally pointed him out as the referee and peacemaker of Christendom. That much deception and sinister policy would occasionally arise out of so specious an interference, where the interests of the see and the order were involved, it is hardly necessary to state; but, with every allowance for this very obvious consequence, there is also cause to believe that great good frequently accrued to the Christian community from the affected paternity of Rome. In the first place, her most permanent welfare was indisputably connected with a kind of balance

strikes a common reader with more surprise than the licence of speech and opinion which has always been assumed in Italy on the conduct and policy of the Holy See, while every liberty of the kind was so studiously repressed in other countries. The Life and Correspondence of Petrarch, and indeed all early Italian literature, exhibit the curious fact. The truth is, the Italians might talk, because the existence of the Papacy being generally favourable to their interest, their speculation was objectless; the exact reverse was the case elsewhere.

lance in Europe. Nothing was more calculated to shake her artfully constructed predominance, than overwhelming success in any one of the powers by whom her supremacy was acknowledged. The weight which was of considerable moment in a tolerably poised scale, could never successfully contend with a domineering physical superiority. The policy and profession of Rome was, therefore, in this particular, happily in unison, and many instances might be adduced of her correct and impartial mediation between Catholic sovereigns. At the same time, deviations from this prudence and propriety may frequently be pointed out, but they appear to have arisen out of the error and inconsistency of particular prelates, and to have been considered by the wiser majority as in every sense injurious to the genuine prosperity of the Holy See.

Another very forcible, and certainly not injurious, effect, has been produced in modern Europe by the system which so linked all her communities to Rome, in the foundation it laid for the improvement of national intercourse and diplomacy. As a common centre sought by all—on every account caring for all, her superior discernment led her to seek a more intimate acquaintance with the different nations of her flock, than could be furnished by the native representations of even a dependent and interested priesthood. By the employment and residence of nuncios and legates, she contrived at once to evince her pastoral solicitude, to avert what threatened, and to foster what cherished her influence. On the other hand, the continual necessity of seeking her countenance or neutrality, in every war that disturbed the Christian nations, rendered mission and intrigue as essential to their various sovereigns as to herself. There is much reason to conclude, that through this ecclesiastical medium, a refinement in diplomacy and state relations gradually grew up in Europe, perfectly unknown to ancient Greece or Rome, or any other quarter of the globe. Disgusted at much empty form and futile deception, many may be led to deny the benefit which has thereby accrued to society. They will, however, be mistaken: nations mutually improve from the study of each other, and this intellectual gladiatorship much advances their knowledge. It has no material effect, indeed, in the contentions of interest and passion, but those which take their rise in ignorance and misconception will gradually become less frequent. Out of this species of communication, a common observance and principle has, in fact, sprung up, or, in other words, a law of nations been founded. The philosopher may regret that the best is no better, but will, at the same time, allow due weight to the most remote causes of the comparative superiority.

To point out benefit which may have escaped general attention,

is a pleasant and grateful task. To apologise for evil which all has observed and none can deny, is a labour of danger and difficulty. The spirit of persecution, which has so deeply stigmatised the mother church, is more easily accounted for than excused. It is with reluctance either the head or the heart can be brought to muster even the fair palliations of the monstrous excesses acted in the name and for the professed honour of a Saviour of mankind. The only plea for these atrocities, that of mitigation, rests in the indisputable fact, that in no stage of the Christian progress did toleration form a part of the Creed or practice of *any* body of Christians. The very principle of a church of Christ visible upon earth, implies authority and unity. There cannot be *two* such churches, and that which is most able to prove itself the right, namely, the strongest, naturally seeks the annihilation of every rival. Such was the conduct of the early church, and what she termed heresies, until a final triumph secured the one which prevailed the undisturbed dominion of centuries. When again called to the contest, armed with the undisturbed authority of ages, in possession of dominion, influence, honour, and emolument, was it to be expected she would then yield, without a struggle, to pretensions she had never admitted in her most unprosperous state? Nay, let us go farther, and ask, if her enemies attacked upon a principle of greater freedom than that which led her to defend and maintain? Ever honoured be the men who assailed the monstrous usurpation, but let us never forget, they fought not for existence only, but conquest. It was not for a church, whose prosperity was dependent on opinion, quietly to suffer the propagation of any which denied her authority; and if thus compelled to exert her direct and acknowledged power in every state, to the persecution of mere negation, how much was to be expected from her alarm, when this rejection was accompanied with the declared intention of effecting her absolute overthrow? Unfortunately, it is in the nature of corrupt and overgrown establishment to be cruel on the least symptom of annoyance. That consciousness of radical unsoundness, which should induce them to review and amend, is productive of a directly contrary effect. With the ferocity of alarmed cowardice, they endeavour to crush resistance in the bud, by the most unrelenting severity, and affect to the world the decision of self-satisfied rectitude. Such alarm, and such reasoning, led to that sanguinary strength of proceeding, on the part of the church of Rome, which will prove her eternal opprobrium. Had not she been drunk with dominion, she might have regarded the signs of the times, and been wiser. The fifteenth century is a period in modern history particularly momentous: great changes in the constitution

stitution of society were then visibly taking place.* It was during this period that maritime discovery commenced, that trade and settled occupation began to flourish, and consequent interests to be created among the commonalty, the due management of which required a more elaborate and settled policy. Comparative ease and security quickly engendered a spirit of investigation and enquiry, at all times obnoxious to the depositaries of power. The priest and the governor coalesced every where to repress it; the former it certainly tended to lower; but monarchs should have known, that as in proportion to national freedom and knowledge national prosperity increased, *their* real superiority was proportionally magnified. They have, however, seldom thought so; the right to will folly, and be foolish without check or comment, appearing to them of more divine origin. In their opposition to growing reason and common sense, it is not for a moment to be imagined, that either king or clergy were unsupported by a large body among the people. There was an Anti-Jacobinism in that day as in this,—then, as now, weak men who identified existence with a certain order of things, and wicked men who derived benefit from the delusion. The religious part of the conflict which ensued was most bloody, but it should ever be remembered, it was in defence of boundless riches and power, the possession of which, fair or unfair, will ever be so defended. But blush, as the Catholic may, and no doubt many an ingenuous one does, at this part of ecclesiastical history, he should not absolutely blush alone,—a faint tinge may, with propriety, suffuse the cheeks of his most bigotted adversaries, when they recollect how frequently the spirit of a church visible broke out among the reformed as soon as the internal politics of kingdoms began to be affected by the schism.† Men generally, however, had not broken one set of shackles to put on another. Improved reason and humanity rapidly perceived the madness of positive oppression, although the negative, which is only different in

* It would be more correct to say, the latter part of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century. "History," says my Lord Bolingbroke, "may be read to this time, its subsequent progress requires study." This is only partly true, but serves to explain his opinion, that the foundations of modern policy were then laid. What but some predominant operation of circumstance could have created, at nearly the same time, such monarchs as Louis XI., Ferdinand the Catholic, Emanuel of Portugal, Henry VII., and (somewhat later) Charles V.?

† Read, for instance, an account of what the martyrologist Fox calls "the godly doings of John Knox,"—the barbarous execution of Servetus, that "godly deed of Maister Calvin," according to Bishop Hall,—with many more similar proceedings.

in degree, still continues to exist and do honour to the pious councils of the nineteenth century.

With respect to Roman Catholicism, shorn of its beams, and as it at present exists, were a plain and sensible man called upon to name what he might now consider most injurious in its faith and practice, he would probably mention the effective influence of the priest in domestic life, arising from the fact of his functions extending to a particular interference with each individual.* The priestly office ceases to be beneficial, when it goes beyond public instruction and exhortation, at least when it is allowed the *right* to a more intimate intercourse. The history of ecclesiastical Rome is the history of *this* injury. Confession! absolution! and penance! Why, a sincere and weak Catholic must absolutely be the property of the first knave in orders he applies to; and what is worse, while the knave only finds the fool, a fool has the happy art of creating knaves. The rags of Jack, says Swift, had a flaunting resemblance to the embroidery of Peter. Our Methodists, of both descriptions, have adopted a modified confession, and their preachers too frequently become the oracle, authority, and guide, of families as well as chapels. Confession, indeed, among the Methodists, is in a manner public; but only conceive this species of disclosure continually taking place in the presence of an acute and sensible man? Whether ingenuous or not, his flock is completely made known to him, and the knowledge is power. With something of plan and combination, this lever would raise a kingdom, and it is not perfectly clear, that to raise a kingdom is not intended.

The recent applications of the Irish Catholics for their *rights*—*rights* both by justice and stipulation, have given wonderful currency to that species of ridicule and sneer which the vulgar of all ranks bestow with so much complacency on every superstition but their own.† To consider the faith and observance, which almost

* This objection is seldom or but secondarily noticed by the opposers of Catholic Emancipation, because it would be easy to shew the bad effect operates a thousand times more strongly in the present bondage of the religion, than it would if the desired freedom were bestowed.

† When the quarter is considered from which a great portion of this frequently proceeds, it becomes singularly provoking. Look at the journals, tracts, and publications, of the founders and propagators of Methodism. The ordinary course of nature exists no longer, all is changed, and changed for them. It rains or it sunshines, it thunders or it lightens, coughs come and go, the tongue of the preacher is loosened or locked, the heart of the hearer is melted or hardened, all by special interference. If a fire happen, it is to burn down a theatre,—if an earthquake, to upset cards; bees sting for blasphemy, necks are broken for backsliding, and breeches are sent down from heaven. The death of a reviler is a certain judgment, because

almost alone preserved the Christian name for ages, so abounding with absurdity as to be retainable only by wickedness or stupidity, may be courtly and fashionable, but it is hardly sagacious. Yet, with a slight exception in favour of the *mild* professors of Spain and Portugal, this is the every day language of writing lords and waiting gentlewomen. Why a few moral and physical impossibilities should lead to this inference, it is difficult to determine; while to assert at once of the same thing, that it *is* and is not, is the devout credence of the most reasonable people on earth. The truth is, the understanding of man can be so little appreciated by his religious impressions, that were any well-intentioned inhabitant of this great city to erect a temple to *Foht*, it would be premature to set him down a fool without further enquiry. That the Catholic religion should be maintained steadfastly, even in a country where sacrifices are required, is no way surprising, when it is recollected how little the great majority swerve from their early impressions, and how much its discipline is calculated to render such impressions durable. As to the calm and philosophical, they are seldom disposed to formal renunciations, perceiving as they do, how ludicrously distinctions in theory are satirised by uniformity in practice, and that no religion meriting the name of a system, fails to inculcate the major morals upon whose existence the welfare of associated man so much depends. There is also a kind of willing, of devotional credulity, which men of fervid genius and tasteful endowment are as likely to exhibit as the wholly uninformed; minds of this class are led almost involuntarily to respect the antiquity of a church which professes to ascend to the founder of Christianity, and to reflect with sentiments of confidence, awe, and veneration, on the long train of mitred fathers which has dignified and adorned it. Even some of the grosser superstitions of Rome address themselves strongly to imaginations of very different degrees of refinement. That of saintly intercession, for instance; what more congenial with tender and contemplative devotion, than the idea of a spiritualised humanity, whose recollection of earthly experience leads it, through the medium of sympathy, to compassionate and intercede for those who are still struggling with this mortal coil? How fascinating a veil would the piety and genius of a Fenelon have thrown over this opinion, which even some protestant writers have not been indisposed to entertain?

cause it is clear, if he had not reviled, he would have lived for ever. What right have these men to laugh at Romish legends? The miracles of the latter, as deviations from nature, may be equally bold, but are not half so impudent as this eternal transformation of common occurrence into supernatural artillery.—See the Journals of Whitfield and Wesley, the Methodist and Evangelical Magazines, and all the rest of the nauseous and disgusting trash issued from the press and pulpit by these active confederacies.

tain? * To dilate more in this way, would be deviating from the design of these observations, a slight parenthesis may be excused, to shew, that it is the failing of *ignorance* to see things in only one point of view, and its misfortune to be excited by knavery and interest to act on its imperfect perceptions.

II. It has been remarked by Hume, that the colonies and conquests of a free people are comparatively more unequally governed than the similar acquisitions of a despotic monarchy. Absolute sovereigns, not resting so entirely on parties and interests, are soon led to regard all their subjects alike, or if they exhibit partiality, it is merely accidental and personal, like that of other men. The case is widely different, when it falls to the lot of one race of subjects to share in the government of another; the welfare and prosperity of the dependency is then uniformly sacrificed, not only to the principal as a community, but unfortunately to all the jarring but predominating interests, in their turn, who claim such sacrifice from rulers, as the price of their support. † Hume mentions Ireland, as one of the proofs of the truth of his assertion; Englishmen may blush at the illustration and its aptitude! That unhappy Island has indeed been the constant victim of sordid selfishness and sinister policy,—always the property of a few, enabled by untoward circumstance to practise upon the ignorance and prepossession of the monarch and the many. Ignorance, indeed, is our disgraceful, but best, apology; for, however strong the principle pointed out by the philosopher, had the body of the English nation been as well versed in Irish affairs as their proximity and importance demanded, a more adequate and just sense of political relationship must have ensued, and as a necessary consequence, in some degree, a better administration of government have

* Addison, in one of the Spectators, indulges an idea that the spirits of the departed just may be invisible and interested witnesses of mortal transaction. He supposes himself conscious of being under the observation of the wise and good of past ages, and adds that such a belief could not but excite to purity and virtue. Directed by good taste, he stops just where he ought, and leaves an impression on the mind at once poetical and solemn. The understanding, however, has but to make a slight step from Addison's sage to the Catholic saint.

† In conformity with this opinion, it is strongly insinuated by Mitford, that the Grecian colonies of Asia Minor were, upon the whole, more equitably governed under the Persian monarchy, than when subject to the fluctuating and arbitrary rule of Athens or the other republics, their particular founders. These observations cannot be intended to exalt arbitrary sway, or to depreciate popular influence; but if a consequential evil occasionally attends a noble cause, it is right to avow it, that mind, *almighty* mind, may be exerted to lessen the evil and maintain the good.

have followed. But true it is that, until within these few years, the majority of even well-informed Englishmen were decidedly more ignorant of the manners, customs, and aspect, of real Irish society, than with those of any other kingdom in Europe.* This neglect and apathy towards a country so every way important to their own, is a remarkable anomaly in the character of a solid and investigating people, and the omission is the more striking, as there is probably no history more deserving the regard of the modern political student, than that of Ireland since the English settlement,—none which has features more peculiarly its own. The misfortune is, the study cannot be made flattering to either nation. The very fact of a country held in subjection by a powerful neighbour for seven hundred years, by the practical application of the maxim,—divide and govern, is in every sense discreditable to both:—a certain mean kind of superiority may be assumed by the latter, but if admitted, the palm is not that of wisdom.

Nothing is more common than for nations and individuals to mistake the sources of prosperity and misfortune, of honour and disgrace. The amateur of Irish antiquity can trace back to ages of heroism and glory, of holiness and civilization,—can boast, that the Roman Eagle was never planted in the soil of Erin, that the term conquest could never with propriety be applied to any dominion acquired over her. The assertions are true, but barren are the laurels. However we may philosophize on the conquering principles of Rome, wherever her standard was permanently reared, a kind of establishment and order of things took place which no succeeding ruin could perfectly overwhelm. To effect a common feeling and understanding throughout the members of her extensive domination was impossible, but wherever she ruled the barbarian was always left something to admire, to study, and to imitate; and had Ireland, like Britain, been a Roman province, a better

* In the minds of Englishmen, all reflection on the neighbouring island is so connected with ideas of turbulence and discontent, they receive every information of that description without either surprise or uneasiness. Nothing can be more detrimental to national improvement than this kind of concatenation, which misleads enquiry, by inferring a self-evidence which does not exist. Injustice, partiality, and oppression, on the one side, and ignorance envenomed by a sense of injury, on the other, will create disorder any where, as the English might have known better than most people. Swift strove hard to break the spell which locked up their discernment, but being followed by no men of equal abilities, public opinion soon reverted to the ancient level. At this very writing, a rebellion in Ireland would not create half so much sensation, as a defeat in Portugal.

better foundation for after improvement would most likely have been laid than was afforded by the constitutions of Heber, Heremon, and Ith.* To pursue the same train of reasoning, it is more than probable, if the settlement under Henry II. had been a Norman conquest, if a single great battle had decided the fate of the island, and a Domesday-book been formed, an amalgamation of the conquerors and conquered would as speedily have followed as in England. In fact, the conquest which ends in a mere transfer of allegiance, however grating to national feeling, and however abounding with temporary calamity, is every way less unfortunate than that partial kind of mastery which was obtained by the first adventurers in Ireland,—a baleful species of intrusion, which ensures war for ages, makes rapine and injustice the natural course of things, and sows the seeds of those deep rooted antipathies which are the bane of every improvement, moral, social, or political.

The retrospect is indeed melancholy: a few bands of warlike foreigners are invited to avenge the real or supposed injuries of a native chieftain, by promises of cession and settlement adequate to their various exertions and pretensions. Their partial success, while it excited the jealousy, was rendered subservient to the ambition of a monarch of the most extensive and enlightened views, who had himself previously formed a scheme of conquest, which he was unfortunately † prevented from realising by the urgency of his other affairs. A nominal sovereignty accrued from these subordinate attempts, but the real acquisitions were merely those of a few individuals, thereby transformed into powerful barons, enabled by distance and situation to carry the oppression, tyranny, and misrule of a feudal aristocracy to its utmost extent. The immediate successors of Henry II., besides being destitute of his abilities or policy, had to contend too much with the same species of power in England, to be enabled to check its enormous growth in its half nominal dependency. That Ireland should retain even the shadow of subjection under such a system for a length of time would appear extraordinary, were it not that the same spirit which might have urged one nobleman to aspire after

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* The sons of Milesius, who gave a race of Kings to the Irish.—The great attachment of the natives to this species of antiquity is natural, and might be deemed harmless, if it could not be proved to foster a spirit of national prejudice inimical to improvement.—It is rather sentiment than reason.

† The interruption of Henry's designs is termed unfortunate, merely in the sense of comparison with what afterwards occurred. Of the *justice* of his interference, backed as he was by the Pope's warrant, but one opinion can be entertained.

paramount sway, would have invariably united the rest to oppose him. As a body too, setting particular dreams of ambition aside, they felt the necessity of English connection: if emigration and private adventure from Britain had been finally impeded by a successful rebellion, their ability to sustain themselves against the exasperated native would have become more questionable. Their jealousy of every new settler of consequence was notwithstanding pertinacious and unremitting; such men were too likely to become rivals, and to lessen their power and dignity by participation. The new adventurer, on the other hand, usually backed by court favour, and entertaining a truly metropolitan contempt of the hardy Anglo-Hibernians, regarded with envy and attacked by intrigue the effective sway and influence which, by the concurring prejudice of every kind of inhabitant, a great name and a long standing were calculated to gain in Ireland. Characters of this description generally accompanied and surrounded each succeeding English Deputy, by whom, and the personal enemies of the ancient nobility, a species of floating interest was formed, always in direct opposition to the latter, although actuated by exactly similar views of aggrandizement and acquisition.—A more hopeless state of society can hardly be imagined. First appears a proud and tenacious nobility, encouraging a mixture of manners inimical to all order and improvement, and declared enemies to every species of civilization and conciliation of the native, because their rude and licentious tyranny was favoured by his ignorance and barbarity. Next is beheld a body of newer pretension, ostensibly opposed to the overwhelming influence of the first, but equally unfriendly to that sound and regular state of things which would prevent their arrival at similar power and impunity. Attention is further claimed by a native independent population, who, by their restless levity and anarchy, at once countenance injustice and court attack. Lastly, we have to speculate on a mongrel race, springing up on the borders and within the pale, anxious for the benefit of English law and protection, but whose wishes are opposed from the most wretched and rapacious of motives.* If in addition

* Leland describes a strong instance of this as occurring in the reign of the first Edward.—His observations are as follow :—

“ In the midst of various disorders public and private, when every little district shared in the general distress, and every individual was exposed to danger and depredation, those Irish who by their situation held a constant intercourse with the English, who lay contiguous to the County Lands, or whose settlements interested those of the king's subjects, found perpetual occasion to lament the manifold disadvantages of those old native institutions to which they were abandoned, and which rendered their lives and properties

tion to all this, a little reflection is bestowed on the conduct of a race of careless and non-resident monarchs, *resting* (and as the event has turned out) safely resting their sovereignty on the divisions which naturally arose from this "most admired disorder," and you arrive at the point attained by Ireland after more than three centuries of English rule,—the point from which she had to recommence her career when almost every other kingdom in Europe was visibly advancing in a sober and civilized course.

It may be alledged, in answer to all this, that there is very little use in describing the disorders of opposing factions and of a licentious and turbulent nobility, when similar tumult and oppression have not only distinguished England, but almost all the western world. There is some plausibility in this allegation, but a little consideration will quickly discover how great the difference in continuance and degree. England itself, during the two or three first Norman reigns, will probably form the closest parallel; but the residence of the monarch,—the complete amalgamation of the accompanying adventurer with the English,—the superiority of the kingdom to the dutchy,—and, in due time, the loss of the latter altogether,—quickly destroyed those fea-

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tures

ties more precarious than those of their English neighbours, so as to provoke the injustice of their enemies, at the same time that they were deprived of the necessary defence. All hopes of exterminating the English were long since resigned. The only rational purpose now to be pursued, was that of acquiring the rights and privileges enjoyed by those with whom they were thus connected, and to change the state of vassals and tributaries of the King of England for the security and advantage of English subjects. An application was made to Ufford, the chief governor, and a fine of a thousand marks offered to the king, provided he would grant the free enjoyment of the laws of England to the whole body of Irish inhabitants. A petition wrung from a people tortured by the painful feelings of oppression, in itself so just and reasonable, and in its consequences so fair and promising, could not but be favourably received by a prince possessed with exalted ideas of policy and government, and when ambition did not interfere, a friend to justice."—The author then gives Edward's gracious acquiescence, and goes on to observe:—"But his wisdom and rectitude were fatally counteracted by those who should have run foremost in the prosecution of a measure which would have prevented the calamities of ages, and which was obviously calculated for the pacification and effectual improvement of the country.—As the petition could not be openly opposed upon any principles of reason, justice, or sound policy, every subterfuge was employed, and every evasion practised. * * * * * Edward was assured, that an immediate compliance was not possible in the *present state of things*, that the kingdom was in too great ferment and commotion," &c. &c. &c.—*Island*, Vol. II. p. 242.

There is surely a fatality attendant on Irish petitions: with the exception of the thousand marks, how similar the above to more recent applications. Would a judicious rectification of the omission, certainly not as a *fine to the king*, be attended with happier success?

tures of resemblance which the common fact of a native subjection to foreign sway might have created. With respect also to baronial power and independence in *England*, it will be uniformly found, that however inconvenient to all, they were absolutely dangerous to weak monarchs only, or in times disturbed by questions of right to the crown.* In the reigns of John and Henry III., which were most distinguished by an opposition to the monarch, the dissatisfaction of the nobles was well founded, their conduct almost necessary to themselves, and whether intentionally or not, certainly beneficial to the people. How different the case in *Ireland*! The warlike and rapacious spirit of the great lords there, was exercised in a scheme of gradual extermination, or at least in the politic plan of reducing three-fourths of the population of the island to a state of helotism. The vigorous administration of the Tudors, which tamed the English nobility, at length began to exercise the same judicious policy, with a due regard to circumstance, in *Ireland*. The native chieftains were at once conquered, conciliated, and courted, and partly by solicitation and partly by coercion, some were induced to accept titles and conform themselves to a deportment something like the other nobles of the land.† It was more easy to effect this than to induce either them or the baron of English race to agree to the extension of English law and privilege. So inveterate was this opposition, that even in the reign of Henry VIII., the petitions of some inferior native septs for these benefits were overruled. The reason was obvious: it would have protected them against their more powerful neighbours.‡ The strong temper and government of this family was, however, decidedly beneficial to *Ireland*, and might have laid a foundation for better times, had not her evil genius ordained the rise of religious distinction. The birth of the latter blessing was hailed with infinite delight by the

* The wars of York and Lancaster were of a nature to divide the whole kingdom, and according to the constitution of the times, the Barons could not but interfere; but the dispute did not arise out of their ambition or pretension.

† The wary Henry (the seventh), understanding the great Earl of Kildare was forming alliances with the most powerful Irish chieftains, became jealous of his intentions. The Earl justified himself, and it is presumed, made the King a convert to his opinions, since the policy pointed out was immediately adopted, and Kildare in a great degree intrusted with its execution.

‡ After the victory of Knocktow, in this reign, obtained over the rebellious clans with the assistance of others who remained loyal,—Lord Gormanstown exclaimed to the Earl of Kildare, "We have slaughtered our enemies, but to complete the good deed we must proceed yet further—cut the throats of the Irish of our own party."

the abettors of exclusion, who soon found that the term *papist* would answer the purpose, be less invidious, and even more comprehensive, than the epithet *Irishman*. By this simple and ingenious exchange of words, the sound politics of the 13th and 14th century have safely descended to the enlightened times of George III. Few lines of policy can boast this creditable antiquity, or have been maintained through all manner of consequences with such steady and undeviating perseverance.

Consistently with the tone some time since assumed by the adversary of the Catholic, persons ignorant of Irish history might have been led to consider the era of the Reformation as the inauspicious *commencement* of a period of rancour and enmity. It would be impossible to presume any thing more contrary to the fact; to separate from Rome was certainly not the wish of the Irish, but the division and hostility which succeeded the separation was, for some time, in no respect greater than it had been before. The most sensible alteration was in name, and he who was once Irishman was now Papist, and for the same reason, because he could not help it. It had been the selfish policy of the English, to shut out the Irish from light and civilization; the grovelling interest of their nobles and settlers, to resist every diffusion of their own advantages. The sinister attempt to repress improvement always produces a kind of reaction, "the poisoned chalice" is returned to the lips of the giver, and no body of men ever succeeded in keeping others ignorant and ferocious without becoming so in a certain degree themselves. This was decidedly the case with the Anglo-Hibernian; ever in a state of broil and warfare, he had neither leisure nor inclination to attend to the theological disputes which reverberated through the rest of Europe. There was no opportunity in Ireland, as in other countries, for the growth of a common sense favourable to disquisition and enquiry, and consequently *unfavourable* to the arrogance and tyranny of Rome. "Had the generous policy prevailed of collecting all the inhabitants into one body of English subjects," says Leland, "a union and pacification of ages must have prepared the people for the reformation now proposed; but among the fatal consequences of excluding the old natives from the pale of English law, blindness and bigotry proved the natural concomitants of a disguised, uncivilised, and dissolute course of living. And the irregularities in the ecclesiastical constitution of Ireland, naturally resulting from the odious and absurd distinction of its inhabitants, contributed in no small degree to confirm the people in the grossest ignorance, and of consequence in the meanest superstition." Such is the observation of a calm and temperate divine, on the state of the Irish when Luther hoisted the standard of reason and revolt; nearly a third century has since elapsed, and Ireland is still

abused with "odious and absurd distinctions." A just opinion of the persevering tenacity of Irish politics may be gathered from the fact, that three millions of people are at this time petitioning for what was requested by the sept of O'Byrne in the time of Henry VIII.,—a participation of the law, capacities, and privileges of their fellow subjects. What was then refused to *Irishmen* is now withheld from *Catholics*. Happy Country, always productive of an appellation to sanction a government by the minority!

But independently of their comparative ignorance and rudeness, they cherished, as is common with people yielding gradually to powerful and ungenerous intruders, many traditionary and darling opinions of their past grandeur and superiority. Unfortunately, too, some of these dreams were directly favourable to the ancient superstition. Their island was the *holy* island, the renowned nursery of Saints and Apostles, always famous for religious institution and ardent zeal. A particular prejudice also existed, to which the English ascendancy owed much, and which it had industriously laboured to encourage. Ireland had for ages been deemed a fief of the See of Rome, and English dominion had been founded on the admission. The impudent liberality of the holy Father in bestowing islands may now appear as absurd as that of Don Quixote, but it wore no such ludicrous aspect in the time of Henry II., nor long after him. That monarch was no visionary; he would not have sought a Bull from Adrian had it not been of a nature to render him substantial service. The best proof of its hold on the general mind, exists in the recorded fact, that it was appealed to formally as the *legitimate* origin of English sovereignty, by various parliaments and assemblies, to the very time of the imperious beheader of wives himself.* It is impossible to conceive a greater mockery, a more insulting rebuke to national feeling, than for one of a race of kings who professed a claim by papal donation, to turn suddenly round, and without condescending to lead opinion by the slightest gradation,

* This will not be thought very extraordinary, when it is recollected the holy Father has been subsequently called upon to arrange the claims of Spain and Portugal to their respective discoveries, which he did with the utmost decision and sang froid, by dividing the largest portion of the world between them. The idea of an old man at Rome giving away kingdoms and quartering the globe like an orange, is excessively farcical in the eye of reason, but probably not in all eyes. At a late meeting of Irish Catholics at Mayo, Counsellor O'Donnell professed his acquiescence in the title of George III. to the kingdom of Ireland, as a descendant of Henry II. From certain extraordinary remarks of the said Counsellor on Popes and Fathers, there is much reason to believe, if he had been desired to name the title of Henry himself, he would have mentioned *Adrian's Bull*.

tion, call the donor and his successors Antichrists and usurpers, That it was felt so is demonstrable by the conduct of some of the chieftains in their subsequent insurrections, who affected to consider the secession from Rome a forfeiture of legal sovereignty in the Kings of England, and a justifiable apology for rebellion. The rebellions, as was observed before, were like all former ones, struggles for what was deemed right, or resentment for what were felt injuries. The plea of religion made little alteration in motive, although *some* in result. It must be confessed, when people enliven their hostilities by religious dispute, they reason, or rather unreason, themselves into an appetite for blood and horror seldom attendant on any other species of warfare. He who created the Sun, gave it as a source of light and heat to all. It is fortunate that men are not what the astronomer in *Rasselas* supposed himself to be; they would expatiate most piously on God and his attributes, and deprive one another of sunshine.

Although it is clear, from the rapid progress of the Reformation in England, that the great body of the people was ripe for a change, the conduct and politics of the two or three reigns after that of Henry VIII. were not of a nature to remove doubt or fix opinion. Henry himself drew a line as distinct from Luther as from Rome,—called on all implicitly to kneel to his creation, and all obeyed. The ministers of Edward VI., certainly in conformity with popular opinion in England, proceeded infinitely further, and the courtiers were equally obsequious.* Mary succeeded, the realm was once more Catholic, and fires were lighted to burn heresy out of the land. Elizabeth followed, and Catholics were strung by dozens. What was exhibited in these scenes of vacillation and time-serving, to enlighten ignorance or interest a rude population indisposed to change? Such vicissitude and revolution were rather calculated to strengthen their prejudices, and to lead them eventually to expect a return to the old faith and observance, in a nation which so unsteadily opposed them.†

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* The commissioners appointed in this reign to clear the churches of the decorative superstition of Popery,—images, crosses, reliques, &c. even in England, were too frequently men of low and vulgar habits, who performed their task, *con amore*, with insolence and asperity to those whose feelings or interests they supposed affected by the alteration. In Ireland, the pious antipathy of these gentry extended to every thing belonging to a church but the bare walls. They absolutely sold whatever was saleable, and acted with such rapacity and indecency, that even there, enquiry and reproof followed.

† During the whole reign of Elizabeth, the Catholics might have reasonably indulged hopes of more favourable times. For many years her presumptive

It is, indeed, impossible to conceive a tyranny more capricious and exacting than that exercised upon the Irish during this eventful century: a new creed was literally demanded from them at every accession, and this by the mere *sic volo*, without either plan, arrangement, pains, or endeavour to instruct, convert, or convince. Protestantism has never had a chance in Ireland; it has always been too valuable as a *monopoly*; were it the road to *Heaven only*, men would exert themselves to make it manifest,—but it is also the path to *honour and preferment*. Such is the fruit of exclusion, it perpetuates the distinction it condemns. A powerful but thoroughly despicable party has long disgraced the sister kingdom, to whom any very general conversion of the Catholic would be full as disagreeable as the removal of his incapacities on a more liberal principle.

The reign of Elizabeth, although her Irish administration can never be a theme for panegyric, effected the final destruction of that feudal assumption and independence, the fruitful source of so much disorder and oppression wherever they have existed. This clearance of obstruction, gave her successor (the first English monarch who seemed seriously desirous to benefit Ireland) an opportunity to grant the blessing of equal privileges to all his Irish subjects, without distinction of *racés*, and to secure their possessions from all claims of the crown.* Partially as this equitable

sumptive successor was a Catholic, and although the misfortunes and imprudence of the ill-fated Mary extinguished all rational reliance on her several years before her death, yet there was something in the manner of that catastrophe which naturally disposed both the English and Irish Catholic to form expectations from the next in line. The son could not but have been deemed indignant at the fate of the mother; and although the conduct of James was not actually such as to encourage this kind of speculation, great allowance was made for a quiescence which seemed necessary to ensure his peaceable succession to Elizabeth. The prepossession of the Catholics, that the Stuarts were secretly inclined to favour them, was strikingly visible during the reigns of the whole race, and operated much to their injury, by the unfortunate jealousy it excited.

* A party not formed of the Irish races only, but of the Catholics of the towns and within the pale; men who (to use the significant language of Mr. Parnell in his *Historical Apology*) “had at the beginning of James’s reign exactly the same habitual ascendancy over the mere Irish which Protestants have now over the Catholics.” They occupied every situation of importance under government, all offices in the law, in the magistracy; they filled the ranks and officered the army; they had long been in the habit of considering the English government in Ireland as owing its existence to their courage, their loyalty, and not unfrequently to the assistance of their private fortunes. It had always been considered as a matter of course that their Lords should be consulted on every important measure taken by government. So circumstanced, the characters of the Catholics of these days

table policy was administered by the governing junta, the good that did accrue shewed clearly what would have followed if religious intolerance had not been permitted to continue the hatred and animosity of centuries for centuries to come. The persecution which was shortly after endured by the Catholic, appears, however, not to have been so much the dictation of James, as to have arisen out of the spirit of the times. That king, on his accession, spoke of the Catholic profession with the candour and indulgence becoming a sensible monarch when alluding to the religious opinion of a great body of his subjects. But at this very crisis, the puritanism was rapidly growing up which soon after produced such extraordinary revolutions in the realm, and no reasoning could make a toleration of Antichrist popular among men of this *caste*. The consequence was, the adoption of a line of proceeding which confirmed a Catholic party in Ireland for ever. The then recent rebellion of O'Neal (Tyrone), had been the effort of ambition in an individual, who took the advantage of every thing which tended to render his countrymen discontented, religion among the rest. He and his immediate adherents were Catholics, because Elizabeth *was not*, and because they expected aid from a powerful Catholic prince her inveterate enemy. But, in the time of James, the fruits of that policy became apparent, which by shutting the avenues to consequence and acquirement in Ireland, sent every youth of promise to popish countries for education. A swarm of busy and intriguing agents were thus formed for Rome, whose incessant occupation it was, to excite animosity and discontent, by expatiating on the prosperity of their religion abroad, its disgrace at home, and the benefit of foreign

days was quite the reverse of what it was afterwards. Not habituated to degradation, their sense of honour was lively and resentful,—above suspicion, their conduct was frank, manly, and in justification bordered on defiance; their minds, unbroken by adversity and unsapped by the effeminacy of superstition, were liberal, enlarged, rich in the natural luxuriance of talent, and grateful to culture. The hereditary practice of arms had impressed upon them the best qualities of a soldier, moral and physical courage, disinterestedness, and promptitude. We see nothing in their conduct paltry, wavering, or selfish.”—In conformity with this character, so well described, was the reply of the citizens of Cork to the Deputy Mountjoy, when, on the death of Queen Elizabeth, they ventured openly to solemnize the Catholic worship. “As to the point of religion,” says Leland, “they answered boldly, that they only exercised now publicly that which ever before they had been suffered to exercise privately, and as their public prayers gave testimony of their faithful hearts to the King, so they now had to be no less careful to manifest their duties to God, in which they would never be dissembling temporisers.” “This *seditions* spirit,”—resumes Leland.—Now what was there in this spirit different from that which had created all the saints and martyrs in the world?

reign connection. These advocates, like the Irish brigades in the service of France, were absolutely of English creation, and opposed their creators with the skill and talent a less preposterous degree of severity would have made their own.

Notwithstanding this existence of religious oppression, like a canker in the kingdom, Ireland visibly increased in consequence during the reign of James. One of the first acts of his son Charles, was to sell his goodwill; he took a large sum of money for a confirmation of landed titles it was villainous to dispute, and a remission of penalties it was oppressive to enforce. The money was paid,—the benefits, for the most part, withheld. It was doubted if Charles ever intended to bestow them; of his power to do so, he must even himself have doubted. The Commons of England called it setting religion to sale, allowing idolatry for a price; and they were so far right, that it should have been allowed without purchase, if at all. But what must have been the indignation of the Catholic? Could it be said to him after this, that cruelty, fraud, or intolerance, belonged to Rome only? The excessive duplicity and mental reservations of Charles, proved most fatal to Ireland during the whole course of his reign. Always tampering with one body of subjects to support him against another, and always ready to sacrifice the votaries of his cause. The most rude and ignorant of the Catholics were thus enlisted in his behalf. That he gave any commission to the ruffian O'Neil is unproved and unlikely, but that his agents aided and abetted the movements of his barbarous followers, in the first instance, there is little reason to doubt. The issue was more fatal to Catholic respectability than even to Charles.

Whatever credit the parliamentary party might deserve or assume from their opposition to this ill-starred monarch in England, the conduct of their partizans in Ireland was mean and selfish in the highest degree. Every act of government in that unhappy country proved the fallacy of their regard for liberty, their hypocrisy in religion, and their fraud and cruelty as rulers. They had it in their power to put a speedy end to an ill-concerted rebellion; they procrastinated, because their principal object was to include sufficient guilt for forfeiture, their next to keep open a source of perpetual alarm and obloquy against Charles.* The aspect

* No people has been so insulted by pretended reasoning as the Irish.—The parliamentary leaders made it a point of accusation against Strafford, that he had defended his tyranny in Ireland on the plea of its being a conquered country. The haughty minister avowed it.—These very men, so indignant at his insolence, absolutely defended their own oppression by a similar allegation a year or two afterwards.

aspect of Ireland during the latter years of this momentous struggle, was striking and extraordinary. In the first place stood the king's party, embracing all the friends of the hierarchy, and the most respectable portion of the Catholic nobility and profession. To these were opposed, a puritanic deputy and council, nominally acting *for* the monarch, but in reality *against* him, round whom thronged all the English settlers of more recent emigration, men who held fast to the parliament and its measures through every vicissitude, with a perfect consciousness of fighting the battles of God against Dagon. A third party existed, consisting of the most ignorant of the native race, sprinkled with a few desperate adventurers of Irish birth and foreign education, headed by the Pope's nuncio, and the most absurd of the clergy. That extremes meet is a common observation; it is impossible to view the aim and pursuit of the two last of these factions without being convinced of its correctness. Their plans were exactly similar,—the present purpose of each, to make a political use of the temporary existence, and ultimately to effect the utter destruction of the other. The endeavours of the noble-minded Ormond* to bring the most irrational of the two to a sounder estimation of its own capability, were rendered nugatory by the miserable bigotry and senseless ambition of a few ignorant priests and their mongrel adherents. At one time this confederacy had indisputably a kind of balance in their hands, an advantage which they lost by the sheer ignorance of their leaders.† The decision and abilities of Cromwell at length put an end to their dreams and distractions, and however arbitrary his conduct and rapacious his adherents, Ireland felt the change a benefit. Skilful ambition always seeks to repair its own devastation as speedily as possible: thus the government of the protector's son Henry, was so far comparatively good, that when complaints

* An historian, (if memory be correct, Ferguson), in speaking of Agrippa, describes him as the first Roman who assumed that character of generous loyalty and determined fidelity to the sovereign, which, when combined with a due regard to private honour, personal dignity, and patriotic feeling, are supposed to form what, in the best sense of the words, is denominated a *perfect courtier*. Ormond was exactly all this, and unfortunate only in his masters. It is impossible to read of his temper, perseverance, courage, and disinterestedness, under circumstances the most distressing, without admiration. He was rewarded, like all the *real* friends of the Stuarts, with insult and neglect.

† That their obstinacy was favourable to England cannot be denied; had Charles been restored to power by their efforts, evil must have ensued; no adversity would have indisposed that equivocating king to arbitrary and discretionary dominion. That it would have been better for themselves, is by no means certain. It might have turned out a mere treaty of Limerick antedated: Charles would have sacrificed both them and his stipulations whenever his interest had called for it.

complaints of his administration were made by the officers of Oliver's own regiment, addresses in his favour were transmitted from every county in the kingdom. It is not unlikely that the enmity of the officers was his best panegyric.

By the Restoration Ireland was again thrown into a state of utter confusion. The blessed policy of governing one tribe of subjects and oppressing all the rest, had by this time been administered by so many hands, and produced such a plentiful crop of division, there was scarcely a man in the country who had not something to gain or to lose, to hope or to fear, by a change of government. These differences Charles endeavoured to adjust by an act of settlement; but out of claims so contradictory and so various, innumerable obstacles could not but arise, to perpetuate malice, party, and bad neighbourhood. The arrangement which finally took place, as is almost inevitable in such cases, was to the absolute satisfaction of no one. The miserable views of this *true* Stuart, in the after part of his reign, exalted the hopes of the Catholic only to precipitate him the lower. Nothing, in fact, more essentially injured the genuine interests of this body, than the political use made of them by both the Charleses. Catholics were by their means rendered a bugbear to the people of England, and from their supposed accordance with the despotic views of these monarchs, at length considered the standing enemies of liberty and good government. They never actually gained any thing by this weak and unprincipled family, while its notice so connected in the mind of the English the ideas of catholicity and arbitrary sway, the quiet of a century has failed to untwist the association. The part taken by the Catholics was however natural; what was that liberty to them of which they were not allowed to partake? There was nothing extraordinary in *their* preference of the despotism of *one* to the domineering ascendancy of *thousands*. Thus their adherence to the wretched James would have been perfectly in character, had he been much less a bigot than he was. Their side of the question was, at least, as liberal as that of their opposers. Comparatively, they fought as much for freedom, in espousing the side of James, as the English did in embracing that of William. As it regarded Ireland, what was it but a miserable contest to decide which description of millions should be slaves? It had an end worthy of it, in the famous treaty of Limerick.

There are a certain set of literary worthies, who do Englishmen the honour to put them into a good humour with themselves, by emphatically calling their disposition to blink at their national failings past or present—the *right* or *English* feeling. Consistently with the patriotic doctrine of these acute gentlemen, every thing which (nationally speaking) has been done by our ancestors, or is done by ourselves, should be pronounced, without further examination,

examination, upright, pure, and political. It is to be presumed, the geography of this instructive body has neither east nor west, or they might sometimes be led to exemplify by reference to India or Ireland. If disposed to amend their omission, let them begin with the treaty of Limerick, and deliver their opinion of that monarch, or rather parliament (for the monarch had scarcely volition) which, in the face of the article at the bottom of this page,* in the course of the next half dozen years, excluded Catholics from the Lords and Commons, deprived them of arms, denied them the privilege of educating their own children, and banished their pastors from the realm,—a breach of faith more glaring, or more fraught with deliberate tyranny and insult, has seldom stained the annals of any nation.

Nor was this all; for half a century longer, pains and prescriptions were so heaped on this unfortunate profession, that a calm observer might have been led to suppose the policy an experiment on human endurance. The restive properties of persecution were probably never better exemplified than by the event. The Catholics, like the posterity of Jacob, have absolutely prospered in bondage and flourished under privation. Hearts have been hardened, as was that of Pharaoh, in vain. They have increased in number, in wealth, and in spirit; and were they inclined, like their prototypes, to quit the land, where is the power that could hinder them? This abandonment, however, appears by no means their intention: should emigration prove the fate of either party, it seems less likely to be the lot of the *Catholic Israelite*, than of the *Protestant Egyptian*.

Dismissing this hideous picture, let us calmly ask ourselves, what has been displayed in the Protestant management of Ireland to change a Catholic heart, to play on his best feelings, or operate on his worst? If he sighed for the fields of his ancestors, could it be shown that his losses were compensated by equal and beneficent government? Was ignorance his misfortune? shew your medium of improvement. Was intolerance the odium of his church? could it be cured by making it the spirit of your own? Is he accused of superstition and absurdity? he can point out a thousand instances of the most senseless foolery and fanaticism, which are not

* The Roman Catholics of this kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the laws of Ireland; or as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles II.; and their majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will endeavour to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular, as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion.—First Article of the Treaty of Limerick.

not only suffered but countenanced. The creed and observance which have been handed down by a long train of ancestors, however abounding in defects, receive a sanction from time. Antiquity alone is, in the eyes of many, authority; and indisputably is better authority than the impudent presumption of the various quacks in religion whom the Irish *might follow* without losing their chance of becoming either chancellors, generals, or members of parliament. That house need not be much scandalised, even by the advocate of a pope, which has heard a speech in favour of *Brothers*;* nor would those holy gentlemen who are presumed to be the organ of the Methodists, be absolutely disgraced by the company of a few others manifesting the same happy disposition towards the votaries of Rome.

It ought not to be forgotten, that it was the *wisdom* of our ancestors to stigmatize every rebellion in Ireland as of popish origin. Their impartial posterity continued willing enough to follow their example, until a little more study of Irish history led to a detection of their mistake.† In fact, it is now generally admitted that the sister kingdom has never been so well governed but that rebellion might have proceeded from other causes. But what then? Why, as catholicism is not the cause of rebellion, it is wholly unnecessary to emancipate the Catholics. Unhappy people; if you behave ill you ought not to have freedom, if you behave well you do not want it! Your advocates are between the horns of a dilemma, and can only escape by joining in the liberal conclusion, that as you have suffered two or three hundred years without cause, you should suffer two or three hundred more without reason.

However impressed the author of these observations may be with the justice of the Claims of the Irish Catholics, he is by no means disposed to compliment their political prudence. The truth is, they have always been miserable managers of their own affairs, and as a proof that they remain so, take their conduct respecting the Veto at the present moment. Never was there a proceeding more calculated to rouse the latent energies of the *English feeling* before alluded to, than this most senseless pertinacity. Were it merely a contest of reason, their folly would be nugatory; for it is quite as silly to reject on this score, as it is for them to petition on no other. But they should recollect the

* It is not intended to stigmatise the House of Commons for the folly of an individual, but merely to shew the latitude assumed in that assembly by certain religious tendencies, scarcely more reconcilable with the church of England than with that of Rome.

† The Historical Apology for the Catholics, by Mr. Parnell, has been highly serviceable in this particular.

the battle is that of interests, of vile and selfish interests, which will cling to any popular error, make any mountain a mole-hill, to retain present advantages. If any man ought to be laughed at more than the Catholic who professes so much horror at a kingly interference with popish benedictions and consecrated palls, it is the Protestant, who entertains similar fear of a phantom whose fall failed to raise even partial insurrection in its own domain. The Catholic priesthood understood this matter well, and would never have talked about the Veto, had not a certain description of laity, with something of the temper and profundity of Rinuccini's Assembly of a century and a half before, interposed and called them into action. Thus roused, they recollected the centre of authority and infallibility, and laboured in their vocation. Popes, Councils, and Fathers, were appealed to, pamphlets, defences, and vindications, flew about, and this delectable species of speculation occupies the minds of English and Irishmen amidst the crash of kingdoms in the nineteenth century!

The use made of the Catholic to effect the Union, and their subsequent treatment, (a species of manœuvre in the Stuart stile), has produced a most singular phenomenon for Ireland,—a kind of tacit agreement to unite in effecting one great object. It would be well, before two-thirds of a population be offended, to ascertain if the remaining division is quite at ease. Considerations of such a miserable worldly nature, are unworthy the pious councils which at present direct us. But if the two parties, Catholics and Anti-unionists, should be found to affect cordiality and unite cries,—with all due respect for our enlightened zeal against *Baal*, it is not exactly perceived by what prudent means either the Emancipation or the Repeal could be resisted.

ART. XXI.—*Remarks on the Past and Present State of the Arts in England.*

THE following remarks are presented to the reader, not as having any nice pretensions to connoisseurship, but as resulting from some attention, and more regard, to the cause of the Fine Arts. The writer is impartial on the subject, if he is nothing else; and he attempts to estimate it in no other way than by the general standard of poetry, music, and other works of genius; that is to say, by its invention, it's harmonious agreement, and it's nature. Nor will the observations of a critic, so ill qualified "to make
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the worse appear the better reason," be found, it is hoped, altogether useless to the public. The subject is beginning to excite a general interest, but hitherto it's critics have been either professors themselves, or persons too well acquainted with those professors; and though we have had a great deal of good criticism upon Art, we have had very little either good or disinterested upon our Artists.

The reasons are obvious. Professors, though of course best informed on the subject, are not the best qualified in other respects to criticise their living brethren. In the first place, their individual rivalry, like that of poets and musical composers, is a great and perhaps insurmountable bar to impartiality: secondly, when inclined to be impartial with regard to artists, they find it difficult to be so with regard to branches of art: and thirdly, even where neither of these stumbling-blocks might be found, professional delicacy naturally interferes with the requisite freedom of criticism. Of the first of these causes, the proofs are sufficiently notorious and lamentable; the second has ever been manifest in the disputes between the different walks of art; and the third has lately been exemplified in the writings of Mr. Shee, who with every disposition to be an impartial critic even at his own expense, cannot find it in his heart to be a just one at that of others. The patrons and professed connoisseurs, taking part with their respective favourites, are more or less liable to the same objections. Nay, some of the very artists, who have otherwise the most exalted views of their profession, put impartiality entirely out of the question, and think that criticism has no business with a rising art, but to pass over it's defects and flatter it into a vain and slovenly confidence; as if weeds would of their own accord forsake the garden; or as if, by any cherishing process of the hot-house, these weeds could become flowers.

It may be of use then, as a small help to persons of cultivated minds who would easily blend a love of painting and sculpture with that of the other liberal arts already established in this country, to state the general impression which our British artists have made upon an humble but not inattentive spectator. This statement may also serve, in a general sense, as a specimen of the mind and feeling, with which it is proposed to handle the subject in the future numbers of the REFLECTOR, where attention will be paid to the general spirit and progress of art rather than to it's indiscriminate efforts, it's mechanism, or it's petty disputes. Criticism of this kind does not pretend to instruct the painter in the process of his art, to decide between the merits of strata and sub-strata, of oils and of mygylphs,—or indeed to assume any tone of pictorial learning. It's whole endeavour is to try the artist upon the general principles of taste, and to interest the general taste

taste in favour of the artist; to suggest to the one the best means of exciting a public feeling for art, and to prepare this feeling, as much as possible, by familiarizing people with the contemplation of art: in a word, to do what little it can towards giving painting and sculpture their due share in the social honours of poetry, and making them current in books, in discourse, and in general admiration.

This unprofessional criticism is at least of one use: it shews unequivocally the *popular* progress of art. Our artists owe much civility, on this head, to Mr. Cumberland, who is the first writer, I believe, of any repute, that has taken pains to foster the rising art, and whose zeal in it's cause is as honourable to his public spirit as to his various taste and classicality. Fifty years ago there was no criticism of the kind, and for a very plain reason,—because there was nothing to call it forth. While Ariosto, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, was praising the perfection of art in his country, our writers had no idea of the subject.* Many years afterwards, Milton delighted in alluding to and exalting music, but though abounding in paintings of the most exquisite kind, scarcely seems to have thought of the sister art. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as he had visited Italy; and it has brought upon him, as it did upon Tasso, the suspicion of insensibility to painting. Our poets in general however cannot be liable to such a charge. Shakspeare, in default of meeting with artists of his own country, has gone out of his way as well as out of chronology to introduce his admiration of Julio

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* It is curious that Ariosto, though the intimate friend of Raphael, and of a more congenial fancy with that artist than with Michael Angelo, should introduce the latter, in his mention of living painters, with so decided an air of superiority. Was it that he really had more admiration for an artist that presented so majestic a contrast to his own powers? Or that he paid a real though misplaced compliment to his friend's modesty? Or that the familiarity of friendship had diminished something of it's respect? Or that Michael Angelo was at that moment more in vogue, and had lately astonished Rome with the display of *all* his powers? Whatever was the cause, it appears to be one of the most valuable, because most disinterested, pieces of homage that Michael Angelo ever received, though by no means in the poet's best style. See *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 33, St. 2., where he seems to put even Titian on an equality with his friend.—

E quei, che farò a' nostri dì, o son ora,
Leonardo, Andrea Mantegna, Gian Bellino,
Duo Dossi, e quel ch' a par sculpe e colora,
Michel, più che mortal, Angel divino;
Bastiano, Rafael, Tizian ch' onora
Non men Cadore, che quei Venezia e Urbino,
E gli altri, di cui tal l'opra si vede,
Qual della prisca età si legge e crede.

Romane;* and it may be said of succeeding poets, that they stood ready with their pens to panegyryze any Englishman who should appear with a pencil in his hand. Dryden had a critical taste for art, as he has exemplified with so much spirit in one of his Epistles, and he gave his countrymen a translation of Du Fresnoy, but did not live to see any effects from his congenial zeal. Pope, who amused himself with a pallet, just as some great artists have with verses, could find no better native painter to immortalize than Jervas; and it was as singular a piece of good fortune for a foreigner, as it is a mortifying recollection for our countrymen, that Sir Godfrey Kneller, a man vain enough already, and at best a graceful portrait-painter, was fed with the poetical flatteries of four of our greatest writers, Dryden, Pope, Congreve, and Addison.

It is true, England had not been destitute of painters since the reign of Henry VIII., but they were altogether in a small or servile way, and dealt at most in smooth portraits and in copies of the foreign artists who visited England. Of this description, and in the first rank of native talent, were the two Olivers, Mary Beale who copied Lely, Dobson who copied Titian and Vandyck, and Cooper who was called the "Vandyck in little." Among these, for the sake of rescuing him from the mere contempt with which he is recollected by literary readers, may also be mentioned Flatman, who in spite of his "jaded muse" so spiritedly lashed by Rochester, was a very animated miniature-painter. In the other imitative walks of art, an Englishman hardly ever ventured. In sculpture particularly, we have not had a single name of repute till within a very short period. Gabriel Cibber was a German; Rysbrack came from Flanders, and Roubilliac from Switzerland. That we might not, however, be entirely indebted to foreigners for every kind of monument, small as well as great, erected to the memory of our great men, the reign of William produced Vertue, the father of English engraving, who with a spirit well calculated both to extend and exalt his art, delighted in copying the portraits of illustrious persons. His heads of the British poets, philosophers, and statesmen, are well known; and his scrupulous anxiety to procure faithful originals gave them a value, of which one is not willing to doubt.† His style is neither powerful nor finished, but it is correct, light, and well-toned, keeping under the subordinate parts, and throwing out the heads with an effect at once lively and unobtrusive. However, even in this branch

* *Winter's Tale*, Act V. Scene 2.

† Vertue has been much commended for his care in this respect, but if he was as successful as he was scrupulous, Sir Godfrey Kneller, from whom he engraved so much, must have been very wantonly abused for the

branch of art, the foreigners interfered and climbed over us; and Vertue had the mortification of seeing his work and his reputation at once taken out of his hands by Houbracken. The only walk in which native talent stood alone, till within the last reign, was that of architecture, in which our forefathers had excelled after their rude manner, and which during the reign of King Charles obtained for us in our turn the admiration of foreigners, in the productions of Inigo Jones. The front of the Banqueting House built by this architect at Whitehall is reckoned a masterpiece of elegant proportion, and indeed can hardly fail to strike an eye that is naturally good and at all accustomed to look about for objects of taste. Christopher Wren, who flourished in the reigns of James II. and Anne, and was perhaps a greater philosopher than architect, allowed himself none of the extravagancies into which Jones had fallen in his earlier days, but seems to have had neither his fine taste nor his opportunities of forming one. What made him rich did not help to make him great. He was employed by Queen Anne in the work of the fifty churches; and we may easily conceive the feelings of an architect who, with his hands half tied, had to run the gauntlet through an endless succession of church-wardens, clergymen, and proprietors of ground. People are surprised to learn how many of these churches he built and to see how few deserve any notice. One of his most admired works is the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, the roof of which is beautifully supported and proportioned, and has a singular character of dignity that triumphs at once over the smallness of the edifice and the clogging meanness of the pews below. St. Paul's Cathedral, upon which his principal fame is supposed to rest, is allowed to be inferior to the original model, which he was not allowed to execute; and perhaps, though such an opinion must be spoken with deference, it does not deserve the praise it has received. To uneducated eyes, which are not always the worst judges of general effect, the dome appears too large for the main body; and, not to mention the little frittered steeples, the division of the facade into two small rows of columns, one over

P 2

the

the infidelity of his portraits. It must be owned, however, that contemporary evidence is against them both. Their portrait of Dryden, for instance, is not the short, thick personage which the poet is allowed to have been. Sir Godfrey's Newton has sparkling eyes; but if we are to believe Atterbury, who was personally acquainted with that great man, his eyes were of an ordinary cast and announced nothing. This defect he had in common with Milton, and yet it is observable that in Vertue's head of Milton the sight is remarkably piercing. This head has no designer's name to it: I believe, Vertue took it from a bust which he had in his possession; and busts are by no means the best originals for an engraver, particularly with regard to eye-sight.

the other, seems not only to have sacrificed without cause a noble opportunity of making a large and imposing portico, but to be totally unworthy of the grandeur to which it introduces us. It is difficult, however, to enter into the claims of this species of art, to settle the distinct boundaries between the architect and the builder, and to distinguish between the grandeur of the artist's mind and the imposing nature of size and altitude. One may remark also, that architecture, by the fixture of its forms and the real or imaginary perfection of its orders, produces every species of servile imitation,—so much indeed, that it is hard to say where its imitation ends and its invention begins, and whether the best modern architect is any thing more than a tasteful plagiarist.

Jones and Wren are of themselves sufficient proof, that our monarchs have been unjustly accused of preferring foreign to native talent, where native talent was to be found. A much better reason for our deficiencies in art has been found in our continual political struggles, which turned the national spirit another way; and to this, as to all general reasons of the kind, may be added various other causes, such as the tastelessness of successive princes, the devotion of the middle classes to commerce, a national feeling inimical to foreign taste and to shew in general, and a jealous antipathy to the decoration of places of worship. This last obstruction, arising from jealousies ever present, and from prejudices that are always the last to give way, has survived all the rest; and it was not thirty years ago that Terrick, Bishop of London, refused the united offer of our first artists to decorate his cathedral gratuitously. Before this time, it must be confessed, that our painters had decorated some public buildings to little advantage. Thornhill, in the reign of Queen Anne, had been employed to paint the roof of this very cathedral, and though he was an intelligent artist, yet he had such little knowledge of form and colouring, that his pictures suffer nothing by being out of sight. His pupil Brown is entirely forgotten, though the painter of a number of altar-pieces in the metropolis. The reigns of the first and second George produced nothing better. The names of Hayman, Wills, and Highmore, the best historical painters sixty years ago, are now scarcely known out of the profession.* Their style was altogether feeble and ignorant, as may be seen in the

* So late as the year 1755, a French artist residing in England, of the name of Rouquet, published a small account of the State of the Arts in this country. In this book he talks of Hayman as the first of British artists, and represents him as "master of every qualification that can form a great painter."

the pictures they presented to the Foundling Hospital. The former, a great man in his day, painted the rotunda in Vauxhall Gardens, and may be recollected by literary readers as the designer of the plates to Warburton's edition of Pope and other books of that period. With these artists was joined the celebrated Hogarth, who with all his genius and electric originality, cannot be considered as illustrating the progress of art. It is allowed, that he was rather a wit and moral satirist upon canvas than a painter, and had almost as little skill as his contemporaries in form and colour. He illustrated with his pen the theory of grace, and no artist better understood expression of a certain kind; but his theory of grace only enabled him to ridicule the practical want of it in others; and the expression, of which he was a master, was of a peculiar and sophisticated species, not seldom degenerating into caricature. His attempts at history are known only to be despised, particularly his vulgar and even disgusting *Sigismonda*, which enabled the party wit of Churchill to handle him as severely in the light of an artist, as he had done malignantly in that of a man. His great and unrivalled excellence lay in conveying the odiousness of vice by familiar touches, which might have been painful or disgusting had they been introduced with less circumstance of humour or evident morality of effect, and he was perhaps the first artist who made his canvas the vehicle of sheer wit or the sympathy of remote ideas. Swift himself, who saw his congenial talent, has no stroke of this kind more complete or satirical than the spider's web over the poor's-box in the Wedding scene at Church. The rest of Hogarth's contemporaries were portrait-painters, who by confining themselves to a head and shoulders, obtained more money, perhaps more reputation, than their historical brethren. They were men of little or no genius, and might have starved among a people less fond of their ancestors and relations. The artists in this line seem to have kept up a kind of hereditary sway over the town, ever since the reign of James. Thus Lely was succeeded by Kneller, who was succeeded by Jervas and Richardson, who were succeeded by Hudson. This last painter was not aware by what sort of a successor he was to be dethroned and what a revolution was preparing in the world of taste. His portraits had no merit but that of coarse fidelity, but this was enough to make him a favourite with the country gentlemen who came to him as to a sort of slop-painter, to be fitted out in fine wigs and laced hats. * It is the praise of his father-in-law Richardson, who

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was

* In a paper of the *Connoisseur*, No. 46, Dec. 1754, there is a letter signed Rusticus, in which this painter is mentioned by implication with great respect.

was an intelligent critic of painting, that by his treatise on that subject he first inspired the destined founder of the British school.

This was Joshua Reynolds, a man of a thinking and unshackled mind, who was the first to carry the good sense and spirit of his nation into the walks of art. With a taste that rejected every thing vulgar and meretricious, and at the same time a studious love of effect, he united chastity with warmth, and gave the town what it had never seen before, the simplicity of nature adorned with the most glowing charms of art. The union was irresistible, and he instantly took the lead in his profession. The Royal Academy, instituted in 1769 by the exertions of himself and a few other spirited artists, elected him its first President by a kind of involuntary impulse; riches and respect grew round him; and having as instructive a pen as he had an effective pencil, he did more for the formation of a school of art than all the foreigners who had visited or been connected with the country. Sir Joshua united in his portraits ease and elegance of demeanour, an unaffected air of thinking, and a combination of all the charms of colour, Venetian and Flemish. His invention in this walk displayed itself in the happiest varieties of attitude and of background; his children breathed innocence and unconsciousness; and, in a word, he exhibited the perfection of portrait-painting in the true greatness arising from simplicity.—In considering him, however, as he certainly was, the founder of the British school, it is evident that he rather inspired it with industry and elementary good taste, than afforded it a sufficient example. It is said of him, as it was of Vandyck, that he would have been as excellent in history as in portraiture, had he bent his genius to it; but where are the proofs? Colour, grace, and portraiture, do not make historical painters; still less do incorrectness of drawing and want of historical invention. The very circumstance of his pursuing portraiture in preference to history is an argument against his talent for the latter, for want of ambition in such cases is most likely to be want of genius. To this may be added his anxious and continual hunting after the *secrets* of the great colourists, that is to say, their mixture of colours and mode of mechanical working, which he seems to have considered as the philosopher's stone of painting. In this pursuit he wasted much of

respect:—"So common," says the writer, "is this fashion (the use of paint) grown among the young as well as old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and the delicate touches of the painter."

of his time and more of his future reputation ; for the numberless experiments he made injured the stability of his colouring ; and many of his pictures are already so cracked and apparently worm-eaten, that they look older than some of the flimsiest of Titian. In fact, Sir Joshua, like Titian and Vandyck, was only a link between portrait-painting and history, and the end next the former was much the best part of the metal. I believe it is acknowledged by those who have seen in Italy the originals which he had studied, that his history is little more than tasteful compilation. He seems not to have been able to produce any great work without something to copy—something to furnish him with first ideas ; and thus portrait-painting, which is apt to stupefy the best historical artists, was his principal inspirer. His picture of the *Tragic Muse* has been justly celebrated for its historical dignity ; but he had the *portrait* before him in the person of Mrs. Siddons, and it was this portrait he copied, though perhaps with a nobler air of simplicity. When he painted the same muse from his own conception in the picture of *Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy*, he made her a puling girl. But he had considerable faults even in his own walk. His drawing he acknowledged to be incorrect, but in his paintings he endeavoured to conceal this great defect by indistinct outlines and seducing tricks of colour, than which there could hardly be a more pernicious example for young students. He had also suffered his fancy to indulge itself so far in a predilection for a certain arch character in female and infant faces, that it often destroyed his simplicity ; and in pursuing these “ quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,” he acquired a habit of turning up his eyes and mouths fantastically at the corners, a manner contrary to nature in general, as well as in direct opposition to ideal beauty. However, as it luckily happened, his exemplary love of study, his better judgment, and those excellent lectures, in which he shewed an enthusiasm for historical greatness singularly contrasted with his practice, redeemed him from the danger of poisoning the taste he had diffused : and a new set of painters were rising in the mean time, who while they took nothing from the reputation of his peculiar beauties, brought to the encreasing stock of art a useful variety and a much greater ambition.

The principal of these were Barry, West, and Mortimer, in history ; Romney in portrait ; and Wilson and Gainsborough in landscape. Angelica and Cipriani had also come from Italy ; but times were altered, and foreigners now came only to be excelled. With much superficial taste, these two artists were feeble and fluttering in their style ; their women had a pleasing and feminine softness, but no variety whatever ; and their heroes, particularly

those of Angelica, were so many men-milliners in helmets. Mr. Fuseli, with a contempt more just than gallant, calls her productions "a bundle of rags." It was a singular instance of the rising genius in this country, that though seducing to students by their easiness, and recommended every where by the masterly graver of Bartolozzi, they hardly produced an imitator. Sir Joshua and his brethren had therefore done us another piece of service: they had saved us from the flippant, monotonous, and affected style, which latterly obtained in Italy, and which at length reduced that mighty mistress of art to second childishness.

Landscape shone in the general dawn. Gainsborough was easy, picturesque, and excelled in select combination; but Wilson was a greater genius, and by giving classical and impassioned subjects to his landscapes, animated them with thought and with historical interest. For the delicate effect of some of his paintings he has been compared to Claude; but he seems to have been altogether a nobler artist. Claude's excellence was in repose, in tenderness of scenery, and in a kind of Arcadian luxury; but his introduction of human accidents was uninventive, and his figures are lame and pitiable. Wilson's fancy and execution were of a higher and more extensive order: he excelled as much in violence as in repose, in the disturbances as in the quietudes of nature; and his *Niobe*, for the striking poetry of all its circumstances, its clouds and lightning, its winds, waters, and scattered despair, is a piece of magnificent combination worthy of Rubens.—The historical spirit of portrait-painting was well sustained by Romney, who though by no means a master of his pencil, and not at all likely to be recommended to these after-times by the indiscreet and maudlin praises of his friend Mr. Hayley, was a man of genius and had much of Sir Joshua's delicacy in expression. But the greatest promise of advancing as well as maintaining the English school was afforded by our rising painters in history. Mortimer, notwithstanding an occasional and unaccountable finicalness in parts of his figures, had a true feeling for the art in all its great requisites, in boldness of handling, in fancy, and in composition. He unfortunately died in the flower of his age.—Barry is deservedly reckoned one of the fathers of this school; and he would deserve the honour if it were only for one consideration,—that the "grasp of mind," as Johnson called it, which conceived his *Progress of Society*, served to inspire students with the love of knowledge and to set them thinking. He made a great many enemies by his impatient jealousy, his affectation of an austere independence, and by a morbid and suspicious temper almost approaching to insanity. These enemies had undoubtedly much to condemn both in him and in his paintings; but they had also much

much to rouse their jealousy in the latter, and much to annoy their consciences in the attacks he made upon the Academy; and accordingly they have not ceased to persecute his memory. He certainly relied too much upon his poetical mind in an art, which must go through so much mechanical labour before it can express its ideas. His knowledge of the figure was incorrect, and his colouring harsh and of a barren sandiness. The mere defiance of criticism with which he introduced hats and wigs into Elysium, and the Genius of Music as Dr. Burney riding full dressed among the water-nymphs, has met with just ridicule; and his beatitude of Louis XIV. and other patronizing profligates, by which he sacrificed a moral sentiment in a moral picture, strikes every honest spectator with indignation. There is also much of imitation in separate figures, particularly in the prominent one of the young horseman in the *Olympic Games*, which has been a received model of equestrian grace from Phidias to Stothard;—but let him who doubts the general originality of the pictures in any respect, produce the subjects from which they were taken. The floating and languid water-nymphs personifying the luxuries arising from commerce, though neither well-drawn nor coloured, have great significance of expression; and each end of the picture of *Final Retribution* abounds with images not only sublime in themselves, but truly fitted for the sublime in painting: the noblest specimen of art cannot, for instance, shew images of more grandeur, or combining more historical dignity with poetical imagination, than the Peruvians with Las Casas at their head adoring the beatific vision which shines from the immense distance; or the gigantic Retributive Angel with the balance, whose face, looking out of the picture, as he turns aside with a gesture of pitying denouncement from the contemplation of the damned, inspires mute attention and awe. When it is said of such a man, in allusion to a supposed jealousy on the part of Sir Joshua, that “it were as reasonable to suppose the latter jealous of the weaver of his canvas or the grinder of his colours,” we despise as soon as we hear so mere an insult.* Sir Joshua and Barry wanted each what the other

* See *Edinburgh Review*, No. XXXIII. Art. 2, *On the Works and Life of Barry*.—The Reviewers have at length turned their attention, as they were advised, to the consideration of art; but the advice had better not have been given, if their late criticism was a specimen of what is to come. The writer, who appears to be a connoisseur, sufficiently versed in the small talk of his art, is justly severe on Barry's principal vices; but far be it from an amateur in grounds and colours to enter into the beauties above mentioned. He confesses himself no judge of the higher part of the subject, when he insinuates that no picture can have a moral effect on the spectator, and tells us that “originality and sublimity of poetical conception,” are
“at

other possessed;—the former, historical invention,—the latter, colour and delicacy of taste.

The artists now living well sustain the reputation with which these painters had commenced the British school. In history, we have West, who has survived all his early contemporaries, Fuseli, Stothard, Northcote, Westall, &c.;—in sculpture, Flaxman, Nollekens, &c.;—in narrative and fancy pieces, Devis, Howard, and Thomson;—in humorous characters, Smirke and Wilkie;—in portrait, Lawrence, Phillips, Owen, Cosway, Beechey, Shee, &c.;—in landscape, Turner, Louthenbourg, Barker, Callcott, &c.;—in architecture, Gandy and Smirke, &c.—Of these the principal only are proper objects of such a review as the present; and as to the flower and fish painters, who neither disgrace nor adorn a nation, they may well be left to those who admire them.—At the head of his profession, both by age, office, the general acknowledgment, and a genius truly epic, stands Mr. West. What particularly strikes one, in considering him with regard to the progress of the English school, is that he is literally the first historical artist who possessed a thorough knowledge of the human figure. The exhibition of his earliest pictures evinced the ardour of his study; and the *Death of General Wolfe*, a composition at once severe in unity and abounding in the finest contrasts, stamped his reputation abroad as well as at home. It is another curious circumstance, that in clothing the figures of this picture in the dress of the times, he was the first who ventured to abandon the incongruous costume of former artists; and Sir Joshua, who doubted the success of the reformation, was afterwards modest and sensible enough to adopt it himself.* The beauties of Mr. West's style

"at best, very suspicious merits in an imitative art." "Who can find," he asks, "any argument in favour of the future state in the picture of *Final Retribution*?" Who indeed? This is an ingenious mode of denying the moral effect of a picture by questioning its powers of logic. Barry intended no argument on the subject. He took a future state for granted, and so taking it, his object was to impress upon the spectator, that the good or ill conduct of men towards society produced their happiness or misery in a state of retribution. Such objections are only ridiculous; but when the critic ferments and grows fanciful in his very malignity, and concludes with stating, that he has heard something of Barry which, if he chose to tell, would prove him a sheer villain, he outrages common humanity. The tale might have been told, if *beyond all doubt*; or it should not have been hinted.—Why will this Review, with so much wit and knowledge as it exhibits, suffer itself to be made the tool of all sorts of parties?

* It was perhaps from the *Death of Wolfe* that Macklin took the hint of commencing a similar reformation on the stage. Garrick, who had already been advised by the artists to venture upon an improvement so worthy of his genius, doubted like Sir Joshua and talked of glass-bottles from the galleries; but like Sir Joshua, he had afterwards the merit of adopting what he did not chuse to begin.

style are masterly freedom of pencil, a scientific knowledge of grouping and composition, and elevation of character. The first is seen to the best advantage in his sketches, some of which, as his *Jesus healing the Sick*, the *Destroying Angel*, *Death on a Pale Horse*, &c. are for that reason more valued than his finished paintings:—of the second, the *Death of Wolfe* has been pronounced a perfect specimen; and perhaps, though upon a different plan, his meeting of *Calypso and Telemachus* is another:—this latter picture also exhibits his powers of expression in all their variety,—dignity in the air of Calypso, who is still royal in the midst of her admiration; beauty, languishment, or coquettish admiration in the countenances of her train, who follow in a sort of link affectionately wreathing their hands and arms after the manner of sisters;—the suspicion of old age, somewhat too eager and human perhaps, in the face of the disguised Minerva; and the fire and frankness of manly youth in the upright port, advancing gesture, and open gaze of Telemachus. The heaving sea, and general bluster of the landscape, acting upon the hair and drapery of the figures, complete the contrasts of this poetical composition, and render it altogether one of those pictures, which are calculated to make an admirer of poetry at once in love with painting. The finest and most original expression, perhaps, of which Mr. West is master, is the fire and energy of a noble countenance; the art cannot produce faces which more strike you with awe, and surmount your feelings, than those of his angels, with their eyes lit up, and their hair mounting like wreathes of flame. The series of pictures representing the *Installation of the Garter* is by some accounted his greatest work. It is probably the richest, and it abounds in personal beauty and dignity; but for delicacy of expression and poetical mind, appears to me to be far surpassed by the works just mentioned. With all these beauties, which have deservedly ranked him with the masters of his art, Mr. West has great faults, particularly of manner. He sometimes sacrifices propriety of action to his fondness for harmony of composition; his firmness of drawing is apt to degenerate into hardness, though this fault is of little danger to the student; the common run of his female faces is a mere peachy smoothness and regularity, an imitation of that monotonous Greek character, so inferior to the sense and vivacity of the modern; his mouths sometimes appear as if they were cornered and cut out with scissors; and the general character of his earlier colouring is harsh and frigid. In portrait-painting especially, he retains all the faults, without a single beauty of his history, and is utterly feeble and unsatisfactory. His portrait-brush is a torpedo which he should never touch: it stiffens his hand and takes away all his powers. It is this probably which made his *Death of Nelson* so inferior

inferior to that of *Wolfe*; the abundance of portraits stifled its animation. However, it is where he is least interested in his work, that he is evidently most deficient. It is acknowledged, that when he pleases he can produce a colouring equal with Titian himself, of which there was a beautiful specimen in the last Exhibition, in the figure of the *Infant brought to Jesus*. His masterly familiarity with the human figure, his unwearied love of the art, and his historical ambition founded on early and severe study, present the best of lessons to the student; and perhaps, since the appearance of Sir Joshua, there is no artist who has been of such exemplary and lasting service to the British school.

Next to the President in his qualification for great works, and before him in a daring imagination, is Mr. Fuseli. As this painter is a foreigner, and seems to have acquired his ideas of art before he had anything to do with England, he does not, in strictness perhaps, come under the present review: but the peculiarity of his manner, and the situation he holds over the young students, demand a few observations. When people hear Mr. Fuseli mentioned, they know not whether to be struck with laughter, pity, or admiration. I believe the first is the most involuntary; but then it is to be recollected, that Mr. Fuseli is most known by his worst productions. Of this description are his appalling designs for Chalmers's *Shakspeare*, and for the octavo edition of *Cowper*,—a series of outrages upon the human form, which perhaps have never been equalled, and which I believe no artist but Mr. Fuseli would have ventured to commit. Of these phenomena, some are men with scarcely any body, their wrists sprained, fingers jerked out like an idiot's, and legs stretched to a horrible tension, as if seized with the agonies of sudden cramp: others are little boys with the "brawns of Hercules;" others, huge affected women with skewers through their hair, and without a particle of anything feminine;—even a cap or hat must be as it never was, crimped round the edges like a pie, or stuck on one side of the head in the shape of a pincushion; and as to clothing! never were waistcoats and pantaloons so facetious. The author of those famous lines,

A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won,

might have completely justified them, had Mr. Fuseli been the tailor of those days; for his figures are not a jot the less naked for being clothed; not only bones, but the smallest muscular indications, are seen through cloth as through air; and sometimes so complete is the delusion, that after concluding the figure to be bare, you find on coming to a circle at the wrist or the ankle that it is clothed from head to foot. Those who wish to see a speci-

men

men of this defiance of propriety, in all it's branches, may turn to the print of the Tea-table in Cowper, where they will behold in the company of ladies, the likeness of a human figure lounging on a sofa with his *hat on* after the above pye-fashion,* his waistcoat looking like a shirt-bosom, and naked thighs terminating in a pair of *trowsers!* With loftier examples of distortion Mr. Fuseli generally treats us in the Exhibition, in the last of which the reader may recollect a Hercules with an eye in his temple, and a leg deformed with the gout. His colouring is uniformly bad; sometimes it is leaden, sometimes brassy, sometimes of a rusty green, sometimes of a dirty drab colour; but this is escaped by the engraver. It is said that this artist imitates Michael Angelo; and Michael Angelo, we are told, exaggerated. He did so; but with what sort of a pencil and a taste? When Michael Angelo exaggerated and obtruded his muscles, he knew that he could draw them in a masterly manner: he had fitted himself well for the daring; whereas Mr. Fuseli is confessedly deficient in this respect. Besides, Michael Angelo never deigned to waste and degrade his fancy upon tricks of millinery, upon carvings of hats, and eccentricities of a shoe; and if he had, he would only have shewn himself unworthy of imitation. If Mr. Fuseli had imitated the great master in the severity of his studies, he might have followed him with more success, for he has undoubtedly a poetical imagination and a feeling for the sublime. His fancy wanders at it's ease in fairy land, the inhabitants of which obey his pencil in all their quaint submission and capricious tricks of amusement. His picture of *Titania with Bottom the Weaver*, is a complete specimen of this talent, in elegance, in expression, in tricks of the terrific and the ludicrous, and in that duteous and fantastic variety of occupation so peculiar to the fairy nation. Of this description are his *Oberon and Titania*, and his *Friar Puck*. But in works of imagination more allied to history, he has also great beauties, that fill us with double regret at seeing an artist, capable of so just an originality, giving himself indolently up to a cheap and perishing eccentricity. In the very picture above mentioned, the *Hercules shooting at Pluto*, he displayed grandeur of conception, and considerable skill in situation and general effect: the attitude of Hercules announced de-

fiance

* The reader, who remembers this, will agree with me, and may quote Shakspeare on the occasion without the least exaggeration;—

Petruchio.—Why thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

This scene in the *Taming of the Shrew* abounds in applications to Mr. Fuseli's taste in dress.

fiance and conscious strength, and the faces of Pluto and Proserpine well expressed gloominess roused into terror. If some of his pictures from Milton were free from a partial touch of caricature, their defects of drawing would be forgotten. The picture in Mr. Angerstein's collection, representing *Satan starting up in his native shape from Ithuriel's Spear*, is one of this description: nothing can be more finely imagined than Satan's unwilling burst into manifestation, and the contrast which the malignant tension of his faculties presents to the calm and affectionate slumber of the pair below. The precipitous flight of Satan from the solar orb, while Uriel seated on a cloud looks down with a calm royalty upon the headlong descent, unites fine conception with a beauty very rare in this artist,—a dignified simplicity. But the *Lazar-House* was the triumph of his genius; it told what he could do, and what he ought always to have done. In the whole range of painting it would be difficult to discover a wilder and yet more natural piece of the terrific, than the dying Maniac who at the very moment of receiving the sacrament has escaped with a preternatural strength from his bed, and is pursued by the priest and his attendants. Fortunately for students, the beauties and deformities of Mr. Fuseli are equally prominent; and while the former tend to elevate their fancy, the latter as materially serve to warn them against extravagance and to repress a mere confidence in that fancy. By what I can discover in the Exhibition, his style has but one solitary imitator; and as this imitator seems a young man of talent, and otherwise capable of thinking for himself, he will probably grow wiser as he grows older, and not mistake the absurdities of genius for the genius itself.

As the President's chair was filled a short time since by a house-builder, it is not easy to say who will sit there next: but the most proper successor to Mr. West, both on account of his freedom from gross faults and his attainment, in one respect, of an excellent simplicity, seems to be Mr. Stothard. This gentleman is well known to readers by his innumerable designs for books; and in these designs, as in Mr. Fuseli's, and indeed as in those of all artists who condescend or are compelled to design for books, there are specimens of his worst style,—large hands and eyes, rawboned faces, stiff attitudes, and dislocated limbs. They abound however in delicate beauties, and the engravings from them by Heath and others are so much valued, that I understand they are bought up on the Continent at a considerable expense. The paintings of Mr. Stothard are sometimes patchy and meagre; and he is apt to leave his faces with an air of being unfinished in his best works; but it is no small praise to say that he is one of the very few painters who have been able to manage with effect the richness and the scattered lights of Rubens; and what is still greater, and forms
his

his unrivalled excellence, is the exquisite air of simplicity which he can give to females. In Mr. Heath's edition of *Shakspeare*, there is a design from *Twelfth Night*, representing the detection of *Viola* in boy's clothes. Never perhaps, since the time of Raphael himself, was feminine modesty so unaffectedly shadowed forth under circumstances so provocative of effect. The gentle figure, shrinking almost imperceptibly, and involuntarily lifting a finger to it's lip, respires consciousness of it's sex, without the least consciousness of it's beauty. Of the *Procession of Chaucer's Pilgrims*, the engraving of which has been left unfinished by the lamented Schiavonetti, it is sufficient to say that the late Mr. Hoppner published a long panegyric. Mr. Stothard's genius is not confined to serious subjects, and perhaps he is the only painter, not only in England, but in the whole history of painting, that ever joined a real talent for the serious with a taste for humour. In *Sharpe's British Classics* he has two humorous designs of great merit, from the *Spectator*; one, representing the celebrated Scaramouch beaten by an old Horse-officer for taking too large a pinch of snuff;—the other, a scene at a West Indian Ball between two rival Sisters, the youngest of whom thinking to outshine the other by coming there in a stuff of a new fashion, is suddenly thrown into a swoon by seeing the elder walk in, dressed in black and accompanied by a female slave, whose petticoat is a piece of the identical cloth. The former, from the nature of the subject, approaches to caricature, but is excellently national and explanatory; Scaramouch is his own name personified, and all is French manner, to the very shopman in the back-ground, who is obsequious with an air of naiveté. The latter is of a purer humour; and it is pleasing to see, in the calm face of the triumphant lady and the more conscious looks of the servant, that Mr. Stothard can carry his simplicity into the very reverse of his usual walk.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, though he made such an impression on his countrymen, left but one direct pupil who has attained any character. This is Mr. Northcote, an artist with little seduction of manner, and less fancy, but sensible, vigorous, and master of a strong though coarse expression. Like his instructor, he sometimes betrays a want of drawing, but is generally more correct, and has nothing else in common with Sir Joshua, either of fault or beauty. His designs for the tragedy of *Richard the Third* are well known, and I believe have been popular. Their power of pleasing however seems to arise from the subject rather than it's execution. The face of Richard when he meets the young Prince is forcibly marked with cunning: but the attendant bishop in his canonicals is an ill-drawn blotch; and the children, particularly in the smothering scene, belong too much to the nursery. A picture

ture in the last Exhibition, representing the *Earl of Argyle sleeping in Prison*, a few hours before his execution, while his enemy is contemplating him with mixed rage and remorse, combines the principal features of Mr. Northcote's style. The gaoler's figure is disproportioned, and Argyle wants the heroic character: we should say, in familiar life, that he was not the gentleman. But the soundness and quiet-conscience of his sleep are excellently expressed, and as finely contrasted with the devilish agitation of his enemy, who suddenly bites his lip and strikes his forehead with mingled hatred and despair:—the meanness of this expression has been censured, but it appears to me to be it's chief beauty: for what can be meaner than baffled malignity?—Mr. Northcote is not confined to history: His animals are excellent, and have all the intelligence, if it may be so called, that their nature will allow, without exhibiting a fanciful or humanized expression. In Sir John Leicester's Collection of English Paintings, which does so much honour to the Baronet's public spirit, there is an Eagle of his, grasping a Serpent and looking out from the top of a mountain into a turbid atmosphere. It is one of the finest specimens of the style existing. The idea of height is admirably given; and the lightning of the bird's eye, and the air of power and defiance with which he thrusts out his head amidst the storm, form a truly Pindaric combination. Mr. Northcote does honour to the English school; and there is a good sense reigning throughout his pictures, which tends to divert the student from vicious and affected manner.

It is a pity that the same praise cannot be given to Mr. Westall, who is an artist of much taste and feeling, and has a poetical luxuriance of fancy. But without severe study and a continual attention to nature, taste and feeling will inevitably degenerate into affectation. Mr. Westall's females are lovely, his heroes dignified, and his youth sometimes frank and impassioned; he colours voluptuously, and can pierce into the bowers of poetry or beauty with an Arcadian spirit of enjoyment. But in so doing he takes leave of nature. Like Mr. Fuseli, he has a world of his own; and like him he chuses to live there in general, not because it is a more honourable sphere, but because he can manage it more easily. Mr. Fuseli's is a world of absurdities: it is Ariosto in his dotage. Mr. Westall's is precisely that sort of smooth-faced and shepherdized creation, which boyish fancies live in at fourteen or fifteen. His beautiful faces are all of one monotonous cast, whether young or old; his dignity steps into the theatrical; and his colouring is worked into fritter and gaudiness. His favorite affectation seems to be a lifted eye; and this Magdalen expression he bestows on all that come,—ladies, grandsires, boys, and peasants. What he does with peasants in other respects, may easily be imagined;

Imagined; they are pure Arcadians in leathern breeches. For complete examples of his attractions and defects it is sufficient to mention the *Bowers of Pan* and of *Venus*. One of his most rational performances, is the *Alfred kneeling before his Mother and listening to her inspiring Stories*:—the Boy has great spirit, and the Queen is impressive and royal; but all is theatrical. There are engravings, I see, from this artist, in a late edition of Mr. Walter Scott's *Marmion*; and it is well that two clever men, so given up to a similar affectation, should go hand in hand and help to illustrate each other's faults. The young students, both of poetry and painting, should, of all styles, beware of that seductive one, which while it throws an indolent sunshine over their fancy, melts down the power of labour and reflection, and incapacitates them for all noble endeavour.

Our sculpture does not yet outshine the reputation of Roubilliac and the other foreigners who visited us. The late Mr. Banks was a man of genius, but he had no opportunities of working on a grand scale, which is sometimes absolutely necessary to an art wanting the aid of perspective. It is on this account that the best specimen of his talent, the *Giant overwhelmed by Rocks*, in the Council Room of the Academy, contradicts its own beauties; the Giant is excellently sculptured, and his attitude is desperate and ruinous, but the few inches allotted him and the rock destroy the general effect, and in spite of the attempt at comparative size in the back-ground, he looks like a Lilliputian Hercules knocked down with a stone. Mr. Bacon was a graceful sculptor, and left a good business to his son. Mr. Westmacott is much employed, but is feeble and incorrect; his *Duke of Bedford* in Russel-square, an attempt at ease, has an air of indecision and awkwardness; and the Muses round the pedestal of Addison's statue in Westminster Abbey want expression and proportion. Mr. Nollekens occasionally executes whole lengths from fancy, and does them with much elegance of form; but his excellence is in busts, of which the masterly turn and thinking spirit are justly celebrated. Our best sculptor is Flaxman, whose style, together with that of Rossi, is seen on the outside of the new theatre in Covent Garden. The figure of *Tragedy*, by the latter, is neither new nor forcible, and the drapery is cut up into pettiness; that of *Comedy*, by the former, has perhaps as little pretension to originality, but it is executed in a masterly manner, and the drapery is broad without heaviness. Much objection has been made to the quiet expression in the face of *Comedy*, which, we are told, should be gayer and more comic. Sir Joshua, it is true, represented *Comedy* with a laughing face, and the word comic has passed into an epithet of drollery; but this is confounding the effect with its cause. It is not necessary that *Comedy* should laugh in order to produce laughter:

laughter: in fact, the best comedies are not those which laugh most; that is the strongest humour which produces the greatest effect with the most quiet face. Why the figure should have been represented with the attributes of the early Greek comedy, is not so clear; but it is Mr. Flaxman's great fault to carry his love of the antique to an excess. The figures in relief, representing scenes from the Greek and English drama, though partly executed by Mr. Rossi, are all designed by the former, and do great credit to his taste and composition. The Lady from *Comus* is particularly graceful and feminine. Mr. Flaxman is said to be a great admirer of Mr. Stothard's designs, and if he is like that artist in certain faults, as for instance, in the relief before us, an occasional thick-setness in his limbs, he resembles him also in his simplicity, of which his group of *Instruction*, in the last year's Exhibition, was a very engaging example. It cannot be denied, however, that there has yet arisen no great inventive genius, who by displaying a masterly familiarity with form and its accidents, joined to a vivid apprehension of character and a command of expression, could give sculpture that creative renown among us, which it has enjoyed in Greece and Italy. There is still therefore a noble opening for English genius, in an art too, which if it is inferior to painting in vivacity and general power, is more capable of embodying a perfect grandeur and beauty, and has a *presence* about it, which alike removed from the idea of surface and from the waking lifelessness of wax-work, is more fitted to inspire reverence and awe.

In humorous painting, we are now confessedly unrivalled. Stothard has been already mentioned as an artist of considerable observation in this walk. He is also the most refined of our painters of humour, which by its familiar habits is always apt to degenerate into vulgarity. Mr. Smirke, who is a respectable but not very pleasing painter in serious subjects, is a broad humourist with considerable freedom of pencil. He expresses forcibly; you always know what touch of quaintness he would strike off, and the burst of laughter is ready to welcome it. But his characters are all actors, and actors too of very manifest farce. Sometimes he is not content while any temperance remains, as he has particularly instanced in his picture of the *Examination before Dogberry and Verges*, from *Much Ado About Nothing*,—a scene which has of itself enough farce to satisfy any reasonable giggler. Its natural touches Mr. Smirke broadens into farce; the farcical ones are trebly exaggerated; and that nothing may be left of probability, the faces of the whole company, except Conrad and Borachio, are not only marked with the humour of the scene, but have each a distinct set of odd features, as if the persons present must all have been what is vulgarly called characters. Low hu-

mour

mour therefore, so excellently moralized, but loosely drawn by Hogarth, was still left open for a nice observer, who should describe it with a natural fidelity. Mr. Wilkie, the only painter of talent that Scotland has produced, came to London in the 18th year of his age, and by displaying a Dutch nicety of finish united, for the first time, with variety and delicacy of humourous expression, was soon acknowledged as the first low painter on record. His pictures are too well known and estimated to need any description here, which to be just ought to be minute. Spirit and correctness of drawing, propriety of colour, expression chaste as significant, and the happiest seizure of circumstance, are his distinguishing characteristics; but his pictures and success instantly created a sort of humourous school, and painters of landscape and portrait began to try whether nature had not intended them to be droll. Mr. Bird, who lately appeared, and was said to be a formidable rival, has a considerable turn for humour, but as a designer he is far inferior, and his humour is of a more partial kind, belonging rather to situation than to character. The best artist whom Mr. Wilkie's genius seems to have roused, is Mr. Sharpe, who, with a delicate eye for colour and a pleasantness of social feeling, has displayed considerable merit in what are called humourous conversation pieces,—that is to say, in domestic groups with some accidental circumstance of drollery, as a Girl shutting her ears at *Bad Music*, a Boy convulsed with a *Pinch of Snuff*, &c. The foreign costume in which he indulges himself has been censured, but it is not easy to see why. What he loses in point of familiar appeal, he gains in elegance, richness, and variety of dress; and as to the essential humour of the pictures, a foreign girl may certainly be as much annoyed with discord as an English one, and a young Fleming take as overwhelming a pinch of snuff. Mr. Sharpe, however, is not a low painter; he has not sufficient humour, and at the same time he has too much refinement; for it would almost seem an axiom in painting, that these two feelings can never come together, at least in their natural strength. In Mr. Davison's Collection of Paintings from English History, there is a picture by Wilkie, of *Alfred letting the Cakes burn*, in which the humourous circumstance is excellent, but the Prince mean; Mr. Devis has painted the same subject, and in his picture the humour is mean and the Prince excellent.

Mr. Devis is one of the most universal painters we have, and is the link between history, fancy-pieces, and portrait. His talent consists in ease and an apprehension of natural circumstances. Of his skill in the more familiar parts of history, his *Death of Nelson*, in the Cock-pit of the Victory, is a very just specimen; and, on account of its ease and adherence to fact, is more valuable than that of West. The general fault of Mr. Devis is want

of effect, and a dingy colouring; but he latterly seems aware of these great defects, and his whole-length Portrait of a Lady in satin, in the last Exhibition, was a masterpiece of ease, lightness, and delicate brilliancy. In small narrative and other light pieces, we have two or three artists, besides Mr. Devis, of much elegant taste and of superior fancy. Mr. Howard can enter into the most graceful flights of poetry, as he has evinced in several small pictures from Shakspeare and the Classics, particularly his *Hylas borne away by the Water-nymphs*, and a piece in the last Exhibition of the British Institution, in which he happily personified, by Venus and Mercury, the certain Stars that—

—————Shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maids music.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

For a man of so much taste as Mr. Howard, he has a singular fault, that of chubbiness in his faces and figures. He seems not to have studied drawing sufficiently. Mr. Thomson is in the same line, though he is also a pleasing portrait-painter. He has not Mr. Howard's fancy, but his figures are much better executed; and his colouring, when it acquires a little more body, promises to be masterly. Mr. Owen appears to be inferior to both these gentlemen in fancy, but he has a better eye, and a greater taste for simplicity. In the natural attitudes and repose of Children he is now unrivalled; and some of his later Portraits display a knowledge of grouping and of delicate accident, that belongs to the highest rank in that department of art. His colouring is peculiarly harmonious, of a grey and agreeably sober tone. This grey is however too prominent in the flesh, rendering it somewhat dingy. Mr. Lawrence has for some time past been reckoned the first in this line, but if it was too great a compliment to Sir Joshua and Vandyck to attribute to them a genius for history, it is the merest flattery to Mr. Lawrence. He is an artist of considerable talent, draws well, and catches a prominent expression with a vivid spirit of translation: but his colouring, which might be otherwise masterly, he renders too gaudy and imposing, and his attempts at an historical spirit are theatrical, as may be seen in his well-known picture of *Rolla bearing off Cora's Infant*:—if it be objected that this is a portrait of Kemble, and that Kemble's manner is very theatrical, one may observe that it is not the business of Mr. Lawrence to copy a vicious manner, and that the very child on Rolla's arm is as theatrical as the Peruvian himself. Portrait-painting has lately sustained a severe loss in Messrs. Hoppner and Opie, artists of no great refinement, but highly useful in their respective merits, the
former

former a very natural colourist,—the latter a just, though dry painter, and a lecturer of much sound sense.

The Abbe Winckelmann, who saw in our humid climate nothing but barrenness of taste, might have condescended to inform himself that such climates are essentially favourable to two branches of art,—Landscape-painting and Architecture. The former it supplies with scenes of perpetual verdure; the latter it advises to be well-built and of a lasting solidity. In England, the drawing of landscape has long been an ordinary accomplishment, and our Water-colour Exhibitions are daily crowded with ladies who go there to study and to criticise, as our students do to the others. The drawing masters in this line have consequently had their activity roused, and the productions of Girtin, Hayell, Varley, Christall, &c., have gone considerably beyond those of the late Mr. Sandby, Mr. Farington, and others of the old school, and begin to contest the palm with their elder sister oil. The latter branch, however, is decidedly capable of more richness and grandeur, and has the powerful advantage of durability. Of this art, we have professors of every description,—painters of flat and mountainous scenery, of barren and of picturesque, of Italian and of Egyptian, of the banks of the Ganges and of the solitary mud banks of Chelsea. Freebairn, an elegant but flimsy painter, gave us the classical scenery of Italy, as Daniel does that of the East; and both have been valuable to men of literature. Mr. Callcott is correct, tasteful, and has a fine feeling for aerial effect: he has introduced a classical story into his last landscape, a practice that should be encouraged like historical portraiture, inasmuch as it tends to bind the different branches of painting together and to give each a proper respect for the other. The Messrs. Barkers are bold in scenery and perspective, with much freedom of pencilling. Mr. Arnald's productions are chaste, tasteful, and natural: the Reinagles, particularly the junior, are artists of considerable power and variety; and Miss Goldsmith possesses a vigour of touch, and an eye to common nature, not often seen in a female professor. Chalon is a man of talent, but he should rely more upon his own powers. Louthembourg, a foreigner, wants the English cast of judgment; he is highly picturesque, and occasionally sublime, particularly in his Alpine scenery; but his luxuriance is apt to become mere flutter and tawdriness, and he works his colour up to such a glow that his landscapes sometimes appear lit up with a conflagration. This gentleman also paints history in a style that generally speaking has the flutter of his landscape without its grandeur. He is in the habit of designing battles and military landings for the engraver, but his sailors have a kind of sturdy caricature about them that is not English; and of such landings and battles-array it may generally

he said, that they are only a pitch above the monotony of sea-fights. Our first landscape-painter is Mr. Turner, who has the same fault in his drawing as Sir Joshua, that of indistinctness of outline; but this fault, which is so obnoxious in human subjects, and baffles Mr. Turner's ragged attempts at history, becomes very different in the mists and distances of landscape; and he knows how to convert it into a shadowy sublimity. Mr. Turner's invention generally displays itself through this medium, whether disturbed or placid. His *Whirlwind in the Desert* astounded the connoisseurs, who after contemplating at proper distance an embodied violence of atmosphere that seemed to take away one's senses, found themselves, when they came near, utterly at a loss what to make of it, and as it were smothered in the attempt. Of his calmer style, there are two exquisite specimens in Sir John Leicester's Collection, one, representing a Seat belonging to the Baronet in Cheshire, the other the Demolition of Pope's House at Twickenham. The former is a towery mansion, seen on a fine April morning from beyond a large sheet of water, and looks as if it were dipped in moist air:—the latter is a picture of rich decay, a poet's house in a state of demolition, contemplated upon an autumnal evening, with other attendant circumstances that have all the meaning without the affectation of allegory.

In architecture we are at present, I believe, without competition; but what has been said above on this subject, is perhaps still more applicable than formerly to the works of our artists. Our later edifices are upon the Greek models and where this is not the case we have more eccentricity than originality. The proportions of architecture, we are told, are fixed; it's orders are perfected; and by what we can discover, it's harmonious combinations are exhausted:—what then remains for invention? Somerset House is light and elegant, but it is said to be ill built, and in a word, what beauty has it that is new? Mr. Soane, a theoretical master of his art, wished to be original when he repaired the Bank; and how did he effect his purpose? Merely by giving his edifice the look of a different object—merely by giving us a title-page contradictory to the contents of the book; the Bank has the air of a mausoleum, as if its builder intended to be ironical on our departed gold—

To shew by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

SWIFT on Endowing his Irish Bedlam.

Mr. Wyatt builds excellent houses, replete with snugness; but where is his invention in architecture? Mr. Dance is said to be a clever artist; but where is his invention? The New Theatre built by Mr. Smirke, jun. is undoubtedly an ornament to the metropolis;

ropolis; but does it exhibit any thing beyond tasteful copying? What it possesses of beauty has been seen a thousand times in arcades and porticos; and where he has diverged from the ordinary agreements, he is said to have been wrong,—as in the bareness of the sides, their want of uniformity, and the unseemly arches on the roof. The architect with the greatest appearance of genius, is Mr. Gandy, but he has not exhibited this genius in any new modes of building, though it is possible he might do so, had he a proper opportunity. What gave the public a high idea of his taste and imagination, was the drawing of *Pandemonium* exhibited a few years since,—a most poetical production certainly, and glowing with the preternatural fire of the original; but did the building in itself display invention, abstracted from its poetical circumstances, the extent, the burning ground, and the ghastly illumination? It is certainly not for the REFLECTOR to decide; but either the architects have for centuries past had no acquaintance with invention, or invention has been entirely shut out of architecture.

With the exception of this art, the objections to which apply of course to the rest of Europe, the English school of design has manifested a decided character of originality; and it has been its good fortune to be followed and animated in its endeavours by an excellent succession of engravers:—but of Engraving more hereafter. It is strikingly worthy of remark, that this originality is individual as well as general, and that our artists imitate each other much less than the other existing schools. The general dotage of the Italian school has already been mentioned. The French painters, making a superficial use of the plundered stores of Italy, and servilely imitating David, who now leads the taste by his imperial office as well as his genius, have turned the old love of flutter into a sculptural stiffness and affected classicality, that promise little rivalry in invention. It would seem therefore that the same spirit of thinking which has given freedom and variety to the English character, and enabled us to exhibit our humours as men, has entered into our composition as artists. Our principal painters above mentioned have each their striking peculiarities; and the two most promising of our young students, Messrs. Haydon and Hilton, have their's also,—the former a fine eye for correctness and colour; with an ambitious vehemence of style that promises grandeur of character but not refinement;—the latter, a gentler taste, susceptible of pathos and various elegance, but inclined, unless he takes great care, to prefer shew to substance and become theatrical. May these young men fulfil the hopes entertained of them. If to a spirit of rational independence in art, our growing school shall add the same spirit as men and as a *body*,—a spirit alike removed from the misanthropy

thropy of Barry and the courtliness of his enemies,—the Fine Arts of this country will soon be worthy of it's poetry and philosophy.

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ART. XXII.—*Retrospect of the Theatre.*

It is universally agreed, that the Drama, with respect to intellect, is at the lowest point of degradation. This is a matter that to men of taste never wanted proof, and that no longer remains to be proved to the town in general. It is no longer necessary to point out, how entirely the modern playwrights, in their inability to reach the arduous walks of writing, have agreed to sink into the lowest and easiest; it is no longer necessary to point out how entirely character has been degraded into caricature, plot and sentiment into common-place, wit into punning, and composition into sheer ignorance of the language. Comedy has become such mere farce, and the serious drama such mere floweriness, that criticism has for a long time had nothing to do but to quote repetitions, and to vary, if possible, it's modes of contempt.

All our dramatists, it is true, are not alike ignorant; but there is little distinction in the general aspect of their productions. Mr. Colmán, otherwise a master of broad humour, has chosen, in his indolence, to accommodate himself to the worst taste of Dibdin and Reynolds; and what is worse, Mr. Kenney, a young author who promised a better ambition, and bade fair to be the reformer of the stage, has lost himself in the common vortex of old jests and trickery. The new pieces therefore, though they appear much seldomer than formerly, exhibit the usual run of features, and the critic is only employed one month in recognizing the countenances he has seen in another. The months just past; for instance, present nothing whatever that is worthy of notice upon an enlarged scale. Mr. Dimond, the sole surviving butterfly of the Della Cruscans, has given us his usual flutterings among the flowers in a piece called the *Secrets of a Palace*;—Mr. Reynolds, who has lately become very serious, now that his jest-books begin to fail him, produces a specimen of his romance reading in an after-piece called the *Bridal Ring*; and Mr. Arnold does the same in an opera called *Plots, or the North Tower*, the very name of which will let the reader into the whole secret. These gentlemen are at least original in their prefaces. Mr. Dimond tells us that, sincerely speaking, he thinks his production above-mentioned a good one; and he moreover informs us, that all the critics,

critics, whose praise is worth having, thought so too,—meaning thereby the *Post*. Mr. Reynolds, I am afraid, is not quite so candid, for he tells us in one of his prefaces, that he is conscious of writing bad pieces; but that if the town approves them, it is not his fault. In this touch, so characteristic of the dramatic feeling of the times, one does not know which to admire in preference—the writer's entire want of ambition, or the extreme good-nature of the public towards him.

In some former remarks on the degeneracy of our drama,* I attributed it to one particular circumstance—the sudden change of comedy from the sentimental to the laughable, effected by Goldsmith and others, and vulgarized into what it is by the followers of O'Keefe. Sentimental writing was an unexpected relief to the town from the grinning and malignant farces that had just been in vogue; but it suited neither the humour nor temper of the nation; and farce, with its sting taken out, became in its turn a relief from sentiment. This still appears to me the immediate cause; but considered as the only one, it was a very narrow view of the subject, for several others must be added, arising from accident as well as from changes in the nation itself. It may be doubted, in the first place, whether the general diffusion of letters has not had its share in contributing to the mediocrity of the drama. What are called the Augustan ages of literature have not been diffuse in this respect; it is in those ages the streams burst sparkling forth, but in the next they spread in fertilizing shallows, and the nation is content to reap what they produce, without troubling itself to search after new springs. An age, under these circumstances, rather enjoys literature than cultivates it; a taste for books becomes a common part of education; and the consequence is, that while real genius is repressed by its own fastidiousness, or seeks for the likeness of originality in eccentricity or over brilliancy, mediocrity, less delicate and less ambitious, comes forward with the sole intention to amuse, imposes upon the multitude who have just become critics enough to mistake it, and like a buffoon at court, is endured for a long time by the better sort, who suffer themselves to be amused by what they ought to despise. Such has been the case for years past with regard to the Drama; and the progress of society helped materially to maintain it. The English public, never much attached to theatrical amusements, and at best inclined to consider them as objects of mere relaxation, seemed to have been more than ever diverted from any care on the subject by the encreasing interest
of

* An Essay on the Appearance, Causes, and Consequences of the Decline of British Comedy, written in 1805, and printed in another publication.

of politics. Commerce too, as it advanced, by no means tended to enlarge their ideas on any subject; and it is curious to observe, how our comedies of late, sentimental as well as farcical, have run upon the manners and moral feelings of shopkeepers. With the gentlemen of small independent fortunes, vanished a great deal of taste as well as of public spirit: the race of young critics, who shine so pertly in our periodical classics under the general appellation of Templars, but who certainly helped to repress much nonsense on the stage, became lost among the general expectants of the political world; and in proportion as the well-educated part of the middle classes rose, in appearance at least, to a level with the upper, they affected, like them, only to enjoy and not to interfere with public amusements. The general corruption therefore, which brought together all those who had a voice or an interest in the press, rendered criticism a mere matter of courtesy: an exchange of cards took place between all the managers, actors, dramatists, and journalists; and independence of opinion seems to have been a feeling never remembered but in occasional pamphlets and pasquinades, written with evident purposes of party animosity, or what is worse, of extortion. From these and one or two other different causes, a singular era has lately taken place in theatrical history, the gradual migration of the critics from pit to boxes. In the boxes it is not reckoned very decorous to express any vehement opinion of what is going forward on the stage; hissing in particular is generally exploded; and thus the critics sit still with their faculties politely enchained, some not willing to hiss if allowed, others caring neither to hiss nor clap, and a solitary one perhaps, from a notion of justice which he now thinks mistaken, expressing no opinion that might influence a fate which he is to criticise. These gentlemen are now becoming less reserved, and perhaps there is no measure that would tend more to the revival of the Drama than their general migration back again into their former seats.

The stage thus left to itself was soon occupied with all sorts of weeds. It might have been expected that some theatrical manager, seeing the state of things and anxious for the interest as well as reputation of his concern, would become public spirited enough to begin the necessary reform. But unluckily, the persons, into whose hands the theatre is most likely to fall, are of all others the least fitted to conduct it. They are generally, it is true, men of taste, but they are also men of pleasure, and get into so many petty involvements, that their taste has hardly power to exercise itself if it would. From Sir William Davenant to Sir Richard Steele, and from Steele to Sheridan and Colman, it has been found that the managers from whom most was to be expected, have done least for the advancement of the Drama. The best managers have
been

been such as were actors themselves, for with more obligations to industry, they were more alive to their real interest. This however, uniting with the deterioration of dramatic writing, materially helped to raise the actors in general above the dramatists; and the consequence has been, that the latter are sunk into mere retainers of the theatre, doing and undoing just what they are bidden, and writing, not for the world at large, but for the peculiar talent of this and that performer. This is one cause of the monotonous round of characters so observable in the present drama. By seeing the actor's names in the morning playbills, you generally know what personages you have to expect; and a dramatist is sure to muster all the good actors he can, before he completes his work and announces it for representation. Such are the rules, and such the views of human nature, upon which the Reynoldses and the Dibbins advance their claims to approbation!

What is contemptible in this respect on the side of the authors, becomes lamentable on that of the performers, who, the more they exert themselves in the behalf of nonsense, injure their own regard for nature and consequently their reputation. The present stage can boast a race of actors, some of whom have not been excelled by any of their predecessors, perhaps in one or two respects not equalled. They are deficient in tragedy, and in the feminine part of genteel comedy; but Mrs. Siddons alone is a host in the former; and I know not where are the names in comedy that possess us with images of such perfect nature as those of Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Dowton,—the one for a broad and ardent simplicity, alive to every fugitive impression;—the other for his masterly conception of strong passion in all its varieties, particularly of an anger replete with humourous circumstance, and subsiding into benevolence. This actor has lately been performing the *Hypocrite*, in the comedy of that name, with a truth and a breathing calmness, that present a most refreshing contrast to the necessary grimace of the modern drama. Yet even he finds it difficult to withhold the charitable quantum of face-making when called upon by the poverty of our comic writers.—A joke which would not pass at a dinner-table, must be tossed up in all sorts of grins and gesticulations before it is properly relished at the theatre: the actors accordingly exert their powers of cookery, but they lose their better taste in so doing; and it is acknowledged, that in proportion as our comedy has become farce, some of our best comic actors have become buffoons.

Luckily, the first honest spirit of criticism that rose to express the sense of rational people on this subject, had a considerable effect upon the public. The periodical writers gradually changed from panegyric to defence, from defence to excuses, from

excuses

excuses to a kind of patronizing pity, and at length, with the exception of one or two whose praise is at all times as good as a lampoon, they scarcely affect to hide their contempt. Even the dramatists, finding themselves become bye-words for want of genius, seem at last inclined to feel a little of the general shame, and to take their respective roads to obscurity. Never has the history of the drama presented so fine an opening for rising talent; and it is difficult to imagine, difficult at least for persons of any literary ardour, how the numerous young men of wit and education in the capitals of the united kingdom can refrain from attempting to rescue the British Drama out of the hands of a grinning ignorance—an attempt so laudable in every respect, so due to the national honour, and so conducive, if it succeed, to the improvement of the rising generation.

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ART. XXIII.—*Retrospect of Public Affairs.*

THE events of the last three months, though by no means void of interest, have in general been rather such as seem preparatory to important consequences, than highly important in themselves. Europe, indeed, has been long in a state that cannot be contemplated without an almost daily expectation of violent change; yet when and from what quarter such change is to arise, still baffles conjecture; and in the mean time, the predominancy of one nation, or rather of one man, in its system, proceeds with almost undeviating regularity. Holland, some time ago, excited the hopes of the sanguine, as likely to set the first limits to French domination;—and it has since, without a struggle, resigned its separate existence, and is become a nameless part of the French empire. Wistful eyes were cast to the North for a new confederacy to resist the torrent of subjugation;—and a French General has been admitted without a shadow of opposition to the inheritance of the Swedish Crown; while Russia and Denmark have looked with seeming approbation at an act which places servitude in their very sight, and sets the dangerous example of the easy extinction of an ancient dynasty. Austria is proud of a close alliance with the present disposer of crowns and kingdoms, and of the prospect of a future participation in the Napoleon line.

The Spanish Peninsula alone on the Continent presents an active resistance to the grasping projects of the mighty Despot; and it cannot be doubted that he feels equal surprise and indignation

tion at this unexpected check to his conquering arms. After all the blood that has been shed in the attempt to subdue a people whose energies were suppressed but not extinguished, the attainment of the object seems more remote than ever. In Spain itself, the war has become a series of petty actions diffused through almost every province, extremely harassing to the invaders, and serving as that school of bold enterprize and military habits which alone an *armed nation* wants to secure its final independence. In the mean time, it has assembled, by its representatives, in its ancient Cortes, has set aside its feeble Regency, and has dared to assume the language and perform the acts of a sovereignty based upon the rights of the people. It has nominally recognised King Ferdinand, but has derived its own authority from the act of its creation; and it has been asserted in the Cortes, that when Ferdinand returns to Spain he will find a *constitution* framed for his acceptance. The spirit of liberty has even proceeded so far as to provide for the *freedom of the press*; and the Cortes has passed a decree permitting the publication of *political* writings without any previous license, under the same subsequent responsibility that they are subject to in England. The same freedom of *religious* discussion could not be granted under a Catholic establishment. From these tokens of advance in the Spanish nation to the sentiments of freemen, it is ardently to be wished that their noble exertions to throw off the yoke of tyranny and usurpation may be rewarded with final success.

It was to Portugal, however, that the force of the French arms was particularly directed during the late autumnal campaign. Impatient at the view of an English army on the Continent, Napoleon sent one of his most distinguished Generals, Massena, at the head of a large body of troops, to "sweep them into the sea," according to his presumptuous phrase. Lord Wellington, commanding a force much inferior in troops on whose steadiness he could rely, prudently determined to post himself behind one fortress after another, impeding the progress of the enemy as much as he was able, and gradually retiring on their approach. The impediments he threw in the way of Massena's advance were, however, inconsiderable. Ciudad Rodrigo fell unsuccoured; and the expected resistance of Almeida being soon terminated by an accidental explosion, the northern part of Portugal was left open to the French troops, who rushed in like a torrent. Lord Wellington, who had hastily retreated beyond the Mondego, at length re-crossed the river to take possession of the strong heights of Busaco, which lay in the direct line of advance of the French towards Lisbon. Here he was attacked by Massena on September 27th, and a bloody conflict ensued, in which both parties claimed the victory. In the statements of the losses on each side, the proportions

proportions have, as usual, been reversed ; and each party has made the usual displays of triumph, by which the vulgar and the sanguine in all countries ever have been and will be deluded, when the Government finds an interest in keeping up a deception. The sequel, however, has sufficiently elucidated the nature and result of the action. The French, notwithstanding repeated and serious attempts, were foiled in their first object : but their skilful leader, by a circuitous track, obliged Wellington, through apprehension of being turned, to re-cross the Mondego, leaving Coimbra to be occupied by the enemy. In his account of the engagement great encomiums were given to the behaviour of the Portuguese troops, who composed the major part of his force ; but although their number, added to that of the British, appears to have exceeded that of the French army, he was so little desirous of a second encounter, that he made a *rapid* retrograde motion to the last of his strong positions in the immediate vicinity of Lisbon, without opposing any further obstacle to the equally rapid advance of Massena. As the English public was evidently much disappointed with this result, pains have been taken by the Ministerialists to represent this movement as a masterly stratagem in the British Commander, to draw his antagonist into a situation where he must either see his army perish for want of supplies, or fight or retreat at a great disadvantage. That Lord Wellington has acted with true judgment is highly probable ; but it does not appear that he would have acted differently had the awe of a superior force, and not the hope of ruining his adversary, been the principle of his conduct. Mean time the expectation of a great impending battle has been hitherto disappointed. Massena has found the allied army too strong and too formidably posted to venture on an attack, and Wellington adheres to his defensive system. The hopes of starving the French army grow fainter, and it is said that it has secured a safe retreat to Spain by the shortest way. Much of the best part of Portugal is made a desert by the march of the different armies ; and England, in addition to the enormous expenses of its own and the Portuguese troops, will probably incur that of feeding a great proportion of the distressed population of Portugal.

Whilst the Spanish nation is thus struggling for an independent existence, it has the additional arduous task of maintaining a sovereignty over its American colonies, in which the past misgovernment of the parent country, and progressive ideas of political rights, have widely spread the seeds of revolt. The province of the Caraccas and the city of Buenos Ayres have already declared their independency ; and although the spirit has been resisted wherever the native Spaniards have retained the ascendancy, yet it may be concluded that the Creoles in general secretly meditate
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taking advantage of the opportunity. Nothing, at least, but a more liberal system of policy with respect to the colonies can long secure their connection with Spain. Mean time the English Government is thrown into some perplexity with regard to its conduct towards those opposite parties. The relations in which it stands to Old Spain will not decently permit a recognition of those who have broken the ties which bound them to it, and have in consequence been branded as traitors by the regency at Cadiz : on the other hand, the Creoles have always been the advocates of that free trade which it is so much the commercial interest of England to encourage ; and if these new American states are likely in the event to establish themselves, it is highly important to secure the first place in their gratitude and affection. But this difficulty, like so many others in the present distracted state of the world, time alone can solve.

The sanguinary contests between Turks and Russians are not likely much to interest those who are chiefly attracted by events that may influence the future destinies of mankind in their most important points. We have heard different and opposite reports of actions between these semi-barbarous powers upon their confines ; and we may believe that while the more regular discipline and superior military skill of the Russians assure them the most permanent advantages, the fanatical fury of the Turks is occasionally irresistible. It is highly improbable, however, that the weak and corrupt court of Petersburg is destined to be the final subverter of the Ottoman empire, sinking as it may be under its mass of defects and abuses. The present war between them, as it seems to have no determinate object, is not likely to be of long duration.

The other parts of Europe have presented few incidents worthy of regard exclusive of those which have already been referred to. The opposite shores of Naples and Sicily have been the scene of petty enterprises and demonstrations of hostilities, affording rather the image than the reality of warfare. One ill-conducted invasion of the Sicilian coast has indeed been effected, attended with the loss of most of the Neapolitan troops which were thrown over. It proved, however, the possibility of such landings in intervals when the English protecting squadron is driven by stress of weather from its station ; but there seems no present danger of the repetition of such hazardous attempts.

The annexation of the country of the Valais to France, upon the pretext that it had not performed all its engagements, joined to the real reason of its convenient situation, is an additional though inconsiderable proof of the undisguised despotism of the Master of Europe. It is a much more important fact, that he has nearly completed the project in which he has long been so earnestly

earnestly engaged, of excluding British goods from the European Continent. Almost every custom-house is under the direction of French revenue officers supported by French soldiers; and a late edict of unprecedented rigour condemns to the flames all articles of British manufacture, wherever found, in consequence of which many bonfires of valuable articles have already been lighted, to the ruin of the poor proprietors. This severity has probably for the time answered its end of intimidating foreign merchants from practising concealed methods of introducing British commodities; and to the stagnation of trade thereby produced, together with unprofitable speculations to South America, may be attributed that unusual number of bankruptcies which has of late filled the pages of every Gazette. The cotton manufacture appears to have been particularly affected by these causes of reduced demand, for a great proportion of the failures have occurred in its principal seats. A depreciation of the last loan to Government was one of first symptoms of pecuniary difficulties, the effects of which were displayed in some tragical events that made an extraordinary impression on the public; and it cannot be doubted, that on the approaching necessity for other loans to support a war of unprecedented expense, these difficulties will occasion a heavy addition to the national burdens.

In Ireland, the spirit of discontent, which unfortunately has never been suffered to want aliment to keep it in vigour, has taken the turn of a violent antipathy to the principles of the late Union between the two kingdoms. The manner in which this measure was carried, and the alledged non-performance of promises which accompanied it, have afforded topics for vehement censure; and a numerous Meeting, held at Dublin, has unanimously agreed in a strong petition for its repeal. That such a step will be thought of on this side of the water is not to be expected; and probably the whole will end in only adding an article to the catalogue of national grievances. This subject seems for the present to have occupied the place of the question concerning Catholic Emancipation, which disagreements among the Catholics themselves had begun to render less embarrassing to Government.

It seems proper to notice, as another remarkable feature of the times, that perhaps in no period of equal domestic tranquillity have there been so many Prosecutions for Libels carried on by the Attorney-General, or with so acrimonious a spirit. Whether this denotes an uncommon license assumed by political writers, or an unusual degree of jealousy and irritability in our governors, we shall leave to our readers to determine for themselves. In the mean time, we shall beg leave to remind those who may be called upon to exercise the sacred office of *Jurymen*,—the only true guardians of our liberties,—that the boasted Freedom of the Eng-
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lish Press is nothing more than a trap to writers, if, by the privilege of printing without a previous license, they are seduced into discussions and censures which, though perhaps applauded, leave them unprotected victims to the cause of their country. Let it be noted, that the Prosecutor of a pretended libel may at his pleasure select for vengeance author, publisher, vender, or printer, according as each may be personally obnoxious to him or his employers; and that if proof of the mere fact be thought sufficient to justify a verdict of guilty, the accused is exposed to the unchecked severity of persons whose political principles are not unlikely to be the same with those animadverted upon. It is needless for us to be more explicit.

The latest and most important domestic occurrence has been one in which the whole public are interested, and which has therefore been the prevailing subject of conversation and enquiry with all ranks of people. This is, the calamitous suspension of the functions of the Executive Power, in consequence of a return of the mental malady with which his Majesty has at different times been unfortunately afflicted. This event was necessarily made known at the Meeting of Parliament on November 1st, but as the attack was attributed to the affecting circumstances attending the illness of his Majesty's youngest daughter (since deceased), confident hopes were entertained that it would speedily subside; and the Parliament accordingly adjourned itself for a fortnight. When that term was expired, the adjournment was extended, upon the same expectations, to another fortnight; though not without some opposition to such protraction in the Lower House. Of the real state of the Royal Sufferer mean time, no authentic information has been given to the public. Etiquette, the very essence of which is deception, has not permitted the true name of the malady to be pronounced in Parliament, or the real symptoms to be stated in those Medical Bulletins which are daily issued with the accustomed formality. These, however, defective as they are, have in general terms rather inculcated the idea that the disorder was aggravated than diminished. The public therefore, at the expiration of the second period of parliamentary adjournment, on November 29th, were prepared to expect that some measures should be taken to supply this chasm in the Constitution, which, while it lasts, leaves the Government without power to act on any important emergency, and renders it a kind of anomaly or monster in political institutions. One day, however, previous to the meeting of Parliament, an examination of all the Physicians attending his Majesty took place before the Privy Council, who concurred in opinion that the King was in a progress of amendment, and that there was every reason to expect his entire restoration. On the ground of this opinion the

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Ministers

Ministers ventured in both Houses to propose a further adjournment of a fortnight; and though the proposal was combated by strong arguments, it passed by the usual majorities on a division in each House.

Such is the general state of affairs, abroad and at home, in this concluding month of the year 1810,—a state which affords little consolation for the present, or hope for the future. Increased expenses; diminished resources; an enemy equally inveterate and powerful, who unites against us all Europe, except the parts occupied by allies who depend on us for support; a Ministry only known by their failures, who, in one event, will be continued in office in spite of the national contempt; in another, will yield their places to uncertain successors! What lover of his country, not fattening on its spoils and abuses, can contemplate the scene without distressful feelings and melancholy forebodings? Still, however, there are healthful stamina in the British character and Constitution, which forbid despair; and though England will probably never again possess the proud pre-eminence to which she was raised in the early years of this reign, she may, by a return to wise and just counsels with respect to foreign nations, and the adoption of domestic Reforms which every day shews to be more and more necessary, avert the principal evils with which she is threatened, and retain the freedom and independence which are her noblest boast.

ART. XXIV.—*Short Miscellaneous Pieces.*

ROBERT HERRICK.

MR. REFLECTOR,

THE following Latin lines are a translation of a beautiful little poem of Robert Herrick, entitled *The Night Piece*. As the general character of this too-neglected poet may be gathered from some essays of Dr. Drake, from *Ellis's Specimens*, and from a late republication of his best Poems, I shall not here detain your readers with any criticism on his writings. I will just intimate, that Herrick, who lived in an age of borrowers from the stores of ancient literature, made no scruple to steal, as well as his brethren, some of his best thoughts from the same sources; and that the idea of the present song was suggested by the 16th Elegy of the 3d Book of Propertius, though the sweetness and tenderness to be found in it,

It, qualities to which the Latin poet had not the slightest pretensions, are the exclusive property of the modern.

THE ORIGINAL.

TO JULIA.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake, or slow-worm bite thee:
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What tho' the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

I feel almost ashamed to present you my copper substitute for this pure gold, but such as it is, it may excite, in this age of elegant scholarship, some person more competent to give an adequate representation of the beauty of the original.

THE TRANSLATION.

AD JULIAM.

Igniferos oculos tibi præstet reptile splendens,
Et tibi eant comites sidera quæque vaga;
Et lemures, quorum scintillant lumina flamma,
Præterdant pedibus, turma benigna, facem.
Nec cursum fallat fatuus, dux perfidus, Ignis,
Nec te mortifero vipera dente petat.

Verum age carpe viam, neque sit mora,—nam tibi nulli
 Occurrent manes : eja age carpe viam.
 Ne metuas tenebras : quid enim licet obruta somno
 Luna suam lucem, Diva maligna, neget ?
 Sidera sed certe, flammantia lumina noctis,
 Monstrabunt, claræ lampadis instar, iter.
 Accipere ergo meos ne dedigneris amores ;
 Et mea nympha veni, ad me, mea nympha, veni :
 Et tum quando pedes versus me admoveris albos,
 In te conjiciam, Julia, totam animam.

It may not be unpleasing to your readers to see the passage of Propertius above alluded to. He had received a summons from his mistress to attend her at midnight. This startles him ; and he conjures up in an instant all the usual horrors of travelling by night, viz. darkness, dogs, robbers, &c. ; but well knowing the temper of his Cynthia, and recollecting that on a similar occasion his disobedience had cost him a whole year's banishment from her sight, he determines to go, and comforts himself that the moon and stars, and the torch-bearing god, will befriend so obsequious a lover. Here follows the best part of the elegy, on a comparison of which with Herrick's song, it will appear that the Roman bard has the advantage over the British in one respect only, *i. e.* in gallantry ; for whereas the modern wishes his mistress to run all risks to visit him, the polite ancient bravely resolves to encounter the horrors aforesaid to visit his mistress.

Quid faciam ? obductis committam mene tenebris,
 Ut timeam audaces in mea membra manus ?

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Nec tamen est quisquam, sacros qui lædat amantes :
 Scyronis media sic licet ire via ;
 Quisquis amator erit, Scythicis licet ambulet oris,
 Nemo adeo ut noceat barbarus esse volet.
 Luna ministrat iter ; demonstrant astra salebras :
 Ipse Amor accensus percutit ante facies :
 Sæva cæcum rabies morsus avertit hiantes.
 Huic generi quovis tempore tuta via est."

I will just observe, that the objects of terror mentioned in Herrick,—the Will-o'-th'-wisp, the slow-worm, and the ghost, are more poetically chosen than the dogs and assassins of the Roman Bard.

T. B.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES I.

No reader of *Hume's History*, if he compares his account of the reign of Charles I. with other documents of the transactions of that period, can fail to perceive the abundant artifice he has employed to produce a general impression in favour of the royal cause in the conflict between the king and the parliament. This he has done, not by the falsification, or even the suppression, of any important fact; but by dwelling with so much more force upon those that suited his purpose, and distributing his lights and shades, his strong and tender colouring, with so much skill, that an unpractised judgment is deluded into conclusions extremely different from those which would result from fair and impartial examination. One distinguished specimen of his art is the figure of the king himself, which he has laboured to present before his readers under the lineaments most adapted to excite sympathy and attachment. Taking the likeness from the features he exhibited at the close of life, when long calamities had softened his temper and brought him to a proper sense of men and things, he paints him as almost exempt from human frailty, and equally amiable and venerable. This touching picture remains on the imagination, and almost obliterates the remembrance of his earlier years, when wilfulness, precipitation, and the pride of royalty, were conspicuous traits in his character, and greatly contributed to involve him in the difficulties of which he was finally the victim. So little had age and experience corrected these faults of his nature at the very crisis of his reign, that the immediate and direct cause of the fatal appeal to the sword was his rash and violent act in coming with an armed band to the House of Commons to apprehend the five members,—an act which compromised the privileges and invaded the security of that part of the legislature, and afforded it a pretext for levying a protective force under its own direction. Various instances of hasty and passionate conduct might be cited in proof of his propensity to the failings above ascribed to him; but I have met with nothing that displays the violence of his early character in such striking colours, as the account given by the celebrated Marshal de Bassompierre, in his *Memoirs of the Incidents of his Embassy to England in 1626*, for the purpose of complaining of the affront offered to Queen Henrietta by the expulsion of all the French of her household, and all her Catholic priests except her confessor.

It is well known that the vanity of James I. having led him to the resolution of procuring a wife for his son Charles exclusively from the principal royal houses of Europe, he first, with great sacrifices religious and political, negotiated a marriage for him with

with an infant of Spain; and that failing, he made proposals of the like kind to the court of France. These were accepted, and the prince espoused Henrietta, daughter of the late King Henry IV., and sister of the reigning sovereign Louis XIII. The terms to which James submitted on this occasion were still more objectionable than those demanded by the Spanish court; for the bride was not only to have a numerous household of her own countrymen at her disposal, and a whole college of priests with a bishop at their head, in Somerset-house, but the education of all the children to the age of thirteen was left to her direction, in which time they were certain to be indelibly impressed with the principles of popery,—a consequence which eventually expelled the Stuart family from the English throne.

It was natural that Henrietta, bigottedly attached to her religion, and supported and lessoned by a host of her countrymen, should regard herself as a foreigner, and give all her confidence to her priests and servants; and differences arose between the royal pair, which were said to have been fomented by Buckingham, who feared lest the queen should supplant him in his influence over his master's mind. Upon some particular occasion of quarrel, the violent measure was adopted of banishing all the French from the queen's person and the kingdom, without any previous application to their court; thereby giving just cause to the king of France to complain of the infraction of the marriage treaty. On this business, Bassompierre, as before mentioned, was sent to England as ambassador-extraordinary; and I shall transcribe from his *Memoirs* the circumstances in which the personal character of Charles is principally concerned.

When it had been fixed that he was to have an audience of the king at Hampton Court, he was waited upon by the Duke of Buckingham, who told him that his Majesty desired first to be informed what he meant to say to him, and that he would grant an audience only upon condition that no matter of business should be entered upon in it. When Bassompierre objected that it was contrary to the privilege of an ambassador to subject him to such restrictions, the Duke assured him that the king's only reason for it was, that he could not help putting himself into a passion in treating of the affairs which were to be discussed, which would be unseemly when he was seated on his throne in the view of the most considerable persons of his kingdom; that the queen, his wife, would be near him, who, under chagrin for the dismission of her domestics, might commit some extravagance, and weep before all the assembly. On this point the Duke so much insisted, representing it as the indispensable condition of a public audience, that the ambassador was obliged to devise an expedient for eluding the difficulty. This was, that after delivery of his
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credentials and the reciprocal compliments, he should just start the subject of his mission, when the king should interrupt him by saying it was late, and as he was to return to London that evening, there would not be time to enter into the business, but that he would shortly send to him, and appoint a particular audience for the purpose. This suggestion was adopted, and the king exactly performed the part assigned him.

Some days afterwards he had a private audience at Hampton Court. The discussion of the affair in question was long and well contested. The king displayed much passion; but Bassompierre, by a firm yet respectful address, conceding a little, gained a great deal. He relates an instance of what he calls a great boldness, not to say effrontery, in the Duke of Buckingham, who was present. When the King and the Marshal were in the warmest part of the debate, the Duke approached, and made himself a third, saying, "I am come to prevent you two from quarreling." Bassompierre immediately took off his hat, and refused to put it on again whilst the Duke staid; by which he meant to denote that he no longer considered it as an audience, but as a conversation; and, indeed, in the whole business, he seems to have understood his part, as ambassador, much better than they did theirs, as king and minister. He afterwards had private conferences with the queen, who appears to have been much exasperated against her husband and the Duke of Buckingham; and he took great pains to effect a reconciliation, for which he received the king's thanks. From his account, he seems to have had much more difficulty with the queen than the king, and he more than once parted from her in displeasure. She was, indeed, the injured person, and she was naturally high-spirited and resentful; whereas Charles, though hasty, was placable and desirous of domestic quiet.

After the terms of agreement were apparently settled, a scene took place which displayed the characters of the royal partners. "I went (says Bassompierre) to the Queen's Palace, where the king arrived, and they began quarreling, as I did afterwards with the queen on the same subject; and I told her that I would on the next day take leave of the king, and return to France, without concluding the affair, and would acquaint the king and the queen her mother, that it was all her fault." He then speaks of the impertinence of a priest, Father Saney, whom he had brought over with him as his chaplain, and to whom the queen had written on the quarrel; and upon the whole it is pretty evident that the meddling spirit of the clerical attendants of Henrietta had occasioned much of the mischief, though the king's violence had thrown him into the wrong. The conclusion of the business was, that Charles was obliged to consent to the re-establishment of the
queen's

queen's household nearly as it was before,—a common consequence of hasty and inconsiderate measures.

It is observable that Hume takes not the least notice of this embassy, and only incidentally alludes to the circumstance which occasioned it, though highly important in elucidating the characters of Charles and his queen, and the early events of the reign. When that historian draws his final portrait of this prince, all he thinks proper to allow respecting the frailty exhibited in such scenes as the preceding is, "that his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions." But is not the epithet here applied in direct contradiction to the fact admitted? For how can a temper deserve the praise of moderation, if it is liable to such deviations; and that, as appears, not merely from pliability to the suggestions of others (which was also one of his acknowledged weaknesses) but from its own irregularities? Hume goes on to observe, that "had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy and his memory precious." But what can be more unphilosophical than such an opinion? Can any thing be more contradictory both to fact and reason than that the failings of a hasty temper, and a propensity to be influenced by favourites, should be corrected by the possession of uncontrolled power? Have not the worst evils in arbitrary governments proceeded from such dispositions in the sovereign, which must always be aggravated by uncontrolled indulgence? The best things in Charles I. were the result of the severe discipline of opposition and adversity; and Hume himself has remarked how much he seemed to all who had known him to have been improved, both in temper and understanding, by his sufferings previous to his trial. It is indeed remarkable, not only of the king, but of the great instruments of his tyranny, Laud and Strafford, that they exhibited as much calm resignation and patient fortitude in their deaths, as they had done of violence and haughtiness in the exercise of their power,

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. F. E. on the *Proper Objects in the Education of the Middle and Lower Classes*, in the next number.

The Editor is obliged to Mr. S. for his three several Communications, but not thinking them calculated to interest the general reader, has returned them in the manner requested.

The articles politely sent by Mr. B. entitled *Theatrical Criticism* and the *Systems*, are also returned, not altogether on the same grounds, but the former as being deficient in novelty, and the latter as perhaps not exactly publishable.

The verses by O. J. are declined not because they have nothing to recommend them, for they really have considerable merit as the production of a *Youth*; but because the publication of such productions is of still less service to the writer than to the publisher. The Editor would not discourage O. J.'s attachment to poetry:—on the contrary, he would advise him to cultivate it's acquaintance till familiarity wears off the habit of imitating it's common language, and he has learnt to think and speak for himself, as the present specimen shews that he may. Good imitation is a very good sign of success; but originality only is the attainment of it.

THE REFLECTOR.

No. II.

ART. I.—Church and Constitution.

THE CHURCH.

No scholar need be informed that the Greek word which we render *church*, *ἐκκλησία*, has the general meaning of a *convoked assembly*, and was thus applied previously to the times of Christianity; since which period only, its signification has been limited to an assembly for religious purposes. It was, however, when thus restricted, always understood to comprehend the whole body composing such an assembly, without any distinction of clergy and laity, the first of whom, being the servants or ministers of the assembly, could have had no existence apart from the rest. Nothing, therefore, can be a greater impropriety of speech than to appropriate the word *church* to the clerical order; an inaccuracy of the same kind as if the word *state* were made to signify the officers of government exclusively of the nation. This abuse of language, however, was apparently not introduced without design; for it has been made the basis of an assumed right of special property, which could not have been supposed to exist under the notion that *the church* was synonymous with the whole number of persons concurring in one faith and worship. A national or established church (of which I now mean to speak) can possess nothing which the nation considered in any other light does not possess; for the nation assembled in public worship consists of the same individuals as the nation met in a political convention, a military array, or on any other occasion in which it acts conjunctly. In all these, it may exercise its entire rights as far as they apply to the purpose of assembling; and to suppose them limited by partial rights, is the absurdity of making a part greater than the whole. To avoid this manifest inconsistency, a kind of abstract idea has been formed of *the church*,

represented by its ministers or clergy, in contradistinction to the state, and possessing its own unalienable rights as an independent body; and in order to guard these rights, and the mass of property acquired by it under this imaginary self-existence, a kind of partnership with the Almighty has been invented, throwing a fence of sacredness around every thing connected with it, which could not be violated without a crime of the deepest dye. Donations made to the church have thus been said, in language closely bordering on blasphemy, to be *given to God*—for what, in fact, can be a grosser affront to the divine nature than to suppose it capable of receiving a benefaction from its own creature?—and in consequence, a resumption of such gift has been stigmatised as impiety joined to robbery. This association between the priest and his deity has been of old standing, and almost universal; evidently grounded upon that vicious analogy which is the essence of all popular religions, and which by enjoining sacrifices, consecrations, and a variety of external rites of homage and service, assimilates as much as possible the divine nature with the human. Such was the power of this association, that the church in its corporate capacity long flourished in security under its protection; and even the subversion of the popish superstition in this country did not diminish the reverence paid to the church and its property in the minds of those who were trained to bow to ecclesiastical authority. Lord Clarendon, an oracle of that party, speaking of his sentiments with respect to the Church of England, says, that “he thought that the taking away any of its revenue, and applying it to secular uses, was robbery and notorious sacrilege.” As this personified lady existed before the Reformation, and was possessed of many rich estates in abbeys, priories, and the like, the stripping her of them at that period must, upon the same principles, be regarded as equally flagitious; and so indeed it has been considered by many high-church antiquarians, who have taken great pleasure in pointing out the judgments which fell upon the families that partook of the spoil. The learned Sir Henry Spelman wrote an express treatise on the subject, entitled “*A History of Sacrilege*.”

The rational idea of an established church is sufficiently simple and obvious. Public worship is regarded both as a duty to God, and an institution of great utility to man; and there are few countries in which it has not been thought advisable to make a provision for its performance, not dependent on the will of individuals, but compulsory; like that for the administration of justice and for public defence. This constitutes the essence of a national or established church, which church comprehends the body of a nation in its religious capacity. But the mode and amount of provision, and the external frame and constitution

of

of the church, must be supposed to be always as much within the choice and determination of the existing national body as any thing else appertaining to its collective state; and it is absurd to embody an intellectual conception and set it up as a claimant of rights restrictive of those of the community in which all other public rights reside. The clergy are a part of this church, and individually have the same claims in equity to remuneration for services, and even to the fulfilment of reasonable expectations, that other men have; but it is as an existing and not a future order; and there is no more ground to consider a present generation as bound by a past in its regulations of an establishment for public worship, than in regulations of any other kind in which the good of society is concerned.

It follows, that the crime of *sacrilege*, as applied to the resumption, by the supreme power in a state, of property once devoted to religious uses, is a mere fiction. If, indeed, the state were actuated by a design to subvert public religion altogether, it might justly be charged with *impiety*; but as far as regards a different application of property of which itself is the legal owner, it is manifest that there exists no human claimant which has a right to think itself aggrieved; and with relation to the Supreme Being, nothing can be altered by the disposition of man. The forms of *consecration*, by which things have been solemnly appropriated to the service of the Deity, if divested of figurative language, could have had no other proper meaning, than to denote the present intention of those who concurred in such appropriation; and to affix to that rite a notion similar to that of conveying property to a human individual, is a vulgar and debasing superstition. The true service of God is in the hearts of his adorers: all besides is instrumental and symbolical; and the best means of exciting devotional sentiments will vary according to circumstances and opinions. There might be times in which the monastic life would be an useful mixture in society, to impress a rude people with veneration for displays of piety and virtue, of which it would have been difficult otherwise to preserve examples; but when monasteries became the abodes of abuse, imposture, and superstition, and men's ideas of them were altered, it was right to abolish them, and to resume the funds by which they were maintained. These funds might be injudiciously applied or unfaithfully administered; but still, the right of applying them to new purposes was vested in the community. That community was itself *the church*, and could lie under no other obligation in its religious capacity than that of providing the requisites for public worship in the mode which to itself appeared preferable.

THE CONSTITUTION.

"I love the Constitution," said a certain City spokesman, "for I have grown rich under it:"—an honest account of the matter! leaving his hearers to infer, that had he remained a poor man, no praises of the Constitution would have come out of *his* mouth. The probability is, that he had never troubled himself with speculations on the nature of the Constitution, or its fitness to answer the ends for which government was instituted, but understood, by the term, simply that state of things which had enabled him to make money. Possibly, that which excited his affection might be one of those very corruptions which afford so many topics for patriotic declamation, and are so seriously lamented by real friends to the Constitution as subversive of its true principles.

But this manner of regarding and estimating the Constitution is by no means peculiar to the worthy citizen above alluded to. In all the superior classes individuals are to be found whose secret attachment to the Constitution is nothing more than love of emolument; and when they make it the subject of panegyric, though they employ the cant terms of general praise, their approbation is mentally fixed upon those parts on which their wealth and consequence depend. The peer, who takes the lead at a county meeting, in his florid eulogy on our excellent Constitution, may think only on that which has rendered him an hereditary legislator; the reverend dignitary who follows him,—on "the best constituted church in Christendom;" the boroughholder,—on that admirable proportion in the representation, which allots forty-four members to Cornwall, and four to London; the placeman,—on the ample provision for sinecures and reversions; and thus, with respect to individuals, in every order to which the state extends peculiar favours. There is no wonder that men in whom self predominates above all other considerations should entertain such various views of the Constitution, when they who possess real public feelings, and regard government as a common and not a private concern, are found to differ so widely in their notions on the subject. If the question were asked individually to a number of eulogists of the *Constitution*, "Pray what do you mean by the word?" how various would be the answers given!—Let us speculate a little on this supposition.

From a Church-and-King man the answer would be simple. The essentials of the Constitution to him are a crown and mitre, and he cares little for the checks and balances of a mixed monarchy.

narchy. Reverting to the time when it was declared from the throne to be sedition to dispute "what a king may do in the height of his power," and the doctrine was re-echoed by prelates who entitled his Majesty "the breath of their nostrils," they sum up all political merit in the virtue of loyalty; and having been able, after a long struggle, to transfer this sentiment from the House of Stuart to that of Brunswick, they bend at the foot of the throne with as much devotion as their ancestors did when a James or a Charles was seated on it. Of such constitutionalists as these (if they deserve the name), the number, however, is probably small. They are chiefly to be met with in the ancient haunts of jacobitism and the purlieus of the court.

A much more numerous class consists of those who consider the Constitution merely as a thing they are born to, as they are to their estates. With them, a system of government is nothing but a set of precedents, and every political question is to be decided on the same principles as a trial at law. Extravagant in their praises of the wisdom of our ancestors, and fond of deriving every existing institution from remote antiquity, they choose to overlook all the changes the Constitution has undergone in a series of ages, the improvements on one hand, and the corruptions on the other, and take it in the mass, as they find it, as if it were sent down ready made from Heaven. They are furnished with a set of standing arguments against innovations, except such as fall in with their own interests or prejudices; and are firm adherents to the letter, when the spirit plainly speaks a contrary sense. These form the great body in which the old distinctions of Whig and Tory are inseparably confounded; which includes all the expectants of power and emolument; which defends every abuse, insists on every prerogative, and rejects every melioration. Constitution with these is a kind of talismanic word, of power to silence all appeals to reason and argument, and like *waistcoat* in a mad-house, to quiet what they would call the ravings of hot-headed politicians. Hyde was a constitutionalist of this class, in the reign of Charles I., when he held that "the English government was so equally poised, that if the least branch of the prerogative was torn off, the subject suffered by it;" and yet, at that time, the courts of wards and of high commission, and the star-chamber, subsisted, the judges were removeable at the pleasure of the crown, and there was no provision for securing the assembling of parliaments after stated intervals, so that a king who did not want money might govern without them. If subsequent alterations in these and various other points respecting the prerogative are acknowledged to have been improvements, this eminent constitutionalist must be admitted to have erred in his judgment. The septennial act, and the addition

to the legislative body by the Scotch and Irish unions, are other important changes in the Constitution ; yet still the magical word retains all its authority. In short, the Constitution, as viewed by this party, is merely the existing political state ; and a precedent of yesterday serves the purpose of silencing opposition as well as one of centuries. The suspension of the *habeas corpus* at the requisition of a minister is justified by precedent ; the breaking open of a man's house and dragging him to punishment without trial is justified by precedent ; convictions without juries in revenue cases are justified by precedent ; and thus, the Constitution, as interpreted by these advocates for antiquity and stability, is placed at the mercy of the most mutable of all things, the volition of present power.

There is another set of constitutionalists who regard the subject in a very different light. Referring to the purpose intended to be answered by each part of the complex machine of the English government, they consider how far it was originally calculated to answer that purpose, and what injury or alteration it may have undergone from time and circumstances, so that the balance of powers may have been disturbed. The restoration of this balance, or even the improvement of the machine upon its true principles, is therefore a great object of their attention ; and with this in view, they pay little regard to the authority of mere precedent, whatever be its antiquity, if inconsistent with those principles. Sincerely preferring the English Constitution to any other known form of government, they have no wish to change it, but only aim to render it perfect and consistent with itself. They do not, however, set a value on it merely as being that of their own country, but as fulfilling certain important ends better than any other with which they are acquainted ; and these ends are such as they conceive to be the object of all legitimate government. Hence they are necessarily enquirers into the nature and principles of human society, and the origin and foundation of governments ; and the habit of such disquisition, it must be admitted, lessens their reverence for established forms, and disposes them to speculate on what political institutions might be, as well as what they are and have been. But the wise and experienced among them indulge no immoderate expectations. Sensible of the radical imperfections of the human nature and condition, they limit their practical ideas of government to that security for the general interests of the community which results from subjecting partial wills to the universal will duly considered and deliberately expressed ; and they watch with a jealous eye such exertions of power in *any* hand as tend to infringe this security. They well know, that in a numerous and complex society, a tight rein must be kept upon the selfish and turbulent propensities

propensities of mankind; and therefore they acquiesce in the large measure of authority entrusted by the Constitution to the executive administration, provided it be accompanied with that *real* responsibility which the Constitution in its wisdom has also intended.

If these persons reject the title of Whigs, which at some periods might with sufficient exactness have designated their political principles, it is, because the name has been assumed by so many of the preceding class, that it has lost its primitive signification, and is come to imply no more than the retainers of certain old families, or the remnant of local parties. A man may now denominate himself a Whig, and yet hold that the people have no constitutional right to a fair representation in their own house of parliament, and that there are partial prerogatives of superior authority to Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. Between such Whigs and the Constitutionals last described it is right that there should be a strong boundary line marked, which no community of appellation may render indistinct. They cannot coalesce in any really important measure. Precedent and principle are things opposite in their nature, and cannot concur in their determinations. If, for example, a modern parliament were by a vote to extend their sitting from seven years to ten, as a *Whig* parliament once did from three to seven, the Whigs must support the usurpation by the analogy of what was done by their ancestors; but the genuine constitutionalist would say, it cannot, must not, *shall* not be.

Their reply, then, to the question, What is the English Constitution? would be, that it is a combination of three distinct parts into a single frame of government, each perfectly independent of the other, the agreement of which in any act of state is necessary to its validity, and which together constitute the supreme power. This, however, not absolute or omnipotent, but bound by fundamental laws relative to the original delegation of civil authority, which cannot be infringed without a dissolution of the government.

To such a Constitution, and such only, I would say—*ESTO PERPETUA*,

ART. II.—*Remarkable Passages from the Memoirs of the Marshal de Bassompierre.*

No nation has so much abounded with the works entitled *Memoirs* as the French; and although they have frequently been the product of personal vanity and a spirit of frivolity, they have contributed to make the court of France, and the private history of its kings, better known than those of any other country, and have in some respect thrown new light upon the human character in general, especially in the higher classes of society, and in the midst of artificial refinement.

Of the crowned heads who have been the subject of these *Memoirs*, no individual, with the exception of Louis XIV., is so frequent a figure on the canvas as Henry IV., the darling hero of the French, and one so peculiarly calculated to be a national favourite, that his character elucidates that of the people whose love and admiration he has so warmly excited. Brave, frank, and social, ardent in his feelings and free in his expressions, humane and beneficent, yet a lover of pleasure, and prone to all those weaknesses to which men of loose morals give the title of *amiable*, his virtues were such as the gay and thoughtless could esteem, while his foibles precluded the awe with which superior qualities are regarded by those who despair of imitating them. These foibles were so gross, and often so prejudicial, that they have not permitted the name of *Great*, which his countrymen were so desirous of affixing to it, to be a durable appendage. Indeed, to call a man *great* who is enslaved to his passions, is a manifest contradiction in terms; for greatness implies superiority; whereas there cannot be a more complete subjugation than that of a person under the controul of a predominant passion.

The prevailing weakness of Henry, was an unbounded attachment to the fair sex; a weakness which the French have always treated with peculiar indulgence, but which, carried beyond certain limits, and especially when accompanying advanced years, is equally despicable and mischievous. The extravagant passion he entertained at the close of his reign for the Princess of Condé, Charlotte de Montmorenci, has been mentioned by all writers of the events of those times; but its rise and effects are no where described with such curious and authentic particulars as in the *Memoirs* of Bassompierre, who was deeply interested in the result. His relation is to the following purpose:—

In the year 1608, the Constable Henry Duke of Montmorenci, who had conceived a great affection for Bassompierre, one day
gave

gave him a particular invitation to dinner, having at the same time invited the Dukes of Epernon and Roquelaure, and two others of his intimate friends. After they had risen from table, the Constable took them into a private chamber, and with great solemnity began a discourse, which terminated in the subject of the disposal of his youngest daughter, now marriageable. He said he could have had his choice of a son-in-law among all the French princes; but after mature consideration, he had been induced, by his esteem and affection for M. de Bassompierre, to prefer an alliance with him, as most likely to conduce to the happiness of his daughter and himself, and therefore, in presence of them all, now made him the offer of her hand. He mentioned the fortune he intended to give her, which was ample; and concluded a touching speech with tears in his eyes.

Bassompierre, who affirms that the offer was quite unexpected by him, received it with the expressions of delight and gratitude natural on the prospect of an union with a young beauty, the flower of the French court, and of the highest birth and connections. He was complimented on the occasion by the persons present; and after the Constable had requested them to keep the affair secret, because he was then out of favour with the king, the company separated. Bassompierre returned to the house in the evening, and was introduced to his intended bride, who manifested no repugnance to the alliance. The Constable was desirous that the marriage should take place immediately; but it was represented to him that keeping the King ignorant of the design would cause an irreparable breach between them: as, however, Bassompierre was then high in his Majesty's good graces, it was supposed that there would be no difficulty in obtaining his consent. In the mean time, the affair began to be talked of at court, and intrigues were set on foot to prevent the match. The King, who had seen the young lady with her aunt Mad. d'Engouleme, and had at first expressed himself well pleased with the proposed connection, was practised upon by some courtiers who knew his foible, and who laboured to inflame his imagination by rapturous descriptions of her charms. And, by the way, it does not enhance our ideas of the wisdom and dignity of a monarch of fifty-five, that the discourse of pandars should be encouraged in his presence.

It happened that both the King and the Constable had a fit of the gout at the same time; by which the marriage was necessarily delayed, and leisure was given for the operation of the King's rising passion. This was so violent, that after one sleepless night, he sent for Bassompierre, and fetching a deep sigh, thus addressed him. "Bassompierre, I will speak to you as a friend.

I am not only enamoured of Mademoiselle de Montmorenci, but am become furiously and extravagantly so. If you marry her, and she should love you, I shall hate you; and if she should love me, you would hate me. It will be better to avoid such a cause of misunderstanding between us, for I have a sincere affection for you. I have resolved to marry her to my nephew, the Prince of Condé, and to keep her near my family. It will be a comfort and support to my old age, which is on the point of commencing. I will give her to my nephew, who is young, and loves hunting a hundred times better than the ladies, with 100,000 franks for his amusements; and I shall seek no other favour from her than her affection, without forming further pretensions." Bassompierre was, as might be expected, much surprised at this address; but, like a skilful courtier, he instantly resolved to make the sacrifice with the best grace he could. After he had signified his compliance with his Majesty's wish, whatever it cost him, Henry embraced him and wept, assuring him that he would take care of his fortune as much as if he had been one of his natural children. One parting look that the disappointed lover received from the lady affected him, he says, so much, that he passed two days and nights without eating, drinking, or sleeping. Her nuptials with the Prince of Condé speedily followed; and it is difficult to conceive either of baser profligacy, or more deplorable weakness, than were displayed by this great king in effecting them. The bridegroom, however, did not prove so passive and indifferent as Henry had expected. Discovering his passion for the Princess, he carried her off to Brussels, and placed her and himself under the protection of the Spanish government. That her recovery was the immediate motive which induced Henry to break with that court, is acknowledged even by those who most revere his memory; and nothing but his assassination could have prevented a general war on the Continent on account of his scandalous passion—*teterrima belli causa!*

Henry, however, was much beloved by his subjects, who could readily pardon faults of which so amiable a propensity was the cause. His tragical death was therefore considered as a public calamity; and superstition being still a prevalent feeling, many presages and presentiments of his approaching fate were reported as having occurred to the King. Bassompierre's relation of the last days of Henry are characteristic both of his master and himself:—

"He said to me a short time before his assassination, 'I know not how it is, Bassompierre, but I cannot persuade myself that I shall go to Germany, nor does my heart tell me that you will go to Italy.' (Bassompierre was to have a command there in the approaching war). He often said to me and others, 'I think I shall

shall die soon.' On the first of May, returning from the Thuilleries by the great gallery, leaning on M. de Guise on one side and me on the other, he bid us stay till he should go and hasten his wife to dress, that she might not make him wait for dinner; for he usually dined with her. We, in the mean time, leaned upon the iron balustrades that face the court of the Louvre; when the maypole that had been planted in the center fell down, without any wind or other apparent cause, on the side of the little staircase leading to the King's chamber. I then said to M. de Guise, 'I would give a great deal this had not happened: it is a very bad omen. God preserve the King, who is the May of the Louvre.' While we were talking about it, the King came from the Queen's closet, and approaching us softly, supposing we were talking of some female, overheard our conversation. 'You are very simple (said he) to amuse yourselves with these prognostics. For thirty years past all the astrologers and charlatans have been predicting yearly that I should be in danger of my life; and when I shall die at last, they will remark all the presages of that year, taking no notice of those of the preceding ones.' "

"The Queen had a particular passion for being crowned before the King's departure for Germany. He did not wish it, both on account of the expense, and because he was not fond of these great festivities. However, *as he was the best husband in the world*, he consented to it, and deferred his departure till she should have made her public entry into Paris. The court slept at St. Denis on May 12, to prepare for the morrow, which was the day for the Queen's consecration. This ceremony was conducted with the greatest magnificence, and the King appeared extraordinarily gay in it. On the 14th, in the morning, M. de Guise called upon me to accompany him to the King, who was gone to hear mass at the Feuillans."

Bassompierre then goes on to relate some conversation between his Majesty and Guise and himself, as they walked one on each side of him, terminating in a compliment paid by the King to Guise; upon which, "the King embraced him, and said to us both, 'You do not know me now; but I shall die one of these days, and when you have lost me, you will know my value, and the difference between me and other men.' I then said, 'Good God! will you never cease, Sire, to afflict us by telling us that you shall die soon? These are not good words to be spoken: you will live, please God! many happy years. There is no felicity in the world equal to yours. You are yet in the flower of your age, (he was fifty-seven), in perfect health and vigour of body; fuller of honour than any mortal; enjoying in tranquillity the most flourishing kingdom in the world; beloved and adored by your subjects; provided with wealth, money, fine houses, a handsome

handsome wife, *handsome mistress*, handsome children, who are advancing in years. What is wanting to you, and what more could you desire?" Henry fetched a sigh, and said, 'My friend! I must quit all that.' 'And I (said Bassompierre) must quit this talk.' He then made a request for some arms out of the arsenal, which the King granted with much good-humour; after which he kissed hands and retired. Bassompierre saw his master no more alive; for after dinner he received the news of his being killed. He immediately ran to the King's closet, where he saw him lying upon a bed quite dead, with his officers and servants weeping around.

That Henry, who had already felt an assassin's knife, who was conscious of perpetual infidelities to his Italian wife, and was about to commence an attack upon a court by no means scrupulous in its policy, should feel some occasional misgivings and presentiments of danger, was very natural. Some years before, after Biron's conspiracy, he appeared to the English Ambassadors at his court in the light of a timorous and suspicious prince; and indeed firmness of mind and high courage were qualities that seem little to have distinguished him except in the day of battle.

In the minority of his successor, Louis XIII., a worthless upstart, Concini, created Marshal d'Ancre, was for a time all-powerful, through the influence of his wife over the Queen-Regent. Hated and despised by the nation, he found dangers accumulating round him; and a conversation he held with Bassompierre affords a very striking display of a base soul giving way to despondence, without the support either of native courage or conscious merit. The death of his only daughter plunged him and his wife into the deepest distress; when, being visited by Bassompierre, who strove to console him and rouse him from his unmanly dejection, he unbosomed himself in the following terms:—

"From the time, Sir, that I entered the world, I have learned to know it, and to observe both the rise and decline of fortune; and I have remarked, that a man ascends to a certain pitch of prosperity, after which he descends, or rather, if his ascent has been high and rapid, is precipitated. If you had not known me in my low condition, I should try to conceal it from you; but you have seen me at Florence, sometimes in prison, generally without money, and perpetually in disorder and passing a dissolute life. I was born a gentleman, and of a good family; but when I came to France I had not a penny, and owed more than 8000 crowns. My marriage, and my wife's favour with the Queen, immersed me in court intrigues during the life of the late King, and procured me wealth, honours, and great places, during the

the regency. I pushed my fortune as far as another could have done, as long as I found it propitious; but since I have perceived that it was become weary of favouring me, and has given me warnings of its alienation, I have thought of making a decent retreat, and of enjoying with my wife in tranquillity the great property which the Queen's bounty and our own industry have put into our hands, and settling our children in our native country, well allied, and in condition to inherit what we have to leave. In consequence of this intention, I have for some months in vain been urging my wife to concur in this determination, and I continue so to do at every blow that misfortune inflicts on us."

He then proceeded to enumerate the several affronts and outrages he had lately received, adding, "What should we more wait for after the death of our daughter, which admonishes us of our own impending fate, that may still be avoided if we make a timely retreat. For this, I thought I had made a good provision by offering the pope 100,000 crowns for the usufruct of the Duchy of Ferrara during our lives, where we might pass the remainder of our days in peace, and still leave two millions in gold to our children." He then made a statement of his property to Bassompierre, to prove that this was no vain boast; and thus concluded:—"Is not this, Sir, enough to content us? Have we any thing more to desire, if we do not choose to incur the anger of God, who forewarns us, by such manifest tokens, of our total ruin? I have been all this afternoon with my wife to conjure her to retire. I fell on my knees before her to prevail upon her; but she, more obstinate than ever, reproached me with baseness and ingratitude, for thinking of forsaking the Queen, who has conferred upon us, or been the means of our acquiring, so much honour and emolument: so that you see me undone past resource. And if I were not under so many obligations to my wife, I would leave her, and go to some place where neither the nobles nor the people of France could take cognizance of me. Judge then, Sir, if I have not reason to be afflicted; and if, in addition to the loss of my daughter, this second distress should not doubly disquiet me!"

It is scarcely necessary to add, that shortly after, the dreaded catastrophe took place, with circumstances of ferocity indicating the extreme of public hatred against the unhappy sufferers.

The following anecdotes respecting *royal education* may be thought worthy of notice. They are written by Bassompierre under the year 1618, that following the death of the Marshal d'Ancre:—

"At this time, the King, who was very young, (he was, however, in his 17th year), amused himself with many little exercises

clises belonging to his age ; such as painting, singing, imitating the water-works of St. Germain's by tubes made of quill, the chase in miniature, and beating the drum, in which last he was very successful. One day I praised him for his proficiency in every thing he chose to undertake, and particularly for beating the drum in a superior manner, though he had never been taught. He said, ' I must return to blowing the hunting horn, which I do very well ; and I shall take a whole day for practising.' I replied, ' Sire, I do not advise your Majesty to blow too often ; for besides that it is apt to produce ruptures, it is very injurious to the lungs ; and I have even heard that the late King Charles (IX.) by blowing the horn broke a vessel in the lungs, which occasioned his death.' ' You are mistaken (answered the King) ; this was not what caused his death, but his quarrel at Monceaux with his mother, Queen Catharine, whom he quitted, and went to Meaux ; and if he had not, at the persuasion of Marshal de Rétz, returned to his mother at Monceaux, he would not have died so soon.' As I made no return to this remark, Montpouillon, who was present, said to me, ' Sir, you would not suppose the King to be so well informed of these things, and many others.' I replied, ' Indeed, Sir, I should not have supposed it : ' and from this conversation I learned that pains had been taken to inspire him with great apprehensions of the Queen, his mother, whose name I therefore took great care not to mention to him afterwards, even in common discourse.

Death of Philip III. of Spain.—It is popularly known that a king of Spain died in consequence of the strictness of etiquette observed in that court. The account of this circumstance by Bassompierre, who was at that time (1621) ambassador of France at Madrid, is probably as authentic as any to be met with. He had been some time waiting in expectation of an audience from the King, which was deferred on the pretext of his indisposition. " It was very true (says the Marshal) that he was ill, though it was generally supposed that he counterfeited in order to delay my audience. His disorder began on the first Friday of Lent, when, the dispatches being brought him to read, and the day being cold, a very hot brasier was placed near him. Its reverberation was so strong upon his face, that drops of sweat fell from it, whilst, according to his natural disposition, he made no complaint. The Marquis of Pobar, from whom I had my information, seeing how much he was incommoded by the brasier, desired the Duke of Alva, a gentleman of the bedchamber as well as himself, to cause it to be withdrawn, as it inflamed the King's cheek. But as they are too punctilious in their offices, he said that this was in the department of the yeoman of the body, the Duke of Uzeda. The Marquis of Pobar accordingly sent a messenger to his apartment

apartment, but unfortunately he was gone to look at a building that he was erecting; so that before the Duke could arrive, the King was broiled in such a manner, that on the following day the heat of his constitution excited a fever. This was succeeded by an erysipelas; and the latter, after some vicissitudes, turned into the purples, which killed him."

In this extraordinary narrative, the ridiculous preciseness of ceremony in the attendants on the King, is perhaps less to be wondered at than the apathy and immobility of the royal sufferer himself, whom, one would suppose, no etiquette need have prevented from getting out of his chair, and removing to a distance from the brasier, rather than undergo the martyrdom of St. Laurence. But this phlegm, approaching to stupidity, seems to have been characteristic in the Spanish line of monarchs, and to have accompanied them to the extinction of their regality.

The Memoirs of Bassompierre afford many instances of the licentiousness and extravagance of the times, in which he himself largely partook, as he confesses without any appearance of self-reproach. He was indeed peculiarly noted for his lavish profusion on all occasions of show and parade, and he does not conceal that the gaming-table was a principal source whence he supplied his expenses. The following anecdote paints himself, and the court of France at which he figured, in striking colours:—

Coming to Paris at the time when the children of Henry IV. were to be baptized with great pomp, and having no court-dress except what he had just before worn at the nuptials of the Duke of Lorraine and the Princess of Mantua, he was in some perplexity how to make a suitable appearance, especially as he was informed that all the taylor and embroiderers were fully occupied. He was, however, waited upon by his own taylor and embroiderer, who acquainted him that a merchant was arrived from Antwerp with a horse-load of pearls to be sold by the ounce, and that by his means they could make him a dress which should surpass in magnificence all that would appear at the ceremonial. Upon this, in consultation with two ladies, he planned a dress which should take at least fifty ounces* of pearls for the decoration. The stuff was to be violet cloth of gold, with interlacing palm-branches, and the embroiderer was to have 600 crowns for his work. "Thus, (says he), with only 700 crowns in my purse, I ordered a dress that was to cost me 14,000 crowns." The pearl-merchant was sent for, and the price by the ounce

* It is pounds in the original; but this quantity is utterly incredible, and the word is probably an error of the press.

ounce was agreed upon, but he demanded a deposit of 4000 crowns. Bassompierre put him off to the next morning, and in the mean time, went to sup at the Duke of Epemon's hotel. He there won at play 5000 crowns, which enabled him to satisfy the merchant; and pursuing his good fortune, he not only cleared the cost of his dress, but purchased, besides, a diamond-hilted sword of 5000 crowns value, and had 6000 crowns more left in his pocket.

Bassompierre was, however, regarded as a man of honour, and seems to have been generally beloved; whence his imprisonment was lamented, and looked upon as an act of tyranny. His account of it presents a curious view of the subjection under which Louis XIII. was held by his arbitrary minister Richelieu, as well as of the complete despotism to which France was then reduced, and which, indeed, late experience seems to prove to be the only kind of government suited to that nation.

He was then a marshal of France, and high in reputation both as a soldier and a negotiator. He had long been an object of suspicion to Cardinal Richelieu, as being attached to the party of the Queen-mother; and various circumstances had occurred which led his friends to portend that he would not long remain at liberty. The old Duke of Epemon had earnestly pressed him to accept of a sum of money, and make his escape out of the kingdom; which Bassompierre refused to do, trusting, he says, to his innocence, and thinking it dishonourable to shrink from any charge that might be made against him. He became convinced, however, of his danger, and made due preparations to meet it. The first of these was characteristic:—

“On Feb. 24, 1631, (says he), I rose before day, and burnt more than *six thousand love-letters*, which I had formerly received from different women, apprehending lest, if I were committed to prison and my house searched, something might be found to the prejudice of some persons, these being the only papers that could be injurious to any one. I then sent word to the Count of Grammont that I was going to meet the King at Senlis, whither, if he chose, I would carry him. He willingly accepted the offer, and we drove in my coach to the Louvre, where we found Monsieur le Comte and the Cardinals de la Valette and de Bouillon, who were preparing to go to Senlis. The latter took me apart, and said, I am certainly informed that you are to be arrested; and if you will take my advice, you will retire. Here are two fleet horses which will carry you ten leagues hence. I answered, that having nothing upon my conscience, I feared nothing, and that I would have the honour to accompany him to Senlis. We arrived there soon after, and found the King and Queen together, with the Princess of Guimene. He came to us, and conversed with me

a considerable time, telling me he had done all in his power to effect an accommodation between the Queen his mother and the Cardinal, but had not been able to gain any thing. I then said that I had been informed his Majesty had a design of arresting me,—that I was therefore come to prevent the trouble of sending to find me, and that if I knew where I was to be confined, I would go thither of my own accord. He replied in these words: ‘What, Betstein! (his family name) can you think I would do such a thing? you well know that I love you:’—and I fully believe that at that time he spoke as he felt. He was then told that the Cardinal was in his chamber, and immediately took leave of the company, ordering me the next morning early to march the corps that was on guard to Paris, and gave me the word.

“We remained some time with the Queen, and then all went to sup with M. de Longueville, whence we returned to the Queen’s apartment, whither the King came after supper. I could perceive that something had been said to my prejudice; for the King constantly held down his head, playing on the guitar without looking at me, and during the whole evening he never spoke a word to me. On February 25, I rose at six in the morning, and as I was standing before the fire in my night-gown, the *Sieur de Launay*, lieutenant of the life-guards, entered my chamber, and said, ‘Sir, it is with tears in my eyes, and a bleeding heart, that I, who have been for twenty years your soldier, and have always served under you, am obliged to tell you, that the King has commanded me to arrest you.’ I felt no emotion at this address, and replied, Sir, you will have little trouble, since I came on purpose, being apprised of the intention. I have all my life been obedient to the will of the King, who may dispose of my person and liberty at his pleasure. I then asked him if he chose that my people should withdraw: he said, No; and that he had nothing in charge but to arrest me, and then to send and acquaint the King. M. de Grammont, who was my fellow-lodger, then rose from his bed, and came to me in tears; at which I laughed, telling him that he was more afflicted at my imprisonment than myself: which was true, for I thought it would not long continue. Launay would not permit any of his guards to enter my chamber; and soon after, there arrived before the house one of the King’s coaches, with his musqueteers on horseback, and thirty of his light-horse.”

In conclusion, Bassompierre was taken to the Bastille, where, contrary to his expectation and to repeated hopes given him of a release, he was confined as long as the Cardinal lived, without any charge against him, or examination. Such is the omnipotence

of a minister under a weak prince, and so is it exercised by jealousy and resentment!

ART. III.—Remarks on Hume's *History of England*.

It is not the purpose of the following paper to enter fully into the merits and demerits of the most popular historical work in our language. The character of Hume's style has been often and ably discussed; what is much more important, his errors, his party prejudices, his misrepresentations wilful or accidental, have been exposed and corrected, directly by the late Dr. Towers, in an express treatise, and indirectly by such later authors as have treated on the same events. The reader of Mr. Turner's accurate and elaborate *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, will sufficiently despise the *proud ignorance* in which the philosophical historian has hurried over our period of barbarism. The researches of Mr. Laing, by drawing into fuller light the obscure miseries of Scotland during the tyrannous and persecuting administration of Lauderdale, will more clearly evince the inadequacy of Hume's admissions respecting the misgovernment of Charles II.: from *Macdiarmid's Lives of British Statesmen*, and still more from the admirable historic fragment bequeathed to us by Mr. Fox, further proofs may be derived of his artful misrepresentation on the side of prerogative. In addition to all this, however, something is left to be done; several of his sophisms remain unrefuted, a number of his inconsistencies undetected, and most of his immoralities unbranded. Yet the fame, the merit, and the popularity of the author, require that nothing of this kind should in him pass unnoticed; and it is the object of this paper in part to supply the deficiency.

A bias acting upon the mind of the historian in favour of the crown and against the aristocracy, may be perceived during the whole period of contest or jealousy between the king and the barons; that is, almost from the Conquest to the accession of the Tudors; and his attachment to what he regards as the right of succession, is equally observable. After relating by what steps Henry I. possessed himself of the crown, to the exclusion of his elder brother Robert, "No one," says he, "had sufficient spirit or sense of duty to appear in defence of the absent prince: all men were seduced or intimidated: present possession supplied the apparent defects in Henry's title, which was indeed founded on plain
plain

plain usurpation: And the barons, as well as the people, acquiesced in a claim which, though it could neither be justified nor comprehended, could now, they found, be opposed through the perils alone of civil war and rebellion." After mentioning that Henry, to obtain present popularity, had granted charters, not one article of which he ever afterwards observed, he adds, "A people so insensible to the rights of their sovereign, as to disjoint, without necessity, the succession, and permit a younger brother to intrude himself into the place of the elder, whom they esteemed, and who was guilty of no crime but being absent, could not expect that that prince would pay any greater regard to their privileges, or allow his engagements to fetter his power, and debar him from any considerable interest or convenience." However heinous this disregard of the barons "to the rights of their sovereign" had been, it is surely strange doctrine that he in whose favour they had been guilty of it could therefore not be expected to observe his actual engagements with them: but another thing is to be remarked. The person who had set the example of "disjointing the succession," was no other than the Conqueror himself, who bequeathed England to his second son Rufus, to the exclusion of this same Robert, to whom he left only the Dukedom of Normandy. In fact, the rules of succession had not yet been fixed in Europe; if they had, William the Bastard could have had at least no duchy to bequeath, and the barons are unjustly charged with violating a law which had then no existence.

Henry III. having justly forfeited, by his tyranny and want of good faith, the confidence and attachment of all orders of men, had been compelled to bind himself by oath to observe the provisions of Oxford, by which an extensive power was confided to twenty-four barons, for the reformation of the state. By the misconduct and dissensions of these, a favourable opportunity was some time after afforded to Henry of recovering by force of arms his lost authority. "Yet durst he not take that step," says Hume, "so reconcileable both to justice and policy, without making a previous application to Rome, and desiring an absolution from his oaths and engagements." The pope's absolution was soon obtained for the king and all his subjects; "but Prince Edward," he adds, "whose liberal mind, though in such early youth, had taught him the great prejudice which his father had incurred, by his levity, inconstancy, and frequent breach of promise, refused for a long time to take advantage of this absolution; and declared that the provisions of Oxford, how unreasonable soever in themselves, and how much soever abused by the barons, ought still to be adhered to by those who had sworn to observe them. He himself had been constrained by violence to

take that oath; yet was he determined to keep it. By this scrupulous fidelity, the prince acquired the confidence of all parties, was afterwards enabled to recover fully the royal authority, and to perform such great actions, both during his own reign and that of his father." What respect can be due to the maxims of a writer whose partial attachment to the cause of kings, leads him to pronounce that conduct "just and politic" in the father, the very reverse of which in the son, laid the foundation of all his after greatness and reputation? Exactly of a piece with this, is the gloss which he has endeavoured to put upon the miserably mean character of James I. in the following passage:—"The king, before his accession, had entertained scruples with regard to the revolt of the Low Countries; and being commonly open and sincere, he had, on many occasions, gone so far as to give to the Dutch the appellation of rebels: But having conversed more fully with English ministers and courtiers, he found their attachment to that republic so strong, and their opinion of common interest so established, that he was obliged to sacrifice to politics his sense of justice; a quality which, even when erroneous, is respectable as well as rare in a monarch." A sense of justice so feeble as to be always made to yield to what are called *reasons of state*, cannot surely be rare, even among monarchs, nor can so unavailing a sentiment be the object of respect. In this case, however, James had the merit of sacrificing a much stronger feeling—that sentiment of hatred against revolted subjects, founded on an opinion of indefeasible right, which in monarchs is the *esprit du corps*, and to which Hume himself afterwards ascribes the reluctance of James to assist the Elector Palatine in possessing himself of the crown of Bohemia. "Je suis royaliste par metier," said Frederic of Prussia ingenuously.

In public or in private matters, for the rule of right is the same in both, nothing can be so dangerous, so immoral, as the admission that there are certain cases of *necessity* which justify deviations from the acknowledged rules of equity, good faith, or humanity. In fact, as there is always some alternative, for a man in no case can be actually compelled to commit any criminal action, this plea of necessity is nothing but an assertion, in other words, that in order to obtain some great advantage, or ward off some imminent danger, it is allowable for a man to do what is morally wrong; that is, that when he is strongly tempted, he may yield to temptation! With respect to kings, this is the ordinary maxim of the author we are examining. For instance, "This cruel execution," the murder of the Duke of Guise and his brother by Henry III. of France in his own palace, "which the *necessity* of it alone could excuse," &c. "When Strafford was called over to England, he found every thing falling into
such

such confusion, by the open rebellion of the Scots, and the secret discontents of the English, that if he had counselled or executed any violent measure, he might perhaps have been able to apologize for his conduct, from the great law of *necessity*, which admits not, while the necessity is extreme, of any scruple, ceremony or delay." But Strafford, he adds, gave no such advice; therefore it was a gratuitous insult on morality to introduce the maxim in this place. The laboured justification of Charles I. from the charge of a want of good faith, concludes with the following absurd and disingenuous sentence:—"In every treaty, those concessions which he thought he could not in conscience maintain, he never could, by any motive or persuasion, be induced to make. And though some violations of the petition of right may perhaps be imputed to him; these are more to be ascribed to the *necessity* of his situation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative, which, from former established precedents, he had imbibed, than to any failure in the integrity of his principles." Stripped of its artful phraseology, what would the most careless reader judge of this monstrous proposition? Charles violated the charter to which he had given his sanction; but his love of power, and the hope of advantage, or the fear of loss, were the motives of this violation; therefore there was nothing blameable in it. The Jesuits held a similar doctrine.

After relating the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, which the rapacity of Charles II. prompted him to make before any declaration of war, we have these expressions: "This attempt is denominated perfidious and piratical by the Dutch writers, and even by many of the English. It merits at least the appellation of irregular; and as it had been attended with bad success, it brought double shame upon the contrivers." So feeble is the protest put upon record by this historian against a practise worthy only of Tunis or Algiers! So little has he contributed to warn his country against a conduct which has since been retaliated upon her by so severe but just a retribution! The loyal author might at least have given us a lesson on the subject at the expense of Cromwell, for that usurper it was who set the example of piracy, in an expedition against the Spaniards, though I know not whether the profits were conveyed into his privy purse by an assumption of the droits of admiralty. But, in narrating this affair, another purpose was chiefly to be served; several sea-officers threw up their commissions, from a conviction of the injustice of the Spanish war which ensued, alledging that their superiors had no right to command, nor themselves to execute, any thing contrary to natural equity and the decrees of Heaven. "Such maxims," adds Hume, "though they seem reasonable, are perhaps too perfect for human nature, and must be regarded as one

effect, though of the most innocent and honourable kind, of that spirit, partly fanatical, partly republican, which predominated in England." Without aiming at antithesis, or giving way to exaggeration, it may be said, that by this writer the virtues of subjects are more severely treated than the vices of kings. It happened most unfortunately for the moral reputation of the historian, that the men whose zeal in the cause of political liberty has entitled them to the gratitude and veneration of every truly English heart, were also, for the most part, distinguished by a zeal in religious matters which Hume never fails to style fanatical. With all his pretensions to philosophical enlargement of sentiment, this principle is one to which he not only can grant no indulgence in its immediate operation; the most generous exertions, the noblest sacrifices to moral and civil duty, made by those over whom he but suspects its influence, are transmuted by his touch to specious extravagances, and visionary scruples. He cannot contain his indignation against the sailors of the squadron sent by Charles I., ostensibly to assist the French in the blockade of Genoa, but really for the reduction of La Rochelle. These men remonstrated, and their commanders willingly brought them back to the Downs without having fired a gun; being again decoyed into the service, they again mutinied, and one gunner alone could be induced, by the large offers of the French or "his duty to his king," to turn his arms against his brother-protestants. The parliament entered into the sentiments of the sailors—they too esteemed the tie of a common religion too strong to be broken by the political intrigues of princes, and our historian remarks, that "it plainly appears from this incident as well as from many others, that of all European nations, the British were at that time and till long after, the most under the influence of that religious spirit which tends rather to inflame bigotry than increase peace and mutual charity!" It is with a mean and unfounded stigma that he concludes his libel on the character and principles of John Hambden, the champion of the *civil* rights of Englishmen, the opposer of the *illegal* exaction of ship-money: there was a great tang of enthusiasm, he says, in the conduct of the parliamentary leaders, and Hambden's "intended migration to America, where he could only propose the advantage of enjoying puritanical prayers and sermons, will be allowed a proof of the prevalence of this spirit in him." It may be suspected, both here and in other places, that a secret rancour against the cause of freedom has given additional bitterness to that scorn and hatred of fanaticism which the historian has thought proper to avow. "That excellent prince," Henry IV. of France, who was so "far from being a bigot," as to change his religion at the moment when policy required the sacrifice, is a hero quite to his taste, and accordingly

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he goes a little out of his way to celebrate this meritorious effort of patriotic virtue.

But in favour of kings, our philosopher can make all fair and candid allowances; in Charles I., religion was a pure and noble principle, calculated to support and elevate the mind; and even in that inflexible adherence to episcopacy, to which the unhappy monarch sacrificed so much, we are taught to admire, if not the soundness of his judgment, at least his grateful attachment to an order so faithful to his interests, and his steadiness to what he regarded as the dictates of conscience. So tender indeed is he of the character of the *royal martyr*, that he has been careful, in one place, to counteract the judgment he had himself given against him in another. "The king," he affirms, "had in some instances stretched his prerogative beyond its due bounds; and, aided by the church, had well nigh put an end to all the liberties and privileges of the nation." In the next chapter, he says, that "all Europe stood astonished to see a nation so *turbulent* and *unruly*, who for some *doubtful encroachments* on their privileges had dethroned and murdered an excellent prince," submit to the tyranny and usurpation of Cromwell. But this is far from being a solitary instance of gross inconsistency—some others have already been mentioned, and more might be added. Of Strafford's letter begging Charles I. to consent to his execution, it is said, "Perhaps Strafford hoped that this unusual instance of *generosity* would engage the king still more strenuously to protect him." Here an action is at the same time styled generous, and supposed selfish and disingenuous in its motive and purpose.

Respecting the expediency of the oath of non-resistance, proposed in the year 1675, it is given as the just opinion, "That the absolute exclusion of resistance in all possible cases, was founded on *false* principles; its express admission might be attended with *dangerous* consequences; and there was no necessity for exposing the public to either inconvenience: That if a choice must necessarily be made in the case, the preference of utility to truth in public institutions was apparent; nor could the supposition of resistance beforehand, and in general terms, be safely admitted in any government," &c. Hume, the essayist, could not but know, that the question with philosophical enquirers, in this or any other case, would not be, whether truth should be preferred to utility? but whether utility is not best promoted by an adherence to truth? Yet he assumes and builds upon the negative as an axiom.

In the summaries of the characters of Charles II. and James II., in the estimate of the national manners and morals of that period, and in other passages, there is an even ostentatious contempt of the virtue of chastity and the grace of decorum, borrowed from the French, but happily not yet universally approved and adopted

amongst ourselves. Of Charles it is said; "In the duties of private life, his conduct, though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy, generous lover, a civil, obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a sincere affection. He believed them to have no motive in serving him but self-interest; and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease or convenience. With a detail of his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles," &c. This then was considered by the author as a panegyric! Profusion and complaisance to his mistresses, indulgence to children whose birth reproached him, civility to a wife whom he injured and deserted, with a mere constitutional good-nature displayed towards those around him, are to overbalance the total want of honour, gratitude, and generosity, with the disregard of every restraining principle, so conspicuous in the whole conduct of this selfish profligate. Are these the morals of history?

Of James II. it is pronounced, that "in domestic life his conduct was irreproachable, and is entitled to our approbation." Yet were his conjugal infidelities not less frequent or notorious than those of his gayer brother, and he was even guilty of the baseness of attempting to disown his private marriage with the daughter of Clarendon, and allowing one of his infamous favourites grossly to slander her virtue.

Tacitus has delighted to extol, in animated terms, the chaste and frugal virtues of those tribes of ancient Germany concerning which Hume coldly observes, that they "seem to have carried to the highest pitch the virtues of valour and love of liberty; the *only virtues* which can have place among an uncivilized people, where justice and humanity are commonly neglected." The same noble Roman labours to inculcate on the mind of his reader, by the whole strain of his narration, the sacred and momentous truth, that public principle, and by consequence, public freedom, depends for its stability on private virtue, which has itself no safer basis than a frugal simplicity and guarded purity of domestic life, which lessens the temptations by setting bounds to the desires of men. Far from seeking to palliate the tyranny and wickedness of bad emperors and their base satellites, by the maxims of a crafty policy and the arts of a sophistical rhetoric, the annalist has obeyed the high impulse of a generous soul, in adorning, with all the majesty of his own forcible eloquence, the pleadings, the efforts, the sufferings, of those patriot-martyrs who graced, who retarded perhaps, the final fall of Roman liberty. These are the merits

merits which have secured to that great and truly philosophical historian the reverence, still more than the admiration, of all succeeding ages, and have rendered the perusal of his works no less a moral benefit than an intellectual delight. How short-lived, how inglorious in comparison, will be the reputation of that writer, who, proceeding on principles directly opposite, degrades while he entertains us!

CAMILLA.

ART. IV.—*Greek and English Tragedy.*

MEDEA,—CLYTEMNESTRA,—LADY MACBETH.

THESE three illustrious murderesses have been fortunate in having their infamous exploits celebrated by three of the greatest tragic poets the world has produced,—Euripides, Æschylus, and Shakspeare. From the peculiar genius of each of these tragedians, it might have been expected that Æschylus would have been inferior to neither of his competitors in the delineation of such a character: but I know not by what unlucky chance it has happened, that in almost every instance in which that great poet has been drawn into a comparison with his successors, by any prominent coincidence of characters or circumstances, he has lost that ground which the particular bent or the superiority of his genius might have given him, by a negligence in filling up the parts of his performance, or by dividing his exertion and the interest of his piece with other agents; or, perhaps, in some instances at least, by the extraordinary diligence and ardour with which his successors were inspired by a spirit of emulation. Such a spirit is every where to be remarked in Euripides; but if his *Medea* must be acknowledged to be a more artful, a more interesting, and a more perfect portrait, than the *Clytemnestra* of Æschylus,—I am mistaken if, upon a close investigation, it will not be thought, that Shakspeare in his *Lady Macbeth* has excelled them both,—that he has exhibited a character not only more difficult of delineation, but more perfect in all its parts, and more sublime in its execution, than either of the mighty masters of the Athenian stage.

Characters of a deep dye of infamy may be distinguished into two kinds,—those who rush forwards to the perpetration of their crimes with a daring hand, unassailed by any of the “compunctious

tious visitings of nature,"—and those who advance with a cooler and more deliberate pace, stopping by the way to encounter the suggestions of fear, remorse, and tenderness, and at length accomplishing their object with difficulty and hesitation. That characters of this latter kind are the more difficult to be forcibly and equably sustained, cannot be doubted; since they involve a more complicated association of opposite feelings, and require the alternate management of contrary passions. In the former case, little more is necessary than a strong conception; but he who excels in the latter, must unite strong feelings with a strong judgment,—must possess a mind stored with the powers of nature and refined by art, elevated by a lofty imagination and softened by a natural and unaffected tenderness.

Clytemnestra, as represented by *Æschylus* in his *Agamemnon*, is a character of the former kind,—a woman utterly destitute of feeling and unannoyed by timid delicacy, bold, artful, dissembling, and lascivious. She is first introduced to us, announcing the intimation she had received of the capture of Troy by her husband, *Agamemnon*; and in a subsequent scene, in answer to a more particular account of the circumstance by a herald, she has the unblushing impudence,—though she had been living in a long course of open and shameless adultery,—not only to affect joy at the expected return of her husband, but to boast of her own fidelity to him in such terms as these:—

Γυναῖκα πρὶν δ' ἔidon εὐχόσαι μολών
 Οἶαν περ οὐκ ἔλπειν, δαμάτων κύνᾳ
 Ἐσθλὴν ἱκέειν, πολέμικον τοῖς δυσφροσιν, κ. τ. λ.
 vv. 615—7, Ed. Stan.

This barefaced hypocrisy is such an outrage upon decency as we can scarcely tolerate, even in *Clytemnestra*; and it is exceeded by her gross adulation, when she declares to the face of *Agamemnon*, that his return to her is as

—— Γῆν φανίσαν καυτίλοις παρ' ἑλπίδα,
 * * * * *
 Ὅδον ἄρ' αὖ διψῶντι πηγαῖον ῥέος.
 vv. 908, 910.

It must be mentioned, however, to the credit of the poet's judgment, that he has interwoven in these hypocritical speeches a strain of metaphorical confusion, which would have been quite inconsistent with a real feeling, and which may very well be compared with *Macbeth's* abrupt and disordered apology for the murder of the chamberlains, beginning—

Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, and furious," &c.

Act II. Sc. 3.

a speech, which, as Dr. Johnson observes, “is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor.”

Such are the soothing arts employed to lull the unfortunate hero into unsuspecting security, in spite of the continual intimations of his danger, which he had received from the lips of the inspired but uncredited prophetess, *Cassandra*: his expiring cry is suddenly heard from within the scene, and the murderess immediately appears with her hands imbrued in blood, and openly disavows the sentiments she had before so hypocritically expressed:—

Πολλῶν πάροιθεν κειρίους εἶεν μύλων,
Τάραντί' εἶπεν οὐκ ἐπαίχυνδ' ἴσομαι.

vv. 1381, 2.

She not only acknowledges the murder, but glories in it; she defies the vengeance of the citizens, and the only defence she condescends to urge is, that *Agamemnon* had deserved his fate by the sacrifice of his daughter,—a plea evidently futile and ridiculous, when used to justify her crime, however absurd and barbarous that sacrifice may in itself be considered. The only aggravation we could expect of the viciousness of this abandoned woman, is an avowal of her adultery with *Ægisthus*, who is introduced on the stage, after she has mingled his praises with her barbarous insults over the dead body of her husband:—

———Οὐτὸς ἐστὶν Ἀγαμέμνων, ἔμδ
Πόσις, νικῶς δὲ τῆσδε δι' ἐξῆς χιρὸς
Ἔργον δικαίας τέκνονος.

* * * * *
Οὐ μοι Φόβου μέλαθρον ἔλπις ἐμ πατρίν,
Ἔως ἂν αἰδῇ πῆρ ἐφ' ἐστίας ἐμῆς.
Ἀγιστος, ὡς τὸ πρόσθεν εὖ φρονῶν ἔμοι.
Οὗτος γὰρ ἡμῖν ἀσπίς οὐ μὲν δ' ἀσπίς.

vv. 1413, &c. 1443, &c.

Such is the character portrayed by *Æschylus* in his royal adulteress,—savage and unrelenting, without remorse, without one amiable quality to reconcile us to her, and counteract our inclination to turn away in disgust from the hideous picture. Such as it is, indeed, it is drawn with the hand of a master, which is nothing more than saying it is drawn by *Æschylus*:—it is filled up with sentiments and diction consistently terrific, and which scarcely any one could have furnished except this poet. But we look in vain for that exquisite art, for that refinement in iniquity, that degree of elegance and feeling, which bestow such a charm on the *Medea* of *Euripides*.—To *Medea*, then, with all her

her enormity, we can turn with pleasure after contemplating such a character as *Clytemnestra*.

And the first thing that strikes us in a view of contrast in *Medea*, is the degree of palliation which her appalling cruelty derives from the complication of injury and insult by which it was provoked. We can behold a deserted wife prosecuting her vengeance against a worthless husband, to whom she had given indubitable proofs of a strong attachment, with a patience which revolts from the incestuous fury of her who destroys in mere wantonness, a brave, an amiable, and an injured man. The one is at least a monster of civilized society; but the other is a mere barbarian, fit to occupy a place only in the annals of savages, or to strut on a stage of the Hottentots.—And this idea of the provocation received by *Medea*, is insisted upon by Euripides throughout his play with a frequency which is evidently designed as an apology for the unnatural barbarity which might otherwise startle us in this character:—

— Γυνὴ γὰρ τάλλα μὲν φόβου πλῆα,
 Κακὴ τ' ἐς ἀλκὴν καὶ σιδηροὺς εἰσορᾷ·
 Ὅταν δ' ἐς εὐνὴν ἡδικημένη κυρῇ,
 Οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλη φρὴν μαιφουώτερα.

vv. 265—8, Ed. Pors.

Something certainly is necessary to reconcile us to the tacit acquiescence of the women who compose the *Chorus*, in the bloody scheme of vengeance to which they are made privy: but perhaps none but a female and a wife is calculated to judge how far resentment against a perfidious man may operate towards inducing them to an active participation in avenging the injuries of their sex.

The peculiar genius of Euripides shines forth through the whole of the character of *Medea*. Every scene and every speech, —not excepting those in which her most barbarous resolutions are developed,—possesses a pathos which we may in vain search for in any other poet but Euripides, and his great rival, Otway. At the same instant that she communicates to us the savage design of sacrificing her children to her revenge, her determined cruelty is mingled with such a feeling of affection for them, expressed with so natural a tenderness, that it is quite as impossible not to shed a tear over her pathetic address to them, as it is not to detest her unnatural treatment of them:—

Φεῦ, Φεῦ, τί προσδίδωμι δὲ μ' ὅμμασιν, τέκνα;
 Τί προσγίλαται τὸν πανύστατον γίλαν;
 Αἶ, αἶ, τί δρᾷσω; καρδία γὰρ ὀίχεται,

Γυναικίς,

Ἰνυαῖκίς, ὅμμα φαιδρον ὡς εἶδον τέκνων.*
 Οὐκ ἂν δοκίμην, κ. τ. λ.

.....
 δότ', ὦ τέκνα,
 Δότ' ἀσπάσασθαι μητρὶ δεξιᾶν χεῖρα.
 Ὡ φιλότατη χεῖρ, φίλτατον δέ μοι κάρα,
 Καὶ σχῆμα, καὶ πρόσωπον Ἰνυανὲς τέκνων,
 Εὐδαιμονοῖτον' ἀλλ' ἐκεί† τὰ δ' ἰθὺς
 Πατὴρ ἀφείλετ' ὠγλυεῖα προσβολῇ,
 Ὡ μαλ' ἀκὸς χρεῶς, πνύμα θ' ἥδιστον τέκνων
 Χωρεῖτε, χωρεῖτ' ὅκιν' ἐμὶ προσβλήπαι
 Οἷα τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς, ἀλλὰ νικῶμαι κακοῖς.

vv. 1036, &c. 1065, &c.

Such was the mind of this poet, that he could not help throwing a charm of pathetic interest even over one of the most hideous murderers that stain the annals of history!—Our sympathy in her cause is increased by the exquisite art with which she is gradually introduced to the reader:—we first hear her, with a desperate melancholy, imprecating destruction upon herself; after an interval of silence, she mixes her lamentations of her own wretchedness with curses upon her husband and offspring; and, finally, after a longer interval, she invokes the justice of heaven to destroy together her husband and his new bride,—

οἳ γ' ἐμὶ πρόσθεν τολμῶσ' ἀδικεῖν.

All this is heard from within the scenes: at length she advances on the stage, and by a speech worked up with admirable art, bespeaks the favour and acquiescence of the *Chorus*. A difficulty immediately arises; for *Creon* enters, and orders her instantly to quit the country: but by earnest entreaty and persuasion, she gains permission to remain a single day, and that day is to be the consummation of her vengeance against her enemies.

The subsequent scene between her and *Jason* is spirited. It consists of course, in a great measure, of mutual reproaches, but not entirely. Euripides was always a subtle schoolman, and he has furnished both the disputants with as much force of argument as their respective cases admitted. The superiority of *Medea*, not only in argument, but in the justice of her cause, which is the foundation of that argument, is easily manifest; and she makes

* ————— “Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had don't.”

Macbeth, Act II. Sc. 2.

† ἐκεῖ, sc. In another world; since the conduct of their father made it impossible that they should live.

makes an unanswerable appeal to his feelings, by reminding him of their common offspring :—

ἢ γὰρ ἦσθ' ἀπαιεῖτι,
 εὐγυνώστ' ὡς ἦν σοι τοῦδ' ἐρασθῆναι λίκους.
 vv. 490—1.

But the time for executing her deliberate plan of revenge draws near; and having previously received from *Ageus*, King of Athens, a promise of protection in his country, she communes with her thoughts, and at length makes choice of a scheme more ingeniously diabolical than we could have expected even from this most ingenious sorceress. She contrives to make every one of her intended victims more or less instrumental in the calamities destined for themselves: Having appeased her husband by affected submission and repentance, she sends, by the hands of her two children, a superb enchanted garment as a parting present to the new bride, who is prevailed upon by *Jason* himself to accept it; she puts it on, and its terrible effects are described by a messenger in a speech which is entirely unparalleled either in the beauty of language, or the spirit, tenderness, and fidelity of the description.* Her frame is convulsed with agonies; we behold her raving and tossing about her flaming hair,—first rushing through the palace like a fury, and then falling to the ground in impotent exhaustion. Her father, in his inconsiderate affection, throws his arms around her; but unable again to extricate himself from her embrace, he perishes with his daughter in excruciating torments. The children are then sacrificed by the hand of the mother, though with reluctant struggles of affection; and *Jason*, their unhappy father, and the first author of all this misery, is left to survive amidst the desolation of his family and kindred, in a condition, in comparison of which immediate death might appear a paradise of joy. *Medea*

“did not kill him,
 For that were poor revenge,”—

compared with the exquisitely ingenious complication of suffering in which she had encompassed him.

This

* Her admiration of her new attire in a mirror, is an exquisite touch, and it is described in language so simple, and yet so elegant, that it neither rises above the trifling level of the action, nor sinks below the dignity of tragedy :—

Χρυσὸν τε θύσα στίφανον ἀμφὶ βοτρυόχους,
 λάμπει κατόπτρῃ σχηματίζεται κόμην,
 Ἄψυχον ἰκὲν προσεγλῶσα σώματος.

vv. 1157—9.

This minute analysis of the plot of this sublime tragedy, was necessary to the full developement of the intricate character of *Medea*,—a character, not like the *Clytemnestra* of Æschylus, divested of all the feelings of humanity and rushing insensibly and inconsiderately to cruelty and murder, but feeling and artful in the extreme, keeping ever in view a visionary idea of justice, but distorting it to violence, injustice, and barbarity. The character of the one is simple, of the other mixed. Had Euripides been delineating a mere murderess, savage and remorseless, like *Clytemnestra*, he would have fallen infinitely below the frightful portrait drawn by Æschylus, to whom he was far inferior in the terrible graces of his art; but he was inferior to none in the department of pathos, and he has exercised his skill in the play before us with a success, which is scarcely surpassed in any of his most excellent tragedies.—In that sublimely terrible scene, in which *Medea* unfolds her plan of vengeance, there is a sudden touch of natural feeling which must not pass unnoticed: after explaining to the *Chorus* her intention of destroying Jason's bride by means of the enchanted robe, when about to mention the intended fate of her children, she sheds a tear, and abruptly adds,—

Ἠμεῖς δ' οἶον ἔργον ἔσθ' ἐργαστήν
 Τοῦτον αὖθις ἡμῖν τίνα γὰρ κατακτενῶ
 Τὰ μὲν - οὗτις ἔστιν, ὅστις ἐξαιρέσεται.

vv. 787—9.

The character of *Lady Macbeth* differs from those of *Medea* and *Clytemnestra* in the motive of her conduct. The impulse of ambition will doubtless be considered a nobler motive to action, than either revenge or the desire of securing a continuance of past crimes and an exemption from punishment. But if ambition be a "glorious fault" in the generality of its slaves, a desire of revenge for the perfidy of a husband is, perhaps, in a woman a fault no less glorious; but certainly it is a fault which has far greater claims on our endurance and forgiveness, which challenges a larger share of our sympathy, as being more consistent with the nature of the sex, and at least alleviates the rigour of just resentment, if it does not conciliate the affections of its judges. The feeling in which it originates is not only pardonable, but even amiable; and if the ebullitions of a generous indignation in a violent woman break forth into what some would call a "blameable excess," and others an outrageous barbarity, we must at least detract something from the severity of censure due to such enormity, and impute some part of it to the inflammable constitution of human nature.

To such forbearance, however, *Lady Macbeth* is in no degree entitled.

entitled. We can read, with some patience, mixed with pity, of men who have waded through bloodshed and perfidy to a throne,—of the ambition of Richard, of Cromwell, and of Napoleon; but we are prejudiced, in the first instance, against a woman of a masculine spirit; and this prejudice is strengthened into disgust and detestation, when we see that spirit not only daring to “do all that may become a *man*,” but even daring to “do more;”—when we see it struggling not only with female delicacy, but with virtue and humanity, and burning to grasp at the worthless grandeur of royalty, though at the expense of treachery, cruelty, and murder. Such, however, is *Lady Macbeth*; and, being such, she no sooner sees the distant vision of greatness opening upon her sight, than she prepares with determined alacrity to encounter the obstacles which her penetrating mind foresaw would be opposed to her ambition: she invokes the “spirits that tend on mortal thought” to unsex her; “hie thee hither,” she exclaims to her absent Lord,

“That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;”—

and no sooner is he arrived, than pregnant with the greatness of her conceptions, and resolutely determined to bring to an accomplishment the prophecy of the *Witches*, she accosts him,

“Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter.”

Act I. Sc. 5.

Having given her husband an abrupt intimation of her horrid design, she meets her royal guest with a studied, artificial compliment, which was evidently the result of the treacherous machinations she was conscious of having formed against him:—

“All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house.—Sc. 6.

The amazing subtlety with which she encounters the doubts and fluctuations of *Macbeth*, in that sublime and terrible scene which immediately follows,—her artful imputation of cowardice, and then of his violation of oaths, and her removal of his fears of failure,—the resolution with which she replies to his suggestions, and then hurries him into a compliance with her own,—display so wonderful a knowledge of human nature, united with such poetical powers, as none but Shakspeare could have furnished. We cease to wonder at the irresolution with which *Macbeth* yields to her persuasion; we wonder at nothing but her artfulness and her boldness, and the mind is suspended with alarm and terror on the event

event of her daring villainy.—This boldness not only remains unappalled, but continues uniform and undiminished in the execution of her schemes. The admirable promptness of thought with which she suggests that the daggers must be returned to the scene of the murder, and the contemptuous resoluteness with which she reproves the murderer,—

—————"Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers,"—

present such a contrast to the shaken constancy and timid remorse of her husband, as we cannot help admiring, at the same time that we detest it. Amidst the confusion of the elements and the delirious penitence of her accomplice, she not only stands cool and collected, but does not forget that deliberate caution which was necessary to their preservation, and which we could expect only in the most determined and practised murderer:—

—————"Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
* * * * *
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers."

With the same cautious thoughtfulness, she sends for her husband before the banquet, and warns him to "sleek o'er his rugged looks," and "be bright and jovial among his guests;" and no sooner does he suggest the danger of their condition as long as "*Banquo* and his *Fleance* live," than with a boldness and a cruelty consistent with her former character, she immediately advises their destruction.—But it is at the banquet itself that her character shines in its full splendour; it is here she employs so opportunely such art as to blind in a great degree the suspicious eyes of her guests, and such unshaken courage as to support not only herself but her husband, and prevent a full disclosure of all their guilt: It is here her caution is pre-eminent, in framing excuses for *Macbeth's* behaviour, and then dismissing her guests with "a kind good-night to all!" and finally, in hastening away the distracted king to enjoy "the season of all natures, sleep." This scene is unquestionably one of the most sublime that ever poet imagined. But having brought his murderess thus far with such wonderful success, having led her with such unparalleled felicity of art to the accomplishment of her ambition,—the poet might well have deserted her, and he would still have left us one of the most sublime and perfect portraits to be found in the whole compass of the Drama. But it was not the practice of Shakspeare, because he had done enough, not to do more, or to rest satisfied himself, because he could satisfy others: he aimed at the standard of perfection; his maxim was, to "think no

thing gain'd, till nought remain'd,"—to think nothing done, till there was nothing left undone. He has accordingly conducted his guilty heroine to the last and most awful scene of her existence, —to the period in which her conscience is roused from its lethargy, and resumes that power which had been overthrown by a long and violent course of iniquity. But how was this to be exhibited in such a character as *Lady Macbeth*? What circumstance of sufficient horror could be imagined to awaken the feelings and appal the conscience of a woman so hardened and so reprobate?—This was a secret which none but Shakspeare could have discovered: he has chosen that particular method of proceeding with her, of which none but himself would ever have thought, and yet which every reader instantaneously acknowledges to be the very method which ought to have been pursued. The generous nature of *Macbeth* is sufficiently alarmed by his daily meditations; but his more abandoned consort can be dealt with only by nocturnal visitations: she is haunted in her sleep by the image of the murder she has perpetrated, and she wanders from her bed in vacant agony to wash her hands from the "damn'd spot" with which they were polluted, and to act over again the hideous scene of *Duncan's* murder.—In addition to the sublimity of its conception, this scene is executed in a masterly style. This desperate murderess, who has thrilled us with alternate terror and astonishment through the play, is dismissed from the stage amidst circumstances consistently terrific, leaving us a strong and frightful example of the folly, the danger, and the wickedness of ambition.

In a recapitulation and general comparison of the excellencies of these three characters, Æschylus may well retire from the contest,—satisfied with the praise of having delineated with success an adulterous and daring monster, without producing, however, a picture so interesting, so delicate, or so ingenious, as either Euripides has represented in his *Medea*, or Shakspeare in his *Lady Macbeth*. But between Shakspeare and Euripides the struggle for victory is not so easily decided: the Scottish Queen has the advantage over her rival in the superiority of the difficulties she had to encounter, and which she removed with an art and a courage unparalleled in a female. *Medea*, indeed, is deficient neither in art nor courage; but there is this difference between her and *Lady Macbeth*, that, when her victims are almost entirely in her power, her art is employed only in refining and aggravating their torments, whereas the art of the other is exhibited in defeating real and pressing obstacles, and thus presents a more interesting spectacle than *Medea*, who is labouring without danger, and without an adequate object. But that admirable pathos, which pervades the character of *Medea*, will again bring her nearly

nearly to a level with the heroine of Shakspeare. Shakspeare has represented an aspiring woman, Euripides has superadded the wife and the mother; and such a portrait he has drawn of maternal tenderness mixed with determined revenge, as any poet might be proud to have produced. But if we farther take into consideration that final scene of *Lady Macbeth*, which may be considered in some sort as a work of supererogation, and which is almost a character by itself, we shall no longer hesitate at giving a decided preference to Shakspeare. Euripides has drawn a difficult character with exquisite skill, but Shakspeare has surpassed him: Euripides has exhibited powers which "would drown the stage with tears;" but Shakspeare's murderess is calculated to

—"Cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

S.

ART. V.—*On the English Constitution. (Continued.)*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

SIR,

WHEN we contemplate a political constitution, we should have in view, not a baseless fabric which only floats in the imagination of a poet, but a structure which ought to be real, and though imperfect, yet habitable by man; and a writer may comparatively even admire particular forms, without always overbearing his reader, like a flatterer or false friend, with the swell of language and the pomp of praise. He may be glad to do homage to the English Constitution with its proudest panegyrists, and even to a constitution, if approved by the people, of less account. For as a constitution really existing, ought to be a rule to an administration which exists; so should an existing people be a light and a law, guiding and accommodating to its various succeeding necessities, the Constitution itself.

Are there some ready to affirm that the English are without a constitution, through a want of precision in the time and means of its formation, and in the primary end of its ordinances? Let them survey each production of nature. Let them perceive how much animal life is elicited by silent, gradual process; what organic movements are carried on by invisible springs; what ef-

fects are wrought by all the operations of chemistry ; effects successive and slow, but certain, substantial, and strong. Some of the grandest productions in the universe have been so formed ; and so may have been, so indeed has been formed, be what it may, the English Constitution.

It is intended to illustrate this and the preceding Essay, in two hereafter to follow, by occasional references to our Anglo-Saxon laws, beginning with Ethelbert in 561, the oldest northern *written* laws perhaps extant, and the Anglo-Norman laws, beginning with the Norman Duke ; to the laws of Hoel Dha, or the Good, the Alfred of Wales, of the 10th century,—and to the laws and acts of Parliament made by King James I. and his successors, kings of Scotland ;—and to four English writers of great authority, Sir Henry Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Mr. Selden, and Nathaniel Bacon. Let it suffice now to collect together, though but cursorily, all that may be called, not indeed without some dispute, the scattered parts of the British Constitution.

It does not occur to me, that the ancient writers on government and laws, Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero,* had an expression for what moderns mean by a constitution : nor does Hooker give a definition of it, though we may easily make one for him from his excellent first book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*, in which he invariably refers the origin and right of public government to common consent ; even Harrington, Sidney, and Locke, are defective here, though no men better understood the fundamental laws of society. As they accord in principle, Harrington shall speak for all three : “ The center and basis of every government, (says this profound writer), is no other than the fundamental laws of the same ;” and again, “ as there is a private reason, which is the interest of a private man ; so there is that reason, which is the interest of mankind or the whole ;” and government he calls, after Hooker, “ the soul of a nation :” and what speaks the mind and will of a nation is what others mean by a constitution.

Machiavel comes near the truth, when he says, “ then a city may be called free, and a state pronounce itself durable, when founded on good laws and orders at first, and has not that necessity of good men to maintain it. Of such laws and principles, many

* Συγκρισις and συνιστανω, are used by Plato and Aristotle ; and constituer causam, leges, &c. constitutio controversiæ, civitatis, &c. by Cicero ; but not in the sense of the moderns ; nor yet πολιτεια, πολιτευμα, πολιτινομαι, as defined by Aristotle, which relate to laws and government, and correspond to our word administration, and sometimes to a form of government, but not, in the sense of the moderns, to a rule to the law itself, made by common consent, the fundamentum fundamentorum.

many ancient commonwealths were anciently constituted and continued a good while."

"To constitute," Dr. Johnson defines, "to give formal existence," "to make any thing what it is:" and a Constitution he defines, "an established form of government, a system of laws and customs." According to Mr. Thomas Paine, a constitution is a "thing antecedent to government and laws, the political bible of a state." "British civil constitution," says Mr. Robert Robinson, "is a phrase expressive, first, of a constitution of rights, native and inherent in the inhabitants of this kingdom, and in all mankind; next, of a body of laws peculiar to this kingdom; and lastly, of a form of making and executing those laws, by King, Lords, and Commons." This definition describes neatly what Judge Blackstone has discussed much at large; though our lawyers are sometimes in the habit of making the body of our laws answer the purpose of a definition, as particularly Lord Fortescue in a preface to his Records; and hence among them the observation, that our constitution is in our statutes.

But the British Constitution, though, as will hereafter appear, I do not wish to concede to the Church any undue weight or influence, should be also considered in its extended sense, as a constitution in church and state. The people of England and the Church of England, according to our professed advocates for the ecclesiastical establishment, Hooker and Warburton, are one and the same people. This is an inaccurate idea, though not more so than some things advanced about the civil constitution; but it has given birth to another definition of the English Constitution; according to which, "civil and ecclesiastical polity are described as a strong arch of government rising from different foundations, but bending towards each other as they rise, and meeting in the center;" a definition of Mr. Rotherams, a writer on establishments.

In the describing of this Constitution, the word *fundamental*, which occasionally will be used, is of great concern; it must, at least, be understood on all those occasions to possess a meaning significant and full. A power may be admitted into a government which yet is not essential and fundamental in the Constitution. Some have written as if thinking that the Church of England was an *essential* part of the English Constitution, according to the idea just laid down; and from hasty extravagant opinions on the claims of an established church, they have proceeded in a way, both towards Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, as erroneous in true policy, as full of prejudice and mistake. This, at least, we should recollect, and we should never forget, that if the Church of England is fundamental because it is established, so must have been the Roman Church long before, the rights of which are provided for by Magna Charta. The English government should protect

both alike; it should protect all, as a shield to the weak, not as a sword to the strong. As to the fundamentals, or the first principles of its constitution, they existed before either the Protestant or the Catholic religion was established here, nor is either essential to the Constitution, though both have been occasionally introduced, and though both obtained the supreme sanction of the laws. The inhabitants of this island were Papists before they were Protestants; before they were Papists, they were Christians, and had churches; and before they were Christians, they were Britons, and had a Constitution: just as to a building something may be added which entered not into the original composition of the fabric.

The truth on this subject is, that as we had a constitution before any Christian church existed in the land, we should continue to have one were no Christian church to remain. It is the province of constitutions, to be the guardians and friends of all the community alike,—to be able to answer all the varying wants of place and time, such more particularly as arise from religion, in the same manner as we vary our dress as we advance in years, or as the skin distends with the growth of the human body.

As fundamentals should be a rule to laws, so may laws be made quite contrary to fundamentals, and that are a violation of a constitution: as in architecture one part of a building may not harmonize with another, or as a picture may be so disposed in its parts as to have no repose. Trial by a jury of our peers must be allowed, and is allowed by all, to be a fundamental in the English Constitution. The privileges of either house of parliament, whatever may be said for or against their existence, depend on, at least should harmonize with, the common law, or statute law. Precedents may certainly, in the question about privileges, be produced on one side giving sanction to a claim, and on the other, destroying that claim. This has lately been done. How, then, shall we settle the dispute? The proper way is, to refer it to fundamentals, as laws themselves are, according to the principle of Chap. II. of the Confirmation of the Charters of the Liberties of England and of the Forest, made in the 35th year of Edward I.—“And we will, that if any judgment be given from henceforth contrary to the points of the charters aforesaid, it shall be undone and holden for nought.”

Precedents, if bad, are the cobwebs in a temple, which should be swept away; laws, injurious or unmeaning, the cabala of superstitious and dark ages, should be repealed or set aside; but fundamentals are the sacred fire, which should be left always burning on the altar.

Fundamentals in a constitution are a rule for governments, and influential in the whole political system. Statutes, too, sanctioned

sanctioned and repeatedly confirmed on constitutional principles, gradually become a part of the constitution itself. A fundamental is, in short, the sap which springs from the root, rises in the trunk, and is transfused through all the ramifications of the tree; the vital principle which, in animal life, flows in the blood and operates on all the humours and muscles, the solids and veins; the basis, and buttresses, and rafters, on which the building is raised, or from which it derives all its consistency and strength. It is on this subject I consider Mr. William Penn as having written so well.

To be more particular. As men, we have a natural claim to existence, to liberty, to religion, to whatever comes under the denomination of personal rights; as members of a civil society, to frame the laws by which those rights are to be administered, and to share the power by which those laws are made; and on these principles are grounded, in whatever cause they originated, our present claims to parliaments and juries, the proudest and paramount claims in an Englishman's birth-right: and this is the ground taken by Mr. Locke, as the foundation of government, of the English government, as settled at the Revolution.

To be still more particular. There are three forms of civil polity, (of which that is the least lawful and natural which Mr. Hobbes and Sir Robert Filmer pronounce most so.)—The first, where the state is governed by one man; the second, when by a few, supposed to be the best; the third, when it is said to rest with the people. By the ancients there was conceived some transcendant form, possessing an union of the excellencies of all without the defects of either, or in which all the good qualities and all the bad should be so intermixed, as by a sublime species of alchemy, to be transmuted into gold: with them indeed ideal, pleasing to talk about, like the music of the spheres, though nowhere to be heard, and supposed to be unattainable in fact, like perfection in man.

Machiavel observes, "there never was, nor is at this day, any government in the world by which one man has rule and dominion, but it is either a *commonwealth* or a *monarchy*."

But the English, and the admirers of the English Constitution, lay claim both to the theory and reality of this wonder of antiquity; a constitution which, they say, unites in one link the power of monarchy, the wisdom of aristocracy, and the virtue of democracy; this has been called a free monarchy, and proclaimed the most excellent form of government in the world.

Of the three powers or estates in the English Constitution, the first is the King: he, in a certain sense, has no superior. *Ipse non debet esse sub homine*, says Bracton, *sed sub Deo, et habet Deum*

Deum tantum superiorem judicem. "He ought not to be under man, but under God, and has God only for his superior judge."

I introduce the above passage, for the sake of Sir Robert Cotton's exposition. "The Queen or King of England's power is absolute in acknowledging *no superior*, nor in *vassalage* to Pope or Emperor. For that subjection which by King John was made to Innocentius III., after in parliament, per præceptum Domini Papæ septem Julii, cum fidelitate et homagio relaxatur omnino."

Indeed, the Roman Church, in regard to the King of England, never could produce a deed of subjection to the Pontiff, nor could a King of England grant one without his people. So that among the kingdoms feudatory to the Pope, England was never named. Neither were the Peter-pence, nor the Rome-scot, ever considered as tributes of vassalage, but, as the same Sir Robert Cotton observes, they were *alms from the king*, *eleemosyna regis*.

But though the office of king is of such high consideration, he is still liable to be called from his towering eminence; for it is but a trust, a power deputed in behalf of the whole community. This idea alone it is, which gives it a peculiar sacredness, though in arbitrary times, that sacredness has been spoken of as inherent, or as transfused into it, like holy oil from Heaven itself.

The word king (*cyning*) is Saxon, and means one endowed with knowledge or power or valour. In different countries the word has been applied to different officers.—Plato and Aristotle supposed that kings were the first sort of governors. Sometimes king means an emperor, monarch, or despot, one who gives law, or whose will is law, in whom resides the whole power of the state. Among the ancient Spartans, the supreme magistrate was styled *ἄναξ*, or king; at Athens, the second Archon was so called, though he possessed but limited authority. In England, —though in arbitrary times the king has taken the laws into his own hands, becoming a king or monarch in the odious sense of the word,—it means one who governs by law; and from the earliest times, according to Tacitus, Cæsar, and Dion, Britain was in possession of such kings, and the people were free. He differs, therefore, somewhat from Machiavel's "one man, who has dominion or rule over another;" for with us, the office not only partakes of the nature of a contract, it is a contract in form, and confirmed by an oath. Thus it was in the Saxon times; and the form of the oath may be seen in Bracton. William himself, called the Conqueror, in a council of his barons, heard the English laws repeated, and swore on the altar to conduct himself towards the English, as a good king ought to do in all respects; as may be seen in *Wilkin's Anglo-Saxon Laws, and Laws of King William*.—That William perjured himself, shews only his power and want

want of principle ; not his right.—Thus it continued under our most arbitrary princes, as may be seen in the old abridgement of the Statutes set out in the reign of Harry VIII. ; so it was settled when the Bill of Rights was obtained under Charles II. ; so it continued when the succession was altered at the Revolution : and this is the period at which some now date, like the time of a ship's peaceful arrival in port after conflicting with many a storm, the peaceful, the settled, and the glorious epoch of the English Constitution.

Writers speak of our king as the executive magistrate : and so he is, For though the people are the primary source of all power, both legislative and executive, the original sovereign power, the true and only essential MAJESTY ; yet, in the exercise of all executive power, through all the departments of the church, the law, the army, and the navy, all power flows, through so many channels, as from the fons potestatis, mediately or immediately, from the king. He appoints magistrates ; possesses the power of life and death, in pardoning criminals, or in sealing their doom ; in cases of common law, there lies, in the last case, an appeal to him ; he grants honours, and he obtains homage ; it is his province to regulate the coin, to denounce war, and decree peace. When all these *jura majestatis*, “these rights of majesty,” are considered,—and finally, when it is recollected that with him rests the entire power of a negative on every law,—when these circumstances are all fully weighed, we must conclude, in the forcible language of Mr. Burke, “that a king of England is a real king.”

It has been thought, that the office of chief executive magistrate in a country should be hereditary. So it is now in England, though it was not so always with our ancestors the Saxons : and so essential to our government has even the name been accounted, that a deputation was appointed to offer the title to Cromwell himself. But though the office is now hereditary, and considered so essential, yet being only a trust, it, by its very nature, is both *responsible* and *revertible*. When the compact betwixt king and people is violated, recurrence may be made to the nation's last resource, to fundamental principles : and the people of England have in more instances than one asserted their right ; they beheaded a king, and they altered the succession.

The House of Peers, is the second estate of the High Court of Parliament.

Milton (in his *Defence of the People of England*) observes, after the author of *Modus tenendi Parliamenta*, that “kings held parliaments and councils with their people, even before bishops and lords were made :” and he spoke truly, if by lords he understood, as he did, *modern dukes, modern marquisses, viscounts,*
and

and such like hereditary names. For anciently, dignity was connected with duty, and distinctions of name were distinctions of office, though the Saxons had also hereditary distinctions. The *heretoca* among the Saxons, corresponding to the French *duke*, the *dux* among the Romans, was the leader of an army. The ancient office of marquis, co-existing in the ancient duke, was to guard the *marches* or limits of the kingdom; and earl or shireman, or county man, *comes*, had the government of a whole shire or county, or one of those several *divisions* into which England was divided, and was sometimes called *calderman*. Hence it became necessary, that an earl sitting as a judge over a shire, should understand the laws, his employment being to administer them; and Alfred obliged earls to be well acquainted with the laws of their country, or to abandon their offices.

The assembly (called by us parliament, comparatively a modern term) was distinguished among our ancestors by terms indicative of that energy and of that wisdom which ought ever to prevail in the deliberative supreme Council of a great nation; the *commune concilium regni*, the common council of the kingdom,—*magnum concilium regis*, the great council of the kingdom,—*magna curia*, the great court,—*conventus nobilium* or *procerum*, the convention of the nobles or chiefs,—*communitas regis Angliæ*, the community of the kingdom of England,—and the like.

Anciently, all who composed this Wittenagemot, sat, together with the king, in one assembly, which of course formed a much more numerous body than what now composes the House of Lords.

The spirit of aristocracy rose with the times, under William the Norman, who altered the feudal tenures, and dispossessed the English nobility to make room for his Normans. These tenures were accompanied with burdens unknown to the Saxons; and their immediate effect was, to raise the power of the few over the rights of the many. But yet, parts in this feudal system (the *latter* feudal system, introduced by the Normans) were favourable to liberty, and wanted only a more equal distribution of property, and the spirit of commerce, to advance its claims.

The House of Lords, as now constituted, is composed of lords temporal and spiritual. The temporal lords sit in the assembly, not as representatives of others, but in their own capacity, as equals, or peers of the realm. The lords spiritual, are not representatives of others, nor yet sit in their own right, nor yet (at least in the sense of Bishop Warburton) as *guardians of spiritualities*; but though not peers of the realm, yet as holding baronies, they are lords of parliament.

This House of Lords, in a distinct house now from that of the Commons,

Commons, constitute the hereditary branch of the legislature, and are the hereditary council of the king: it possesses also a judicial power, and its utility is said to consist in its being a senate to balance the two extremes of king and people. Some such council has been accounted essential to a republic, and been called the Corinthian capital of monarchy and aristocracy.

The House of Lords having a distinct house, as a consequence, possesses distinct privileges and distinct powers. A member claims audience of the sovereign; in his judicial capacity, gives his verdict on his honour, not by oath; and is tried by his peers, the lords temporal. No law can be passed without its concurrence: it can stop a bill after it has passed three times through the other house: it can also originate bills as well as the Commons; and all bills proceed through three stages in this house, no less than in the House of Commons, before it can receive the royal assent.

The third estate of the high court of parliament, are the representatives, so called, of the people: I say so called, for, as the House of Commons had not its rise, at first, in a spirit of liberty emanating from the people, so has it never been, not even in the purest times of the Saxons, so constructed, as to provide for a general sympathy, on any substantial scientific system of representation. We may indeed admit, that the greater baron possessed some sympathies and might consult the interests of his dependents in the *Wittena-gemot*; and this we will call a virtual representation: but the warmest panegyrist must proceed no further: nor has there ever been in any House of Commons a greater aggregate of perfection than could be crowded into a virtual representation.

When the greater barons were allowed to alienate their lands, those holding of them by knight's-fee were sometimes summoned to attend the great court. But they appeared there not to make laws, but for the same purpose as the clergy were summoned to convocation, to give their money; and these formed what were afterwards called knights of the shire, who sat two for each county. Knight or knight means, according to its ancient sense, servant, and supposes a superior to whom service is rendered:—

“Ful worthy was he in his Lordes warte.”

CHAUCER.

In the 23d year of Edward I., boroughs and cities were directed to send deputies to the great assembly of the nation, in like manner, and for the same purpose, viz. two from each place, and for the purpose of taxation. Taxation was the first claim, and taxation naturally generated legislation.

The royal boroughs were called by Henry VII., to serve the purpose

purpose of royal influence, though ostensibly, as favourable to commerce and civil liberty.

Thus, as in the natural world, unforeseen contingencies form unexpected assemblances, by bringing into union things which might seem at variance before; so is it in the moral and political world; so was it here. This assembly, the House of Commons, was formed, in its origin, by accidental circumstances, and directed by a spirit of self-interest, not of philosophy or of liberty. To deliberate or legislate was not its original designation, nor its regular preconceived plan. It was the necessary result of situation, of civil connection, and natural capabilities.

But however these matters are, this we avow, that as our British ancestors had their councils, so had our Saxon their Wittenagemots, and that issuing out of that springs this, our third estate, a House of Commons, a grand provision or public reservoir, in the event, and avowedly, since, brought into use for the liberties of the people; subsequent indeed, in its existence, to Magna Charta, but appealing now to principles antecedent to the fundamental principles of English liberty; and, as Judge Blackstone speaks, "it indispensably appears, that parliaments, or general councils, are coeval with the kingdom itself." Of these principles, the utmost strength was tried and called forth throughout a most inquisitive, struggling period, that I mean to which the great work, *Rushworth's Historical Collections*, relates. They have received the clearest illustration, and the most highly sanctioned authority, from the Petition of Rights under Charles I., from the Bill of Rights under Charles II., and Declaration of Rights at the Revolution, &c. :—

— "Sic fortis Etruria crevit;
Ecilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma."

VING. Georg.

The House of Commons, then, being now a distinct house, possesses, like the two other branches of the legislature, distinct powers and privileges. It exercises in common with them an entire negative. It can originate bills, which pass through three stages in the House of Commons as well as the House of Lords, before they can advance for the royal consent and become laws. It claims,—the common right indeed of every Englishman,—freedom of speech; the privilege of self-protection from interruption and contempt; and, for a limited time, in civil suits, exemption from arrests and imprisonment. By the celebrated statute of Edw. III., *De Tallagio non concedendo*, and others, more particularly a clause in the Petition of Rights, the king is debarred taking any talliage, benevolence, loan, or tax, without consent of parliament. Here the Commons are paramount, claiming and exercising

cising the sole power of proposing and proportioning the taxes ; for as all money bills originate in the Commons House, so they cannot be altered nor amended in the House of Lords. While, therefore, we call the legislative function of the House of Commons its great strength, we may proclaim the peculiar transcendent exercise of this function, its balance against the weight of the other two parts of the Constitution. And thus much for the three estates, as they *now are seen*, of the high court of the British Parliament.

The reader will please to consider me as speaking of the Constitution that *now is*, and to attend to this important distinction, that the English Constitution is not the creature of a period, an infant just come from the womb, but the body of man shaped and strengthening through a growth of years. And while preserving clearly this distinction, if he differs from some notions already alluded to on one hand, he may, perhaps, not take too implicitly what has been advanced on the other.

For it is proper to observe, that in speaking of the King, Lords, and Commons, as the three estates, we have differed a little from many writers, and those too of great authority on constitutional questions, and, indeed, from the express language used in many of our statutes, where the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and House of Commons, are spoken of distinctly as the three estates. But observe ; Judge Blackstone himself admits, as he must, "that the spiritual lords intermix in their votes with the temporal, and consequently, that they are deprived now of the *reality of a third estate*." If, therefore, it is necessary that we should still speak of the three estates, we must admit the king as one ; and he has all the requisites ; distinct powers and privileges,—an entire negative,—and without *his consent* no law can pass, any more than without that of either of the two houses : nor is Judge Blackstone's own declaration, in one place, reconcileable to any other doctrine, nor indeed to his own language, in another.

"These" (King, Lords, and Commons,) he says, "are the *constituent parts of a parliament* ; the King, the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, and the Commons ; parts, of which each is so *necessary*, that the CONSENT of all three is required to make any new law that shall bind the subject." What then does he mean when he says, *cautiously* indeed, "the power of the king consists in *rejecting rather than resolving* ?" Is not *consenting resolving* ? Indeed, we must be permitted to add on this subject, that the same has taken place in this part of our Constitution as in other parts, which have been formed not on any instantaneous expression of the public will, but by the silent progress of time, the insensible change of local manners, and accidental circumstances, though forms continue when the substance is gone, and the courtesy of parliament

parliament allows language to remain when there are no archetypes, or existing facts, to which it corresponds, and of course when it has no foundation in truth; as where the bishops may be called peers, which, in the modern sense, they are not; and where the king is called our Lord,—the parliament, the king's parliament,—the laws, the king's law,—all obsolete, feudal, barbarous language, suffered to exist, as Milton has well noticed in his *Defence of the People of England*, by the mere courtesy, or in plain English, the absurd complaisance, of parliament: "for forms and names," as Warburton well expresses it, "in acts of parliament, may continue when a constitution has undergone a change, not by violence, but by slow and insensible degrees."

If the bishops ever composed a third estate, in the more modern sense of the word, it was then when the archbishops, bishops, abbots, and conventual priors, the universæ *personæ regni*, not merely a score of bishops, attended parliament by virtue of their baronies, together with the other barons, that is, all such as held their baronies in capite, whose names and fees, or fends, may be seen in *Doom's-day Book*; and the form and reason of whose first summons under William the Conqueror, (for it was he who changed the character of the clergy's property from frank-almoigne to baronial tenures), may be read in Selden's *Titles of Honour*. But even at that period, as Archbishop Wake has shewn in his *State of the Clergy and Church of England*, "the exercise of their negative, otherwise than in ecclesiastical matters, is not so clearly handed down to us." They were not, indeed, always summoned to attend, and where individuals of them happened not to hold in capite, instances may be found (they may be seen in the same learned John Selden's *Titles of Honour*,) of their petitioning against attending the great council, and of the king's assent to their petition. With respect to civil matters, their consent was often not asked, (their dissent was sometimes over-ruled), nor even in ecclesiastical, when the king and temporal barons found their opinions or their wishes clashing with the public interests or state policy. If, therefore, when the spiritual barons formed a greater body and were of superior account, it does not appear that they properly possessed a negative, it must have been by mere courtesy of parliament that they have been considered one of the estates.

If by the word estate was meant merely a distinct order in society, as dukes, earls, knights, or representatives of any description of people, like the House of Commons, the phrase might have been received as constitutional; but as it means more,—as it means a branch, a part, even one third of a legislature, with distinct powers and privileges, with a negative on parliamentary proceedings,—it seems now incorrect. For the spiritual lords do
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not sit in the upper house as bishops, nor, in any sense of the word, as representatives of the clergy. It does not appear indeed, after all Bishop Warburton has said, that they are even peers of the realm, for there still remains a *Standing Order of the House* against the peerage of the bishops: so that the opinion of some able lawyers seems to be the truth,—that the bishops sit now, according to the progress of our Constitution, by mere custom and courtesy. As to their being *now* a third estate of parliament, even Warburton, a writer by no means forward to make hasty concessions against his own order, is obliged to give up that.

Now, as the object of these essays is not courtesy, but, to take Judge Blackstone's word, *reality*, it seemed to correspond best with our leading view, to speak of the King, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the House of Commons, as the three estates of parliament, (these possessing all the essentials,) than to include that order as a third estate, which has nothing that is essential to it: for, as Montesquieu somewhere observes, "when the customs of a nation change, the laws also should change;" so, when customs, and manners, and laws, and a constitution itself is changed, language also should follow, and change too.

The power of this High Court of Parliament is said to be *omnipotent*, a term meant to express its vast extent of authority: and Blackstone says, "it can change and create anew the Constitution;" and that we may not suppose he speaks figuratively and means by that term a mere *fiction* in law, he adds, "it can do every thing that is not naturally impossible." But here, too, we should not believe too largely. We should at least distinguish between what is accidental and fundamental. The parliament can make and repeal laws; by new statutes it can annul the old ones; it may change, perhaps, the present forms or offices of executive power; if it ought to interfere with religion at all, it may, perhaps, alter the established religion of a country; it may even, on great emergencies, as a convention parliament, give a new course to the succession: so far, perhaps, it may be correct to say, the parliament may change the Constitution.

But if Blackstone allowed, as he did, that we have a Constitution, fundamental laws, founded on the natural rights of mankind, which, whether they were originally laid down by the people, or insensibly introduced by custom and interwoven in the laws, are received by us as the directory to the legislative body; (and it would be very hazardous to say we have no such principles;) if this be the fact, it would be incorrect and unsafe to say—The legislature can alter this part of the Constitution. For as in a free state all the powers of the legislative body are but a trust,

trust, so are there some rights which can never be delegated away; and should even a parliament pillage the people of them, they should be demanded back, as their sacred, unalienable property.

And has not the British legislature itself thus understood the matter? Laws have been repealed as not being constitutional; and others allowed to stand as original and fundamental: as in Henry VII.'s reign, a law passed contrary to the free customs of the realm, in the promoting of which, Empson and Dudley were principally concerned; but, as William Penn expresses it, they were *hanged for their pains*, and the illegal statute was repealed. The corollary is plain, as Penn continues to observe, "fundamentals give rule to acts of parliament; else, why was the statute of the 8th of Edward IV. to stand as original, and this of the 11th of Henry VII. repealed as illegal? For therefore is any thing unlawful, because it transgresseth a law; but what law can an act of parliament transgress, but that which is fundamental? Therefore, trials by juries, or lawful judgment of equals, is by act of parliament confessed to be a fundamental part of our government."

I shall close this essay with the following summary of what is good in the English notions of liberty:—"The following, then, are received as the fundamental maxims of English law, which it may not be amiss to repeat here:—The people have a right to a free enjoyment of life, liberty, and property; a right to make those laws by which they are governed; and a right to share in that power which puts the laws in execution. To these I may be allowed to add the excellent maxim of good King Edward, which hath ever been deemed a fundamental in our law: 'That if any law or custom be contrary to the law of God, of nature, or of reason, it ought to be looked upon as null and void.' And though, in order to guard against the frowardness of private reason, our law is called legal reason, (*quod est summa ratio*), because by many ages it has been fined and refined by an infinite number of great and learned men, as Sir Edward Coke speaks: yet these fundamentals are always supposed to make part of this legal reason: so that we may apply to these fundamentals what the translator of the *Mirroure of Iustices* says of the common law; That when the laws of God and Reason came into England, then came we.

"These principles may be ascertained and established by an historical investigation, from whence it will appear, that the Constitution of England is very different from what some would have us believe;—that a king of England is one that rules by law;—and that the laws of England are directed to

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the public interest, encouraged and secured by these fundaments.

Previously to offering any plan for diffusing the principles of the British Constitution, it will be most in order, though contrary to our original intention, to point out what may be supposed to be its defects. Our subject, therefore, seems to require two more essays; and should it hereafter justify some freedom of discussion, yet shall it be allowed all its just claims on our modesty and moderation.

AN OBSERVER.

ART. VI.—*Inquiries concerning Instinct: exhibiting a Brief View of the Mental Faculties of the Lower Animals compared with those of Man; and also the State of Opinions on this Subject.*

ESSAY I.

THE object of these essays is, to inquire concerning what has been denominated *Instinct*: after investigating its phenomena among the lower animals, to examine if there be any such principle of action in man; by comparison to endeavour to ascertain whether it be of the same nature in him as it is in the brutes; and to point out the difference, should any exist, between the actions that proceed from this principle and those that originate in other sources. To carry this plan effectually into execution, it will be necessary for me to take some notice of the opinions of various eminent philosophers and writers on the subject. My aim is not to build a new system upon a fanciful foundation, but rather to gather some of the scattered fragments of the old philosophical fabric with a diligent fidelity. When I hear of new systems upon subjects of intellectual or moral philosophy, I am irresistibly led to think of the numberless quacking advertisements which every day disgrace our public prints and the streets of our metropolis; nor do I think that Mr. Burke was far from the truth, when he said, that no great discoveries were to be expected in the science of morals. But, be this as it may, it is better, in

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* Extracted from an Inquiry into the Nature of Subscription to the 39 Articles; Part III. 2d Edition, printed for Johnson in 1792.

my opinion, to dudge on still with perseverance in working the old mine, than to deceive ourselves with sanguine expectations, and lose our time in searching for a new one: and as nothing can contribute more to the advancement of science than accurate and systematic reviews of its different departments, I have been induced to attempt an outline, at least, of such a review, upon the present subject; and particularly, as I do not know that any writer has done so before me, to the extent, at least, of any thing like a full and regular treatise. I have taken considerable pains to collect the opinions of the most eminent philosophers, which I have frequently found scattered up and down, with little or no connection often, in their voluminous writings. These, or at least the results to which I think they lead, will be found detailed in some order in these essays, in which I aim at nothing more than giving a sort of rude polish to materials that have been perhaps collected for some more extensive purpose. If my endeavours contribute ever so little to bring mental philosophy into fashion, I shall be satisfied. My wish is to be useful; and, if I succeed thus far, I attain my aim.

Few things can make men more ridiculous than to be caught sneaking out of systems into which they had proudly strutted; and yet this is not uncommon, for the love of system is often very closely twined round the human mind. Hence it is, that we frequently see the most philosophic and thinking men moving heaven and earth, as it were, to support a favourite theory; or, regardless of truth and nature, which generally lie in the middle, rushing eternally from one extreme to another. "*Medio tutius ibis*," is, however, as good an advice in philosophizing, as it was for the charioteer of the sun. "C'est extravaguer," says the ingenious and philosophic Abbé de Condillac, * "que de chercher l'évidence partout; c'est river que d'élever des systèmes sur de fondemens purement gratuits; saisir le milieu entre ces deux extrêmes, c'est philosopher." Of all the philosophical subjects with which I am acquainted, I do not know any which is more incorrectly understood, in general, or upon which such inconsistent, contradictory, and absurd opinions are maintained, as that of the mental faculties of the lower animals. Even the short review of the subject, to which the limited nature of a periodical journal requires that I should confine my inquiries, will be fully sufficient to justify the observation. I do not know that, in this inquiry, we can expect much useful information from the ancient philosophers. This, however, is not the case, if we take the word of the late learned and acute Lord Monboddo, who asserts,

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* *Traité des Animaux.*

over and over, that the distinction between man and the brutes is not to be met with in the works of any modern; and that the ancients alone deserve to be consulted on this point. This opinion, however, will come more properly to be considered in a future part of these essays. The earliest opinions on the mental faculties of the lower animals, of which we have any record, are attributed to Pherecydes the master of Pythagoras, who is said to have first taught that doctrine on this subject, which in later times was destined to gather additional fame round the name of Des Cartes. But of this dogma we hear nothing further, after the days of Pherecydes, until those of the Spaniard Pereira, who certainly published it before the French philosopher. To Des Cartes, however, is due all the merit, if merit it can be called, of having deduced this paradoxical opinion from its legitimate principles, and of having applied it with considerable ingenuity and success. I am aware, that the automatic doctrine has been also attributed to several of the ancients besides Pherecydes; for Pardies endeavours to deduce the foundation of it from Aristotle; the Cartesians from St. Augustine; M. du Rondel from Seneca and Diogenes; and others from Porphyry and Cicero. These topics, however, I mean to discuss in a subsequent essay. At present, it will be sufficient to remark, with respect to the opinions of the ancients, that, although the nature of the mental faculties of the lower animals was a subject sufficiently important to perplex them and to attract their attention, they do not appear to have troubled themselves much about it; nor does it seem, divided as they were upon so many different topics, and disposed to enter perpetually into controversies with one another, that they made this a matter of philosophical discord. All of them seem to have been inclined to the common opinion, that brutes have feeling and knowledge; attributing, indeed, to this principle of knowledge a greater or less dignity, a greater or less conformity with the human soul; and contenting themselves, I think, with enveloping, in various ways, beneath the learned obscurity of an enigmatical stile, this gross prejudice, which however is natural enough in the infancy of human knowledge, that matter is capable of thinking. But, if the ancient philosophers allowed the popular prejudices on this interesting subject to repose in peace, it has afforded to several of the moderns an opportunity of displaying an uncommon degree of philosophical and paradoxical intrepidity. Des Cartes is truly the first who had the courage to maintain, that the lower animals are mere machines, and have no soul, or immaterial principle, within them. He was led, by the course of his profound meditations, to this paradox; to which, we must allow, that he gave an extensive circulation

and extraordinary celebrity.* But, although it was a common doctrine, especially during the reign of the Cartesian philosophy; that the actions of the lower animals were altogether mechanical, some philosophers maintained, nevertheless, that whilst the actions of man were mostly the result of reason, those of the brutes were mostly *instinctive* and not mechanical. This, indeed, notwithstanding the great authority of Des Cartes, seems to have been a current opinion about the time of the publication of *Locke's Philosophy*. At that period another came into circulation. Innate ideas began to be accounted an exploded doctrine; and since the principles and opinions of the English philosopher seemed in many respects much more satisfactory and simple than those of the schools of Des Cartes, it was held by many philosophers of eminence, upon the principles of Locke, as they would have us believe, that with innate ideas, every innate or instinctive principle should be banished from the philosophy of the human mind. In this respect, however, as well as in many others, I am persuaded that the opinions of this illustrious philosopher have been much and often misinterpreted, and carried to extremes and consequences which he never intended. But, although I hint thus much in his favour, I would not be considered as wishing to make a general apology for him here. I know, that the want of precision, so frequently to be met with in his language, has often created very perplexing doubts about some of his opinions. But, if we consider the barbarous and essenceless jargon that passed current for philosophy when he wrote, we shall, I think, be more disposed to feel astonishment at what his single efforts were able to achieve, than disappointment at what he left unfinished. The new doctrine, upon the supposed authority of Locke, led, as is generally the case with whatever is new or uncommon, to an opposite extreme; for, in a short time, a variety of innate, or *instinctive*, principles of the human mind were detailed by another set of philosophers, at the head of whom we must place the learned

* Condillac, speaking of the opinion of Des Cartes, says:—"C'étoit peu pour Des Cartes d'avoir tenté d'expliquer la formation et la conservation de l'univers par les seules loix du mouvement, il falloit encore borner au pur mécanisme jusqu'à des êtres animés. Plus un philosophe a généralisé une idée, plus il veut la généraliser. Il est intéressé à l'étendre à tout, parce qu'il lui semble que son esprit s'étend avec elle, et elle devient bientôt dans son imagination la première raison des phénomènes."—"Avec des raisonnemens vagues on prouve tout ce qu'on veut, et par conséquent on ne prouve rien. Je veux que Dieu ait pu réduire les bêtes au pur mécanisme: Mais l'a-t-il fait? Observons et jugeons: C'est à quoi nous devons nous borner."—The advice contained in this last sentence is so good, that it shall be strictly adhered to in these inquiries.

learned author of the *Characteristics*. Though at one time the friend and pupil of Locke, Lord Shaftesbury was far from adopting all the philosophical opinions of his master: and least of all did he agree with him in rejecting the doctrine of *innate ideas*; for this, in his Lordship's opinion, seemed to be nothing less than tearing up the deepest roots of morality, or sweeping away the only solid foundation of the fabric of virtue. His Lordship, indeed, acknowledges the great merits of Locke; but it must be confessed, even by his most strenuous admirers, that he treats him with unwarrantable severity in several parts of his writings: and this has accordingly drawn upon him the censure of the learned author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*. Dr. Warton, in his *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*, seems to account for the harshness of Shaftesbury's language. He tells us, that his Lordship was a great admirer of poetry and of the ancients, and that Locke held both in contempt. This diversity of taste led them often to disagree, and to quarrel finally; and this Warton thinks the principal cause of his Lordship's severity. In the works of this noble and ingenious philosopher, we find several innate or instinctive principles enumerated: such as the *moral sense*, or that which judges of vice and of virtue; the *sense of taste*, or what judges of beauty and deformity; the *sense of honour*, the *sense of ridicule*, and some others. Upon the first of these, the *moral sense*, one of the ablest of his Lordship's followers, the son of an Irish dissenting clergyman, Dr. Hutcheson, afterwards professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow, and author of some learned publications, raised a new system of ethical science, which has been much praised, even by those who differ widely from the opinions of its author. One of his successors in the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow, Dr. Reid, though by no means a friend to some of the opinions of Hutcheson, followed him and Lord Shaftesbury in adopting the *moral sense*, and introduced some other innate senses, or *instinctive principles*, into the theory of mind. This acute and excellent philosopher, in considering the very revolting consequences to which the philosophy of Locke had been conducted by Berkeley and by Hume, and alarmed at the tendency of such a doctrine, if generally received, though he frankly confesses, that he was at one time a convert to the system of the good and very learned Bishop of Cloyne, was still the first who clearly saw, that the whole doctrine was raised upon a principle, of which, though very generally received among philosophers, no proof had been given.* He accordingly undertook a refutation of the doctrines of both

* See Reid's Inquiry, &c.

these writers, in which he rejected the ideal theory, as taught by Des Cartes and Locke; and, by referring many phenomena, of which no satisfactory explanation had been given, to the original principles of our constitution; in other words, by taking them for general or ultimate facts in the science of mind, has been considered as an abettor of the *instinctive system*, as it has been called; a system which we shall, bye and bye, see was carried to a very ridiculous extreme by some later writers. The *natural senses*, or *instincts*, which Shaftesbury and Hutcheson introduced into the theory of mind, they considered as tests, not merely of speculative truth, but also of moral rectitude: so that the difference between them and Dr. Reid consists partly in this, that whilst they confined themselves to *senses* or *instincts*, which they considered as principles of *judgment* only and of *action*, he introduced *constitutional* (or *instinctive*) *principles of belief* into the philosophy of mind:—"Perhaps," says he, * "not only our actions, but even our judgment and belief, are in some cases guided by instinct, that is, by a natural and blind impulse. When we consider man as a rational creature, it may seem right that he should have no belief but what is grounded on evidence probable or demonstrative: and it is, I think, commonly taken for granted, that it is always evidence, real or apparent, that determines our belief. If this be so, the consequence is, that in no case can there be any belief till we find evidence, or what, at least to our judgment, appears to be evidence. I suspect it is not so; but that, on the contrary, before we grow up to the full use of our rational faculties, we do believe, and must believe, many things, without any evidence at all."—This system of Dr. Reid's, although at present very generally received, at least in North Britain, and supported with very few limitations by Doctors Oswald, Beattie, and Ferguson, and by Professor Stewart, has been opposed, with too much vehemence, in my opinion, but still with considerable ingenuity and address, in this part of the Island.—Dr. Priestley, in the ardour of a controversial spirit and of zeal for the doctrines of Locke and of Hartley, has treated Dr. Reid with a severity which that excellent philosopher never deserved. I would not, however, be understood to say, that the language of Dr. Reid is not sometimes censurable: but his works, when interpreted with candour, will be found tolerably consistent and accurate, and far less objectionable than those of some other distinguished supporters of his system. If Dr. Reid merits censure for having introduced too many *instinctive* principles into the science of mind, Dr. Priestley, in my opinion, certainly deserves more, for his

* Reid's Works, Vol. III. p. 139. Last Edition.

his attempts to generalize still farther, and to explain every thing by *association*. He ridicules *instinctive principles* both of belief and of action; and substitutes for them *association, habit, and mechanism*, which he thinks sufficient to account satisfactorily for whatever has been referred, by Dr Reid and his followers, to their original or *instinctive principles of the constitution*.

From this short historical review, it appears that some writers, who, with Locke, reject innate ideas and innate principles, allow that animals act sometimes *instinctively*; whilst another class, who reject Locke's ideal theory altogether, detail a great number of *instinctive principles of mind*: and a third set of authors will have the actions that have been generally denominated *instinctive*, to be either habitual, associated, or mechanical. Nor does the matter rest here: for one author in our own times has had the hardihood to affirm, that all our mental faculties, even reason itself, are resolvable into *instinct*; whilst some others, of no less modern a date, have gone so far as even to maintain, that the word *instinct* is unphilosophical; since all that has been referred to this principle, whether in man or in the brutes, may be the result of experience, or of imitation.—This introductory sketch, with which I mean to content myself at present, will be more fully elucidated in the sequel, when I proceed to review the opinions of the writers to whom I have alluded. Previous to this, however, it may not be improper to state here, that, by *instinct*, I mean a tendency, implanted by the Creator in the minds of animals, to do spontaneously, unerringly, independent of all teaching and experience, and without a determinate view to consequences, certain actions necessary for the preservation of the individual and the continuation of the kind.

Although definitions should, perhaps always, rather result from than precede philosophical inquiries, still I hope that those which I am now entering upon will not be thought misplaced here; since, by this mode, we shall be enabled, as we go on, to see whether the progress of our inquiries accords with them, which will afford no bad evidence of their justness and of our success. Some writers confound the actions that have been generally considered *instinctive* with those of *reason*; some with those of *mechanism*; and others with such as spring from *habit* and *association*: but, in my opinion, there are sufficient reasons for accurately distinguishing them from each and all of these. And although this, I hope, will be made more evident in the progress of these speculations, I may, however, observe here, that it will be a presumption in favour of the justness of the opinion, if I can point out actions which differ from such as are generally denominated *rational, habitual, or mechanical*. This, I presume, may be easily done,

An action is called *rational*, when it is performed under the influence of a *motive*; in other words, with *design* and a *view to consequences*: thus, to worship the Deity for having created us, for his goodness towards us, and that he may reward us hereafter, is a *rational action*. Some authors think, that the *motive*, or the end we have in view in our rational actions, is the cause of these actions; but, for my part, who am of opinion that this doctrine is founded upon an abuse of language, and that the human mind can act, not only in opposition to the strongest external motive, but against all external motives whatever, properly so called, I cannot help thinking it better to call them simply *inducements to action*, and to consider the mind itself solely and properly as the cause.

Mechanical actions also have a cause, as well as those that are rational; namely, *mechanism*, or *organization*: but this cause is not an end proposed, or a motive; neither is it an inward feeling, sensation, or disposition: thus, a clock goes through its course of hours, minutes, and seconds, without motives or a view to consequences; without *spontaneity*; and even without being able to check its own action.—To this class belong the action of the heart and arteries, the vermicular action of the intestines, and those of secretion and respiration, in animals.

Instinctive actions may be traced to a cause, as well as both the preceding species of action; but this cannot be referred to the class of *motives*, as they are not performed with a view to consequences; neither can it be said to be *mechanism*, as they are accompanied with *spontaneity*. The proper cause, however, is the internal *feeling*, *sensation*, or *disposition*, that leads to the performance of them, without design, or intelligence, on the part of the animal.—Thus, an infant, in a few minutes after birth, seeks the breast without any knowledge whatever of its necessity for his preservation; and a pair of young birds, without teaching or experience, build their first nest with as much skill and exactness as the oldest of their tribe could do, and that too of the customary materials of their species, and in the situations best calculated for depositing and hatching their eggs.

Instinct and *mechanism* have been oftener confounded with each other, particularly of late, than any others of those principles of action upon which I am at present commenting: and yet, although this has been done in the works of some very learned writers, I cannot help thinking that the distinction between *habit* and *instinct* will not appear as palpable as those I have already explained; particularly, as some habits are formed at so early an age, that it is extremely difficult to ascertain whether the actions that spring from them are from habit or from nature. But if there be such a principle in the constitution of ani-

mals

mals as instinct, such as I have explained it, the actions that originate in it must differ from such as are *habitual* in this, "that the former must be from *nature*, and the latter *acquired*." Habit has been defined to be "a *facility* of doing, and not only a facility, but also a *proneness* to do certain things, from having done them frequently before." It is a source of inclination, but is not numbered among the original propensities of human nature; because it is not that by which we are at first inclined to act, but a disposition which results from our having already acted. It is the acquired relation of a person to the state in which he has repeatedly been; as the relation of a tradesman to his calling, of a statesman to the detail of affairs, or of a warrior to the operations of war: in all of which, the adept is distinguished from the novice, by a difference of inclination or choice, by superior skill, power, and facility of performance. The above-mentioned definition of habit, however, it is manifest, is not applicable to *habits of art*, but only to such as can be properly called *principles of action*. Instinctive actions agree with habitual ones of this latter denomination in this, that they are both performed without intelligence, will, or design; and this has, accordingly, induced Dr. Reid to confound them, and to class them, very improperly in my opinion, under the head of mechanical actions. Their agreeing in a few particulars could not warrant him in reducing them to the same class; particularly when he tells us himself, that "the origin of one is *natural*, of the other, *acquired*." But, besides this, the habitual actions of man seem to me to want altogether that *spontaneity* which we observe in the instinctive actions of the lower animals; such as nest-building, and the operations of bees, described in a subsequent part of this essay; or the migration of birds of passage through the pathless air, without chart or compass. One instance of an action confessedly habitual will suffice to illustrate this. Let us take that motion of the eyelids which occurs almost every instant.—This action cannot be the necessary result of mechanism, like breathing and the circulation of the blood, as we see that children do not, for some days after birth, close their eyelids on the approach of external objects. But as soon as some object (suppose too much light) has made them feel inconvenience or pain, and thus produced a voluntary or a mechanical motion of the eyelids, this effect becomes gradually so intimately associated with its cause, that even the appearance of the cause will produce the effect: and finally, habit gives us so great a proneness to this action, that we perform it constantly amidst all our pursuits, without consciousness, will, or spontaneity; and even without perceiving that, in every waking minute of our lives, we are several moments totally in the dark. So far is this

this motion from being a voluntary act, that it requires a strong exertion of will and attention to check it, even for a short time; and do what we will, we can never check it altogether.

To prevent my meaning from being misunderstood, it will be necessary for me to illustrate more fully the distinction between *habits of art*, such as playing expertly on the violin or harpsichord, in which we acquire only a *facility* from frequent practice,—and *those habits*, which, besides a facility, induce also a *proneness to act*: for instance, in that motion of the eyelids I have just described, and many other awkward motions and habits learned by bad example and bad company. As some may be inclined to think that I refine here, perhaps unnecessarily, it is, of course, more incumbent on me to explain myself fully. This step also becomes more necessary, as the subject has been, I think, misstated in a late elegant treatise, and has not been sufficiently illustrated in any work with which I am acquainted. These circumstances will, I trust, apologize for the length of the preliminary disquisition upon which I am to enter, and forcibly call to mind the remark of a French writer upon a similar occasion:—

“On doit pardonner à un auteur le nombre des discussions qu’il a renfermées dans un ouvrage assez court. Conduit par le fil imperceptible des matières et des idées, il a senti qu’elles appartenoient toutes à son principal sujet. Tout se tient dans un certain ordre des spéculations; voulez vous développer une vérité? il faut en éclaircir vingt autres, qui l’avoisinent, et dont la lumière vient, pour ainsi dire, l’éclaircir par réflexion.”

Those habits to which I have last alluded may be properly stiled *principles of action*: the habits of art, I apprehend, cannot. Habits of art require thought, attention, and will, in the performance of their operations. The others, on the contrary, require no small exertion of thought, attention, and will, to check them: nor can they, even thus, be completely overcome, until, by repeated exertions, a counter-habit is established, which is the best method for removing their effects. It was from considering the latter species only, I think, that Dr. Reid was led to say:—

“I conceive it to be a part of our constitution, that what we have been accustomed to do, we acquire not only a facility, but a proneness to do, on like occasions; so that it requires a particular will or effort to forbear it; but to do it requires very often no will at all. We are carried by habit, as by a stream in swimming, if we make no resistance.”* Dr. Reid makes a distinction, as I do, between these two species of habits; but in some passages he seems to confound them: for he classes them and in-

distinct

* Reid's Works, Vol. III. p. 146.

instinct under the head of mechanical principles. Thus, he says, "habit differs from instinct, not in its nature, but in its origin; the latter being natural, the former acquired. Both operate without will or intention, without thought; and, therefore, may be called mechanical principles."* From both these passages, it would seem that he meant habit in general; for the assertions are not qualified in any shape. If such was his opinion, (and Mr. Stewart does not appear to doubt it), his doctrine agrees exactly with Dr. Hartley's, whose language affords us no opportunity of being in doubt about his meaning.† But, for my part, I cannot help thinking it much more philosophic to admit any possibly conceivable rapidity in our intellectual operations, than to suppose that any action performed with so much correctness and with such rapidity, as violin or harpsichord-playing is, in some instances, can be merely habitual, or automatic; or, what is the same in other words, in every one of its minute subdivisions altogether unconnected with the exertions of will.—In *habits of art*, then, I deem it necessary to admit the interference of will: but, in the other class, which *alone* (because they give, not merely a facility, but also a proneness to act,) ought, I think, to be called *principles of action*, I see no good reason for admitting its interference in any respect. A different opinion, I know, seems to be held in an elegant philosophical treatise, by a writer for whom I have the highest respect. Upon this I mean to hazard a few observations bye and bye: but, in the mean time, I have some conjectures to offer relative to Dr. Reid's meaning, which will serve as an introduction to the subsequent remarks. After having attentively examined what Dr. Reid has written on this subject, in the first part of his third *Essay on the Active Powers of Man*, I cannot help thinking it probable that he could not mean *habits of art* in the passages which I have just quoted from his works. Surely, so correct an observer of nature could not think that in habits of art, suppose pin-making or violin-playing, we acquire, from frequent doing, "not merely a facility, but also a proneness to do the same thing on like occasions." In all habits of art we acquire more or less facility, but surely no such proneness, as Dr. Reid asserts of the habits he had in view, in the former of the passages quoted from him above: for who can assert, upon any good grounds, that a violin-player feels a particular proneness, in other words, an inward inclination or impulse to play upon that favourite instrument whenever it is presented to him? And yet we all know that he has acquired a facility

* Reid's Works, Vol. III, p. 144.

† On Man, Vol. I.

cility in playing, from having often played before. The truth, in my opinion, seems probably to be, that Dr. Reid, after stating the distinction of habits already mentioned, threw the *habits of art* into the back-ground altogether, the further consideration of them not being essential to the purposes he had in view. And is not this conjecture confirmed by the circumstance, that, in the essay and chapters to which I allude, he treats only of what can be called *principles of action*, which he defines to be "every thing that *incites* us to act :"^{*} and particularly when he tells us, that *habits of art*, since they give only a facility, cannot, with propriety, be called principles of action. "Habit (he says) is commonly defined a *facility of doing a thing, acquired by having done it frequently*. This definition is sufficient for *habits of art*; but the habits which may with propriety be called *principles of action*, must give more than a facility, they must give an inclination or impulse to do the action; and that, in many cases, habits have this force, cannot be doubted."[†] This extract affords an additional confirmation of my conjecture; for, in the last sentence, he does not say that habits give an inclination or impulse to act in *every case*, which he should have done, if he meant to bring *habits of art* under the observation; but, from the whole tenour of the passage, it is clear he did not, for they give a facility only of acting without any inclination or impulse. His words are, "that habits give an inclination or impulse in *many cases*," which seems clearly to prove, that he meant only "those habits which cannot with propriety be called principles of action." This opinion is still further confirmed by the following passage, from *part* of which a correct and learned philosopher has inferred a different doctrine :—"Aristotle makes wisdom, prudence, good sense, science, and art, as well as the moral virtues and vices, to be habits. If he meant no more by giving this name to all those intellectual and moral qualities than that they are all strengthened and confirmed by repeated acts, this is undoubtedly true. I take the word in a *less extensive sense*, when I consider habits as principles of action. I conceive it to be a part of our constitution, that what we have been accustomed to do, we acquire not only a facility, but a proneness, to do on like occasions; so that it requires a particular will and effort to forbear it, but to do it requires *very often* no will at all. We are carried by habit, as by a stream in swimming, if we make no resistance."[‡] I must remind the reader, that he is treating of *principles*

^{*} Reid's Works, Vol. III. p. 120.

[†] Ibid, p. 144.

[‡] Ibid, p. 145.

principles of action; that is, whatsoever incites us to act. Now, in this extract, he informs us that he takes the word *habit* in a *confined* sense, meaning only thereby, such habits as he considers *principles of action*. And he has, in the preceding extract, told us, that *habits of art*, which give only a *facility*, do not come under that denomination. How then could Mr. Stewart be misled to conclude from this passage, that Dr. Reid did not allow the exercise of will in any of our habitual actions? Had he attended to the whole passage, as transcribed above, instead of the latter part of it, as he seems to have done, he would have observed that the latter part, which alone he quotes, is essentially connected with the part before it, and thereby shewn to refer *exclusively* to those habits which Dr. Reid, taking the word in a *confined sense*, (that is, to the exclusion of habits of art), calls *principles of action*. Even in that part which Mr. Stewart has quoted, I may remark, that Dr. Reid would not have used the words *very often* ("but to do it requires *very often* no will at all,") if he meant to affirm, that our habitual actions, without exception, are altogether involuntary and mechanical. I must confess, indeed, that the Doctor's language, on this subject, is not so precise and clear as could be wished. But, I flatter myself, after the remarks which have been now offered, that if we interpret him with fairness, and look for his meaning in the general scope of what he has written on this subject, and not in one or two unguarded and ambiguous passages, it will appear more probable, that Dr. Reid meant only a particular species of habits,—those, namely, which he calls principles of action; and that he did not intend to characterize such habitual actions, as violin and harpsichord-playing, as involuntary and mechanical.

Although I have been thus endeavouring to make it, at least, probable, that Dr. Reid did not agree with Dr. Hartley on the subject of habitual actions, I am fully aware that a writer of the highest authority affirms the contrary: I know that partly in consequence of this opinion, he has gone into the most elaborate and satisfactory details, and proved, as clearly as the nature of the subject will allow, that some of our habitual actions are connected with the will.—From the preceding discussion, it will appear evidently that my opinion differs not from this learned writer's, if he means only *habits of art*: but if he means to bring the other species of habits also under the influence of the will, (as it is probable he does, for he speaks of habitual actions in general, and does not even hint at a distinction) I cannot help thinking that he has been led away by a mistaken analogy, and by an over ardent zeal for premature generalization. It deserves to be remarked, as a further proof of the fairness with which I interpret Dr. Reid's opinion, that he says nothing of habits of

art in his chapter on habit, except that he brings in one solitary instance merely to shew "the power of habits and their utility;" whilst he expressly mentions, as belonging to that species which he calls principles of action, many "awkward habits in address, motion, looks, gesture, and pronunciation, acquired by frequenting bad company; to forbear which, when fully formed, a general resolution (he says) is not sufficient." He even affirms, that "particular attention is necessary, on every occasion, to resist their impulse; until they may be undone by the habit of opposing them; for these habits (those called principles of action) operate without intention." On the subject of habitual actions, it has been remarked by Mr. Stewart, "that the circumstance of our inability to recollect our volitions does not authorise us to dispute their possibility." To this observation I shall make no objection; but when it is further contended that it does not add any force to the objection to urge that "there are instances in which we find it difficult, or perhaps impossible, to check our habitual actions by a contrary volition,"—I cannot help remarking, that this single circumstance, unless obviated, which it certainly is not, in my opinion, renders the objection insuperable, and the doctrine against which it militates, so far as that relates to the habits called principles of action, altogether inconclusive. Let any one try, by the most firm and persevering efforts, to check for a time the impulse of the most common of all habits, that of closing the eyelids, and he will find, though he may succeed for a short time, that he cannot do it altogether. Nor is it an answer to this fact to say, "that the contrary volition does not remain with us steadily during the whole operation, but is merely a general intention or resolution, which is banished from the mind as soon as the occasion presents itself with which the habitual train of our thoughts and volitions is associated." For the time requisite for trying this experiment and being defeated in it is so short, that the contrary volition may be easily kept in the mind all the while, without its dwindling away into "a general intention or resolution;" and, besides, if the person, who tries this experiment, thinks that he is unable to keep up this counter-volition steadily himself, he can easily have a friend or two near him to remind him of keeping his thoughts and attention fixed steadily on the object in view. It may perhaps be urged by some, that this motion of the eyelids is instinctive; but even Mr. Stewart himself allows it to be *habitual*. It deserves to be remarked, besides, that there is a wide difference between our being unable to recollect the volitions which, in this theory, are supposed to precede all our habitual actions, and that state of mind, in which we are not only not conscious of any such volitions, but fully aware that the habitual actions occur, even when

when we are conscious of having exerted the strongest efforts of volition to prevent them. The learned and acute author of the doctrine upon which I have been commenting, seems to think, that the almost incalculable and incredible rapidity which it supposes in our intellectual operations, is the greatest objection to his theory:—were this so, I should readily, on this point, subscribe to his philosophical faith; for I am persuaded that he has obviated this objection with his usual perspicuity and success: but the great difficulty, in my opinion, and that which hinders me most of all from acquiescing in this doctrine to its full extent, is, that consciousness, the only infallible evidence with regard to the phenomena of mind, not only affords no proofs of its truth, but, if I mistake not, bears unequivocal testimony against it.

There are some other observations on this subject, in Mr. Stewart's very excellent treatise, in which I cannot altogether acquiesce; but, as this matter has been now sufficiently considered for the purposes I had here in view, I must dismiss it for the present; particularly as I shall have an opportunity of saying a few words upon it in another part of these inquiries. Before concluding this part of the subject, I may, however, by way of recapitulation, observe, if the exposition I have attempted be correct, that the difference between the four species of actions now considered consists nearly in the following circumstances:—That *rational* actions are performed with *intelligence, will, and design*, on the part of the agent;—*instinctive* actions, *spontaneously*, but without determinate design or adequate intelligence in the doer;—*mechanical* action, without *will, spontaneity, design, or intelligence*;—and *habitual* actions, (I mean the habits properly called principles of action*), like mechanical ones, without *will, spontaneity, design, or intelligence*; but differing in this, that they are *accidental* in their origin, and in many instances capable of being checked, and even removed, by contrary habits; whereas

mechanical

* Lord Monboddo makes the following distinction between art and instinct:—"Between *art* and *instinct* there is this material difference, that *instinct* is a principle of action implanted in us as in other animals, by which we are directed to what is necessary for the preservation either of the individual, or of the species; but without any knowledge of the end, or how the means conduce to the end; and, consequently, without *will*, which never can be but where there is an end in view. *Art*, on the other hand, acts with knowledge of the end and of the means by which it is attained; and, consequently, its operations are voluntary, proceeding from motives, influencing the will."—*Origin and Progress of Language*, Vol. I. p. 270.—The learned writer, in this passage, evidently means *habits of art*, to which he thinks the agency of the will necessary. His doctrine agrees with that which I have stated; whilst his language is less objectionable than that of Dr. Reid.

mechanical actions, properly so called, are in a manner necessary in their origin, for instance, breathing, and can never be removed or suppressed altogether, without destroying the animal, by any voluntary exertion of ours. That these distinctions are not mere refinements, that is, distinctions where no real difference exists, appears, I think, on the very face of the exposition: that they are necessary for a satisfactory explanation of some phenomena of mind, connected with the principles of action in man and in the brutes, will, I hope, be made probable at least in the sequel.

As one of my objects in these disquisitions is to shew that there are some actions of man, the origin at least of which cannot be explained, unless the existence of such a principle as instinct be admitted, it becomes necessary for me to detail previously some of those actions of the lower animals which are in general allowed to be instinctive. The consideration of the mental faculties of the brutes, is in itself an interesting subject; but it becomes doubly so, when we study them with a view of illustrating our own. "Il seroit peu curieux (says Condillac) de savoir ce que sont les bêtes, si ce n'étoit pas un moyen de connaître mieux ce que nous sommes. C'est dans ce point de vue qu'il est permis de faire des conjectures sur un pareil sujet. *S'il n'existoit point d'animaux (dit M. de Buffon) la nature de l'homme seroit encore plus incompréhensible.* Cependant il ne faut pas s'imaginer, qu'en nous comparant avec eux, nous puissions jamais comprendre la nature de notre être: nous n'en pouvons découvrir que les facultés; et la voie de comparaison peut être un artifice pour les soumettre à nos observations." This step, besides, seems the more necessary, as the existence of instinct, even in the lower animals, seems to have been altogether denied of late; for it has been asserted, "that the laws of analogical reasoning do not justify the opinion, that the brutes act, on any occasion, absolutely without design." This doctrine is promulgated by the authors of a work entitled *A New System of the Natural History of Animals*, published in Edinburgh in 1791, who maintain, that the actions of the lower animals, like those of man, are *rational*; whilst Mr. Smellie, in his *Philosophy of Natural History*, endeavours to prove, "that between reason and instinct there is no difference, and that the reasoning faculty itself is the necessary result of instinct; thus contending, that all the actions, both of man and of the other animals, are instinctive. Nothing can be more directly contrary than both these opinions; and, like most extremes, nothing, I think, can be more easily shewn to be false. To prove that the natural operations of the lower animals are not performed with design, or with a view to consequences, in opposition to the former of these opinions, many examples will

will not be necessary; and first, let us examine a little some of the operations of the winged tribe.

The youngest pair of birds, it is known, without instruction or experience, build their first nest of the materials commonly used by their species, in situations whose privacy, &c. renders them fit to afford them security, and convenient for incubation and the rearing of their young. It is also certain, that they manifest equal skill with the oldest and most practised of their species, in the neatness, accuracy, and symmetry of their work. It is further known, whenever the climate or situation, or any change of circumstances, renders a change in the structure of nests necessary, that this change is made by all the individuals, young and old, of the same tribe equally, and that only when such a change is necessary: thus, "in countries infested with monkeys, many birds which in other climates build in bushes and clefts of trees, suspend their nests upon slender twigs, and by this ingenious device elude the rapacity of their enemies." It is moreover certain, that no improvement has been made, within the history of man, in the art of nest-building, by any tribe, or by any of its individuals. Now the nature of all arts, with which we are acquainted, is such, and their history shews us, that they were first invented by some person, and then in the course of time improved, either by the inventor or by others, and finally brought to some degree of perfection. It was from a consideration of these circumstances that Lord Monboddo said *—"Another difference which we may observe between *art* and *instinct* is, that as art is founded on experience and observation, so it is improved by them; and it is by gradual improvements in this way that arts are perfected: but instinct, as it does not rise from experience, so it is not improved by it; and, accordingly, a swallow builds her nest, and a spider weaves his web, as well the first year as any year thereafter." History and experience also show, that human arts are best known, and practised with most skill and dexterity in general, by those only to whom they have been taught; and that in different ages and countries they all undergo considerable variations. But in the arts of animals we can observe no such variations; nor can any individual among them be pointed out as the inventor, the improver, or the perfecter of any of them, for instance, of nest-building. Each of them is perfectly skilled in the workmanship of its tribe: I do not mean to say, that they know the nature and the rules of the different arts which they practise, but that they are acquainted with the mode of work-

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* Origin and Progress of Language, Vol. I. Book II. chap. 8.

ing in them to great perfection.* How many very simple arts do we see daily practised by our species without learning them from them, or being able to practise them ourselves? What a long apprenticeship is generally necessary before we can practise even some of the most common and necessary? A peasant spends months and years under his simple roof, and yet is seldom able to build such a hut as he inhabits. Birds require no such teaching or experience; they serve no apprenticeships; and yet a young pair, kept solitary and sequestered from their infancy, build such another nest as that in which they had been brought into existence. But what is the inference to be drawn from these facts? If the actions of the lower animals (for instance, this one of nest-building) be all under the influence of motives, in other words, *rational*, we must conclude, since they are so invariable, either that their workmanship is perfect beyond the reach of improvement, or so imperfect as not to be capable of degenerating. The former of these conclusions cannot be supported, unless it be contended, at the same time, that the lower animals have made more early and greater discoveries and advances in the arts and sciences than we have: nor will the latter be maintained by any man who considers the structure of a honey-comb, or who reflects that all the skill of man is perhaps incapable of excelling the workmanship even of a wren, in the structure of such a nest as he builds: however, if the supposition be admitted, the former seems the better inference. But, if this doctrine be true, we must say, that birds are good judges of climate and circumstances; that they know the dangers and advantages resulting from them, and the best modes of obviating the former and securing the latter: we must say, that reasoning shews them the necessity of equality in the structure of their nests; or, when, after having been absent for some time, they turn their eggs so as to heat them properly, and at all times equally, we must think that they know heat, and even an equal distribution of it, to be necessary for incubation: but as nothing of all this can, I think, be affirmed with the smallest appearance of truth, and since those actions of birds are, without teaching, habit, or experience, as perfect in the young as in the old, and in all so invariable, we must conclude, that in this respect we discover not the reasoning of animals, pointing to consequences and devising means, but the unerring reason and wisdom of *Him* who made them with all their perfections, and implanted such principles in their constitutions, as guide them unceasingly in the performance of their various natural

* Reid's Active Powers of Man, Essay III. chap. 2.

tural operations, the complete purposes and utility of which *He* only knows. This reasoning is confirmed by that of Addison:—"What (says this elegant and spirited essayist) can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason*; for, were animals endowed with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves."

Some birds display a wonderful share of sagacity in the process of incubation, and in rearing their young: without attentive and cautious observation, one would be almost positive, that in every step they are guided by reason; but it is easy to show that this is not the case. Let us take a very familiar instance:—A hen seeks a silent and unfrequented place for her nest: when she has laid her eggs and begun to cover them, she takes care to turn them frequently, that the vital warmth may be communicated to all parts of them. When she is obliged to leave them in order to procure food, she is sure to return before they have time to cool, which would render them incapable of producing chickens. In summer she will often stay away for two hours together; but in winter, when the cold would destroy the principle of life, she stays away a much shorter time.* When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the little ones to break their prison? When brought forth, how cautiously does she cover them from the injuries of the weather, provide them proper nourishment, and teach them to help themselves? It deserves also to be remarked, that she forsakes the nest, if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young do not begin to make their appearance. Can any thing have a greater appearance of reasoning and sagacity than all this? "But, at the same time, the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, has not the least glimmering of thought or common

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sense.

* Ducks and geese always cover their eggs before they leave their nests. "The ostrich," says Mr. Smellie, "has been accused of unnaturalness, because she leaves her eggs to be hatched by the heat of the sun. In Senegal, where the heat is great, she neglects her eggs during the day, but sits upon them during the night. At the Cape of Good Hope, however, where the degree of heat is less, the ostrich, like other birds, sits upon her eggs both day and night."—*Philosophy of Natural History*, Vol. 1. chap. 5.

sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of ever so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot."

We observe sometimes a very uncommon instinct in spiders, and in some insects of the beetle kind: if you touch a spider, he runs away with great speed; but if he finds himself checked in whatever direction he takes, as if in despair of escaping, he contracts his limbs and his body, and puts on all the appearances of death: while in this motionless situation, you may pierce his body with pins, but he will not exhibit a single symptom of pain or of sensibility. If you remove the object that torments or terrifies him, he will, in a few moments, run off as quickly as he is able. "Some beetles, when counterfeiting death, suffer themselves to be gradually roasted, without moving a single joint." If all this be the result of reason, acting with a view to self-preservation, but suffering dissolution, it is certainly of a very curious and extraordinary kind.

We find some very wonderful instances of instinct in the pairing of some animals;* and in their knowledge, not only of proper food, but also of certain natural remedies for their diseases:—

"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field."

POPE.

How wonderful are the migrations of birds of passage! There are some birds whose economy requires that they should go over seas at certain seasons: and, accordingly, birds of passage know at what time to begin their flight, and what course to hold through "the pathless air without chart or compass."—Pope has some beautiful lines on this subject:—

"Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as *Demoivre*, without rule or line?
Who bids the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?"

Who

* Appendix to 6th of Lord Kalmes's Sketches on Man.

Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?" *

None of these instances justifies the doctrine, that the lower animals, in their natural operations, act with a view to consequences. To confirm my reasoning still farther, I shall content myself with one out of the numberless examples afforded me by natural history, which, if I mistake not, is decisive of this question. This I shall take from the operations of the bee, as it seems to act with a view to consequences, and to be, as was said of the ant, "*haud et ignara et non incauta futuri.*" Let us attend a little to the structure of a honey-comb.—The cells of bees are equal and similar: and, of the three possible ways in which this can be effected, they have chosen the best for holding their honey and rearing their young. The cells are built on both sides: they may then be placed exactly opposite one another, so that two may rest upon the same bottom; or they may be so placed that the bottom of one will rest upon the point where the partitions meet on the opposite side. This latter mode gives them more strength, and they are accordingly built thus. Further, the bottom of the cells are not planes perpendicular to the sides, but consist of three planes meeting in a solid angle in the center, exactly where the partitions on the opposite side cross one another. And it has been demonstrated that this makes the cells similar without loss of room, and considerably spares both labour and materials.† Thus then it is shewn, that bees build their cells so as to lose no room; to have no useless partitions; and with the least possible expense of labour and materials. All this, as far as geometry and mathematics can shew it, has been rigorously demonstrated by Mr. Maclaurin, and proves them, on the supposition that they act with a view to consequences, in this instance, more skilled in both these sciences than the most philosophic and learned men; and that too from the earliest ages. But as this is a doctrine too improbable to be insisted upon, we must rather conclude, that the bees, although they act geometrically, understand neither the rules nor the principles of the arts which they practise with such accuracy; but that the geometry in this instance is in the maker of the bee, "that great Geometer who made all things in number, weight, and measure." Were a man to construct so nice a piece of workmanship as a honey-comb, we would immediately conclude that he worked according to rule, and understood the principles upon which he proceeded. Is it

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necessary

* Essay on Man, Third Epistle.

† Reid's Active Powers of Man, Essay III. chap. 2, and the London Philosophical Transactions.

necessary to remark, that we have no reason for thinking the bees understand one or the other? In the most complicated works of human contrivance, a man of equal knowledge and skill will comprehend the principles and general design of the artist; but to understand the rules and principles which are so rigorously adhered to in the construction of a honey-comb, is, and will always be, beyond the comprehension of by far the greatest part of mankind. The few instances of animal instinctive operations which I have now briefly detailed, will, I hope, be sufficient for the present: they correspond fully with my notion of instinct, and serve my purpose as well as a million of instances crowded together.

But it has been objected that this *instinct*, which we call a simple, original principle, accommodates itself to circumstances; that it is improved by experience and imitation; that no such accommodation to circumstances can take place without reasoning or a comparison of ideas; and, therefore, that this principle of the constitution of the lower animals is not instinct, but reason. The instances to prove that instinct accommodates itself to circumstances are numerous.—Birds stay away from their eggs longer in warm than in cold weather: the ostrich in Senegal, where the heat is great, neglects her eggs during the day, but sits on them at night: but at the Cape of Good Hope, where the heat is less, she sits on them both night and day. In countries infested with monkeys, birds which in other climates build in bushes and clefts of trees, suspend their nests upon slender twigs, and thus elude their enemies: the same species of birds build their nests differently when climate and circumstances require it. We have numberless instances of this accommodation to circumstances in the pairing instincts of animals: none, it has been observed, ever pair except those whose young require the nursing care of both parents.—Let us hear the poet on this subject:—

“ Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace,
They love themselves a third time in their race.
Thus beasts and birds their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it and the sires defend;
The young dismissed to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care:
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.” *

POPE.

It

It deserves to be remarked in this place, that the extent and continuance of the parental care is in the proportion of the wants and helplessness of the young. But, (says Mr. Addison), notwithstanding that this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care, that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for, so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and, what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond it's usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities. This instance, whilst it finely exemplifies an accommodating instinct, affords also the happiest proof of the guardian care of a kind and parental Providence. But let us see what may be said in answer to this objection, which is one of the most plausible that has been urged against the theory of instinct. And, first, it may be remarked, that taking instinct, as it is generally defined, to be a principle in the constitution of animals, given them by their Maker for the purpose of preserving the individuals and continuing the kind,—in other words, a predisposition to perform certain actions necessary for these ends when incited by certain feelings or sensations,—its accommodating itself to circumstances and situations is no argument against its existence, nor a good proof that it is the result of reasoning; since he who made it a part of the constitution of his creatures knows that the same ends must be often sought by different means, particularly when times, places, or circumstances are altered; and only manifests his goodness and wisdom the more, by constituting this principle of such a nature as to vary when requisite, and to vary only when such a change is necessary: add to this, that did he not impart this accommodating peculiarity to instinct, it could not produce the effects for which it seems intended; as we know it to be impossible that similar means should produce similar effects when circumstances, climates, and situations are different. Indeed, this accommodating property of instinct is a necessary consequence of it, instead of being a good argument against it: for, if we suppose that such a faculty as instinct was at all to be imparted to animals, is it not evident that it must be given to them like all their other mental faculties, varying in every species, deviating accordingly from that simple uniformity of agency which the objection supposes necessary to such a principle, and thus accommodating itself

to circumstances in every tribe of animals, in order to attain by different means to the great general end, the preservation of the individuals and the continuation of the kind? Thus, then, this objection, by proving too much, fails in its object; for, if it be good for any thing, it is equally conclusive against the possibility of instinct. But the opponents of instinct have never yet, in their zeal for systems, denied that it was possible to impart to animals an instinctive principle of such a nature as I have described. The advocates for instinct do not maintain that these accommodating variations upon which the objection is founded, will take place on every occasion. They will occur only where the disadvantages exist, against which the instinct is intended to provide: instinctive actions take place when certain sensations exist; and when these do not exist, we cannot wonder that the actions do not occur.

But this matter is capable of still farther illustration.—Before we positively conclude that no accommodation to circumstances can take place without reasoning or a comparison of ideas, it may not be irrelevant to consider some of the appearances which the vegetable and inanimate world exhibit. If, because the operations of some animals are so artificial, and because they sometimes accommodate their actions to circumstances, we must say that they reason and compare ideas, we must contend that vegetables and inanimate bodies do so likewise; we know that a vegetable reared in a dark cellar, if some light be admitted, will bend itself towards the light; or, if made to grow in a flower-pot with its head downward, that it will turn its head upwards according to the natural position of a plant. Can it be maintained that the plant, in either case, does what it does from any judgment or opinion that it is best, and not from a necessary determination of its nature? The facts taken from the inanimate world are equally in point.—How shall we account for the phenomena of elective attractions? When one body unites with another, and then, if a third is presented to it, quits the first and unites itself with the other, shall we say that this is the effect of reasoning and of a comparison of ideas, and suppose that this preference of the one to the other proceeds from any predilection or opinion that it is better to cleave to one than to the other? What shall we say of those surprising crystallizations and configurations of salts exhibited to us by the microscope, so various, and yet so constant and regular? Must we say that their minute particles reason and compare ideas, because their operations are so various, and at the same time so regular and constant? Or, if nobody affirms this, why should we think that the actions of animals, not more various and surprising, not more constant or regular, than those motions of the salts, should be the result
of

of reasoning and of a deduction of inferences? Should we not rather affirm, as those inanimate substances arrange themselves so regularly and yet so variously upon different occasions, in consequence of an original law of nature, that the benevolent author of all such laws, intending to display his providence and wisdom still more conspicuously in his animal kingdom, bestowed upon his creatures this accommodating instinct, without which (supposing that they act instinctively on any occasion) the great purposes of their propagation and preservation could never be attained?*

But if these very extraordinary actions which I have been considering are not the result of reasoning and of a comparison of ideas, it may and has been said, that they cannot be otherwise accounted for than by the immediate interposition of the Deity. I answer that this is (as Lord Monboddo has remarked) recurring to a notion which has been sufficiently refuted, "that God is the immediate author of motion:" and if this cannot be, it only remains, that He has formed these vegetable and inanimate substances with a determination to act so and so on such and such occasions, that is, has made it a law of their nature; and as the economy of the animal is much more artificial and complicated than the economy either of the vegetable or of the unorganised body, so the motions of the animal must be much more various, but all proceeding from the same cause, namely, an original determination of the mind, constituting part of its essence, or a law of its nature, to perform those various operations on different occasions. Such an original determination would, indeed, with respect to *body*, be altogether inconceivable; and, therefore, to suppose it to be the effect of an original impulse given to the bodies of animals, is perfectly absurd; as absurd, indeed, as *Dea Cartes'* notion, that they are mere machines.—But *mind* is of a nature altogether different from body, and is susceptible of modifications in its original constitution of which body is altogether incapable.

Having thus, I hope, sufficiently commented upon this objection; I shall now proceed to examine more closely the opinions of the compilers of the work in which this doctrine is contained; I mean the *System of the Natural History of Animals*, which has been mentioned in a preceding part of this essay.—These writers have been carried much too far, in their zeal to do away the opinions of the author of the *Philosophy of Natural History*. And, although I have read over their opinions with much attention, I am still at a loss in some parts to comprehend their meaning.

* Ancient Metaphysics, Vols. II. and III.

ing. Their dissertation on the subject is but short, and yet, in my opinion, they often contradict themselves. One time you would suppose that they admit the existence of instinct in the lower animals; at another, they seem to reject it altogether. This latter, however, seems to be the fairest account of their opinions: but it will be better to enable the reader to judge for himself, by citing some of the passages to which I allude; and this is the more necessary, as the book is not, if I am rightly informed, easy to be procured; and as it is the most modern work with which I am acquainted that contains any remarks on these subjects:—

“When philosophers find animals fixed to a particular spot, extremely imperfect in their powers of sensation, and displaying scarce any *instincts* or dispositions of mind, they can hardly consider them as endowed with any principle superior in its nature to vegetative life.”* Here they seem to allow instinct to animals; but the following extract will shew, that what they give with one hand they take away with the other. Thus, in replying to Mr. Smellie, they remark—“Beings of superior intelligence might regard mankind as incapable of design, with just as much reason as we have to deny the brutes any guiding principles superior to blind and simple instinct. We, however, are conscious of design; though our designs are commonly narrow, and our views limited. Why then consign the inferior animals to the guidance of an *unmeaning impulse*?”† What can they mean here by the words “an unmeaning impulse,” except that the admission of such a principle as instinct is unphilosophical? And yet they say in the next page:—“The brutes appear, in short, to possess, but in a more imperfect degree, the same faculties as mankind. Instinct must always be a simple principle, an original feeling; the only business of which is to rouse to action, to call the reasoning powers to exert themselves.”—Thus they tell us what they think the province of instinct ought to be: but is not its admission also implied here? And if it be, how are such inconsistencies to be reconciled?—Again they observe:—“Since natural history has begun to be more diligently cultivated, many observations have been made on the manners and economy of the inferior animals, which prove, if they are guided by instinct, that instinct is by no means a mechanical principle of action, but in its nature and *susceptibility of improvement*, often approaches nearly to the character of human reason.”‡ Let us contrast with this what they say in the 15th page, part of which has been already quoted.

* System of the Natural History of Animals, Vol. I. p. 2.

† Ibid, p. 14.

‡ Ibid, p. 11.

quoted. "The brutes appear, in short, to possess, but in a more imperfect degree, the same faculties as mankind. Instinct must always be a simple principle, an original feeling; the only business of which is to rouse to action, to call the reasoning powers to exert themselves; to talk of instinctive principles that admit of improvement and accommodate themselves to circumstances, is merely to introduce new terms into the language of philosophy. No such improvement or accommodation to circumstances can ever take place without a comparison of ideas and a deduction of inferences." * Here the inconsistencies stare one another.—If there be such a principle as instinct in the brutes, they allow, in the former of these extracts, that "in its susceptibility of improvement it often approaches to the level of human reason;" thus admitting that *instinct is susceptible of improvement*. But, in the latter, they tell us that instinct must be a *simple principle, an original feeling*, and being such, that to talk of its susceptibility of improvement, and of its accommodating itself to circumstances, is merely an introduction of new terms into the language of philosophy; as the improvement and accommodation to circumstances necessarily presuppose a comparison of ideas and a deduction of inferences. It is not then instinct, which is a *simple principle, an original feeling*, that accommodates itself to circumstances; but reason leads the animal to do so: so that this improvable or accommodating instinct is nothing else but *reason*.—That this is not an unfair statement of the opinions of those writers will appear from the following passage:—"The laws of analogical reasoning do not justify the idea that the brutes act on any occasion absolutely without design. On many occasions they act undeniably with design: the dog obeys his master; he traces his footsteps in order to overtake him; he even attempts to make returns of gratitude for the kindness with which he is treated: other of the inferior animals behave in a similar manner. It seems, therefore, more probable, that the inferior animals, even in those instances in which we cannot distinguish the motives that actuate them, or the views with which they proceed, act not altogether without design, and extend their views, if not a great way, yet at least a certain length forward, than that they can be upon any occasion, such as in rearing their young, building nests, &c. actuated merely by feeling, or overruled by some *mysterious influence*, under which they are nothing but *insensible instruments*." † What theory these writers had in view when they called instinct a mechanical principle, I know not.

* System of the Natural History of Animals, Vol. I. p. 15.

† Ibid, p. 12.

not. It could not be the exploded doctrine of Des Cartes, nor the equally unphilosophic theory of Buffon, which has been so fully refuted by Condillac. Perhaps they refer to Dr. Reid's, who, as I have already shewn, calls instinct a mechanical principle; or to Addison's opinion, which has been sometimes censured, on this subject. I am equally at a loss for their allusions, when they call beasts *insensible instruments* under the influence of instinct, which they denominate a *mysterious influence*. I suspect that these expressions proceeded not so much from a correct view of the opinions of others, as from the inaccuracy of their own: for none of the advocates for instinct, so far as I can learn, has ever held this absurd opinion. On the contrary, they all allow them, not only *sensibility*, but even *spontaneity* in their instinctive operations; and, when they are allowed to possess these, we cannot deny them *consciousness*, by which they must know that they are acting. The abettors of instinct assert no more than this; since some of the natural operations of animals are so complicated, and yet so perfect and invariable, that it is irrational, unphilosophic, with such evidence as we possess, to suppose them acquainted with the rules of the arts which they practise, or the ends for which they operate; since that degree of knowledge, supposing them possessed of it, has been in some cases demonstrated to be so extraordinary, and is, indeed, in every instance, far superior to that ordinary share of intellect and sagacity which on all other occasions they are known to possess. And surely this opinion will not be deemed strange, if we only consider, that the very animals which in their natural operations exhibit all this appearance of knowledge and design, are often found, in the most trifling and familiar occurrences of life, altogether devoid of common sense.

It deserves to be further remarked, in confirmation of my observations, that these writers have not mentioned instinct in their enumeration of the powers and faculties of animals. They allow them to possess locomotion, sensibility, perception, memory, consciousness, a judging and comparing faculty, reason and will, appetites and several affections, emotions and passions, such as grief, joy, love, hatred, gratitude, resentment, fear, courage, with a number of other similar principles. But although they give these faculties to animals in general, yet it is in a degree much inferior to that in which they are possessed by man, particularly the "thinking and reasoning powers."—Notwithstanding the very unwarrantable lengths to which these writers have been led by their hostility to the doctrines of Mr. Smellie, and the many inconsistencies which, I think, occur in their observations, it must still be confessed, that some of their remarks have correctness and spirit. Thus, when remarking on Mr. Smellie's doctrine, in which
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reason itself is resolved into instinct, they say—"But we will not tamely surrender our rights: it is better to share them with others than be entirely deprived of them: we are conscious of comparing ideas, and of forming designs: if these operations are called instincts, very well; this is not to advance a new doctrine, but to propose the use of new terms. Yet those already in use seem sufficiently adequate for the purposes for which they are employed. Let mankind be still allowed to reason and to act with design; even though it must be granted that the brutes too reason, but not so skilfully, and form designs, but designs much less extensive than those of mankind."* Were all their observations as correct as these, we should allow them the praise of accuracy and faithful observation: but when they assert that the lower animals in all their actions, "even in nest-building and rearing their young," act with design, I think they are as wide of the truth as their instinctive antagonist; and for this plain reason among several others, because all the phenomena can be philosophically explained without recurring to either extreme.

Besides those now mentioned, there are some other mistakes on the subject in this work upon which I am commenting. These, however, with one exception, I mean to pass without any observation. The error to which I allude is an important one; and, though not peculiar to these writers, is, I think, the foundation of most of their mistakes. It is this, that the advocates of instinct deny reason altogether to the brutes. This surely is a groundless supposition; for the existence of either of these principles does not involve the necessary exclusion of the other; nor do I know that any writer has been absurd enough openly to avow such an opinion. That some animals not only display wonderful sagacity and docility, but also reason on several occasions, is, I think, clear from the most satisfactory evidence. And, having already shewn that some of their actions are instinctive, I shall now endeavour to shew, as the contrary supposition has crept into the writings of philosophers, that several of them are undoubtedly *rational* also. A few plain facts will be sufficient.—A friend of Dr. Darwin's saw, on the northern coast of Ireland, above a hundred crows at once preying upon muscles; each crow took a muscle up into the air twenty or forty yards high, and let it fall upon the stones, and thus by breaking the shell got possession of the animal.—There was shewn a few years ago, in Exeter Change, London, an old monkey who, having lost his teeth, used, when nuts were presented to him, to take a stone in his hand and crack them with it one by one; this, like the crows in the preceding

* System of the Natural History of Animals, Vol. I. p. 13.

ceding instance, using means to accomplish his purposes, as well as we do, and certainly exerting in some degree his rational faculties.—We are told by Linnæus, that the martin dwells on the outside of houses in Europe, under the eaves; and that, when it has built its nest, the sparrow frequently takes possession of it. The martin, unable to dislodge his intruding enemy, convokes his companions, some of whom guard the captive whilst others bring clay, completely close up the entrance of the nest, and then fly away, leaving the sparrow to be suffocated as the punishment due to his injustice and temerity. This fact is mentioned in the *Amusement Philosophique* of Father Bougeant; and also in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which I find likewise the following very curious particulars respecting a raven:—The raven (says a correspondent) lives, or did live three years since, at the Red Lion in Hungerford; his name, I think, is *Ralph*. Coming into that inn, my chaise ran over or bruised the leg of my Newfoundland dog; and while we were examining the injury done to the dog, *Ralph* was evidently a concerned spectator; for the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horse, *Ralph* not only visited, but brought him bones, and attended upon him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The bird's notice of the dog was so marked, that I observed it to the ostler, for I had not heard a word before of the history of this benevolent creature. John then told me, that he had been bred from his fine-feather in intimacy with a dog; that the affection between them was mutual, and that all the neighbourhood had often been witnesses of the innumerable acts of kindness they had conferred upon each other. *Ralph's* poor dog, after a while, unfortunately broke his leg, and during the long time he was confined, *Ralph* waited on him constantly, carried him his provisions daily, and never scarce left him alone! One night, by accident, the ostler had shut the stable door, and *Ralph* was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but the ostler found in the morning the bottom of the door so pecked away, that had it not been opened, *Ralph* in another hour would have made his own entrance-port. I then inquired of my landlady, (a sensible woman), and heard what I have related confirmed by her, with several other singular traits of the kindnesses this bird shews to all dogs in general, but particularly to maimed or wounded ones. I hope and believe, however, the bird is still living, and the traveller will find that I have not overrated this wonderful bird's merit.—The following fact is also derived from good authority:—In the spring of the year 1791, a pair of crows made their nest in a tree, of which there are several planted round the garden of a gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable, and who, being unacquainted altogether with the theories of philosophers, has of course

course no favourite hypothesis to support. In his morning walks he was often amused by witnessing furious combats between them and a cat. One morning the battle raged more fiercely than usual, till at last the cat gave way and took shelter under a hedge, as if to wait a more favourable opportunity of retreating to the house. The crows continued for a short time to make a threatening; but perceiving that on the ground they could do nothing more than threaten, one of them lifted a stone from the middle of the garden, and perched with it on a tree planted in the hedge, where she sat watching the motions of the enemy of her young. As the cat crept along under the hedge, the crow accompanied her by flying from branch to branch and from tree to tree; and when at last puss ventured to quit her hiding-place, the crow, leaving the trees, and hovering over her in the air, let the stone drop from on high on her back. That the crow on this occasion reasoned, is self-evident; and it seems to be little less evident, that the ideas employed in her reasoning were enlarged beyond those she had received from her senses. By her senses she may have perceived that the shell of a fish is broken by a fall; but could her senses inform her that a cat would be wounded or driven off the field by the fall of a stone? No: from the effect of one fall preserved in her memory, she must have inferred the other by her power of reasoning.

A few years ago, I saw three cats which by training were taught to do very uncommon things. One of them in particular, when out at night would rap regularly at the windows when down, or if the shutters were closed; undoubtedly knowing from her experience, that she was often let in at the windows by day: and what was still a stronger proof of her sagacity, she would always rap at the bed room windows when disappointed at the others, or when the night was far advanced.

One of my friends, on whose judgment and veracity I can rely with the utmost confidence, had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage about her room every day. One morning after breakfast, as the bird was picking some crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before shewed great kindness for the bird, and was then near her, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady, perfectly astonished and alarmed for the fate of her favourite, on turning about observed that the door had been left open, and that a strange cat had just come into the room. After turning it out and shutting the door, her own cat came down from its place of safety, and dropped the bird without injuring, if I may so express myself, a hair of its head.

The next instance which I mean to state has been so sweetly, and with such elegant simplicity, told in verse, that I cannot think

think of melting it down into tame prose. Let us hear the author himself:—

The noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept *Ouse's* silent tide,
When, 'scap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs adorn'd with ev'ry grace
That spaniel found for me),

Now wanton'd, lost in fogs and reeds,
Now starting into sight,
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when *Ouse* display'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent survey'd
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd, consid'rate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chernop clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream,

My ramble ended, I return'd;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed:
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed:

But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.

COWPER.

When

When we see brutes thus using means to obtain their ends as well as ourselves, must we not conclude that they reason? When the cat watches for hours in silent expectation of its prey; when the hound traverses a wide extent of country in the chase; when the meanest insect that we tread on drags its wounded frame to a safe retreat; they shew as much persevering voluntarily as man can boast. No animal manducates its food, or laps its drink, from the mere pleasure of the motions. It uses them as means for an end; and if hunger and thirst were not felt, they would be considered as labours, and would not be performed. "Animals (says Mr. Stewart, nearly in the words of Hume) are left to make some small acquisitions by experience, as sufficiently appears in certain tribes, from the sagacity of the old when contrasted with the ignorance of the young, and from the effects which may be produced on many of them by discipline and education."* "It seems as evident to me (says Locke) that some animals do in certain instances reason, as that they have sense; but it is only in particular ideas, just as they received them from the senses. They are, the best of them, tied up within those narrow bounds, and have not, as I think, the faculty to enlarge them by any kind of abstraction."† The observations which Mr. Locke makes in this part of his work on the faculties of the brutes, as compared with ours, are in general just and worthy of perusal. But does not the fact concerning the crow and the cat, as stated above, contradict this last mentioned opinion; and shew, that the crow could not have acted as she did without some degree of abstraction? But I must not multiply citations, as I do not wish to be accused of unnecessary prolixity, or to have it thought that I depend too much on the authority of great names in a matter in which common observation and common sense are sufficient to enable us to form a correct opinion, if we will only take the trouble of thinking a little on the daily phenomena that surround us.

That an animal can be capable of gratitude and affection for its master without reasoning, can, in my opinion, hardly be maintained. From the master's protection and kindness it infers that it is under obligations to him, which it owes not to another. Before I conclude this subject, I may quote one instance of the affection of a dog, which I think has never been surpassed. But I do it the more readily, as the circumstance has been very poetically described by an author who, with all his undoubted poetical merit, seldom writes better than on this very affecting and inte-

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* Outlines of Moral Philosophy, Part I. Lect. 12.

† Book II. Chap. XI. Sect. 11.

resting occasion. The instance to which I allude is peculiarly interesting, from the incident to which it relates, the death of an unfortunate young gentleman of promising talents, who perished by losing his way, in the spring of 1805, on the mountain Hellvellyn. His remains were found *three months* afterwards, guarded still by a faithful terrier bitch that had long been the companion of his solitary rambles. This last circumstance in particular, is very finely alluded to by Mr. Scott, in his stanzas on the subject, to which he has given the name *Hellvellyn* :—

“ Dark green was the spot 'mid the brown mountain-heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the temntless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, tho' lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute fav'rite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,
And chae'd the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber;
When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst thou start,
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And Oh! was it meet that no *requiem* read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart?”

As these few instances which I have now stated are in my opinion sufficient, and speak fully for themselves, I shall neither add to the number nor stop to make any further comments upon them. Those who are not able to anticipate all that I could offer on this point, are not likely to be much benefited by such observations. But, it has been asked, rather triumphantly I think, if we allow reason to the lower animals, in what does the difference between them and man consist? Do their faculties and ours differ in degree or in kind? To this question I have not the vanity to think that I am able to give a satisfactory answer: I may, however, state a few remarks.—We see that animals learn much from experience and observation as well as ourselves; it is thus they learn the nature or the properties of the objects that surround them, such as heights, depths, distance, &c.—“A horse (says Mr. Hume) that has been accustomed to the field, becomes acquainted with the proper height which he can leap, and will never attempt what exceeds his force and abilities. An old greyhound will trust the more fatiguing part of the chase to the younger, and will place himself so as to meet the hare in her doubles; nor are the conjectures which he forms on this occasion founded upon any thing but his reason and experience.” By training and education we can teach even our domestic animals much

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more than they would ever learn if left to themselves and their own observation. If we put them in new situations, we see that their acquired knowledge is much increased and improved, and that, by a proper and strict discipline, we can train them up to a mode of acting directly contrary to their instincts or natural propensities. If these observations be just, (and for my part, I cannot see how they can be questioned), it follows, that instinct in the lower animals is susceptible of very great and striking modifications. To produce these however, strict culture, as I have just said, and discipline are necessary; without which I do not think that their own experience and observation would ever teach them to deviate much from the line of acting chalked out to them by their instincts or original propensities. And, accordingly, I agree with the remark of Hume, "that though animals learn many parts of their knowledge from observation, there are also many parts of it which they derive from the original hand of nature, which much exceed the share of capacity they possess on ordinary occasions, and in which they improve *little or nothing* by the longest practice and experience."* Yet, notwithstanding this susceptibility of improvement by culture and education in the lower animals, we can never observe in them any thing approaching to the knowledge and sagacity of man. They do not like him heap observation upon observation; they do not improve by the experience of the past, nor manifest any indications of a regard to futurity; their manufactures are always stationary, and all their acquisitions perish with the individual. They never learn the arts of man: for instance, though often as fond of artificial heat as we are, not one of them has been ever known to lay a piece of coal or of wood upon the fire, to keep it from going out. All this may be owing to the want of language: but it seems strange that they possess not this art, as some of them seem to have organs of articulation as perfect as ours. They use means, it is true, for obtaining their ends sometimes, but these, in general, are very simple and obvious. They reason too on some occasions; but the want of language, or of general signs, puts it out of their power to reason but in particular facts. The powers of classifying objects, of abstract reasoning, of using artificial signs as instruments of thought and of mutual communication, seem to be almost altogether peculiar to man. From these considerations, and several others relating both to the intellectual and moral faculties of man as contrasted with those of the lower animals, it has been inferred, that the scale of being, which is every where else visible on our globe, fails entirely here,

here, and that their faculties differ from ours not in degree, but in kind.

Thus then we see that animals perform certain operations that are neither *rational*, *habitual*, or *mechanical*; and although it cannot be doubted that some of them reason in several instances, still, even from the short details now before us, I cannot allow that their natural operations are performed with a view to consequences. Nor ought these effects of instinct (the labours of birds and bees for instance) appear extraordinary to us, if we consider what astonishing effects *habit*, which has been happily called a *second nature*, enables us to produce. For instances we need go no farther than reading, writing, playing upon musical instruments, all of which we learn by great attention, pains, and study; and most of all, perhaps, correct extemporary eloquence. And surely, when the effects of an acquired principle are so uncommon, it cannot be deemed strange, that an original principle of the constitution of animals should perform works still greater or more astonishing.

PHILOSOPHICUS.

ART. VII.—*On the Easiest Mode of Learning the Greek and Latin Languages, with occasional Strictures on the Greek and Latin Grammars taught in Public Schools.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

SIR,

BEING in company not long since with several gentlemen engaged in business, I heard one complain of not having received a classical education in his youth; and another did me the honour to request, that I would point out in writing how this defect, as it was represented to be, might be most easily supplied. I consented; and the more readily, because I have met with several gentlemen, and ladies too, who have been similarly circumstanced; and because, if the principles here to be laid down are true, they will be found of use in learning other languages; and, for the same reason, I prefer a periodical publication, as the channel of my thoughts, to one more private.

This attempt shall be made independently of any previous questions relative to the expediency or non-expediency of learning the Greek and Latin languages at all; or the consideration, whether the time spent in learning what have been called, some-

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what inaccurately, the dead languages, * might not be better occupied in acquiring the living; or the allowedly more useful studies of the arts and sciences, without the trouble of learning any language but our own.

And, as a ground for the dismissal of such questions, it may be just premised, that they must necessarily take too wide a range to enter into a discussion like the present. Latin has been made not only the vehicle for conveying down to us the writings of the old Roman poets, philosophers, and historians, but, for many centuries, of all the literary inquiries that were carried on in Europe, and it is still much used in our universities and in the learned professions. As to Greek, it is allowed to be of all other languages the most varied, elegant, rich, and perfect. The philosophical and metaphysical ideas of ancient Greece for many centuries held the whole world in admiration; the few remains of Grecian art formed after some of the critical writings of ancient Greece, are still considered by the moderns as the best models for imitation; and to say nothing of other poems, the *Iliad*, ascribed at least to Homer, is deemed of so transcendent a character, as still to stand, like his own king *Agamemnon*, without a rival. Whether, therefore, it would be desirable that all those writings should be swept away, and the space which they have occupied be considered a blank, and other inquiries connected with them? are questions not to be proposed in a cursory manner, nor to be settled by incidental hints. There are many persons of the description above mentioned, who wish for some acquaintance with the classic writers. Whether, therefore, the value of those writers be great or small, an attempt to meet such a wish will not be deemed impertinent, nor will an apology be thought necessary.

It is scarcely necessary to hint, that the phrase classic authors, which may sometimes occur in this essay, must be considered as synonymous to the best writers of Greece and Rome, such at least as fashion or learned authorities have stamped with credit, and placed in the classes of our public schools; nor to request the reader to keep in mind what description of people this essay addresses,

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* The Hungarians, though they have a distinct language, converse much in Latin. The Italian and French, the Spanish and Portuguese languages, have in them a great deal of Latin. That of the modern Greeks, in the Morea and the Greek Isles, has the same characters as the old, and notwithstanding its various mixtures, retains, even as spoken among the vulgar, much of its original. The learned Greeks read the ancient Greek with some modern corruptions. These circumstances, together with the use that has been, and still is, made of the two languages in many civilized countries, will at least justify the cautious language used in the text.

dressess, namely, such as are at present quite unacquainted with the classic writers, but who yet are desirous of giving them a portion of their future attention.

1. The first question which presents itself to such persons, is, Which of the two languages shall we begin with first? And the proper answer seems to be, the Greek; and for the following reasons:—It is more natural to begin with the original than the derived language. The Greek characters were the first that the Latins made use of, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Tacitus have observed; and that the Latin was derived from the Greek may still be collected from ancient inscriptions,* and the letters of the most ancient Græco-Latin manuscripts, both the Greek originals and the Latin translations being in capital, or as they are called, uncial letters, and many of the Latin letters being exact copies of the Greek;† from many Latin words, also, which are derived from a particular dialect of the Greek;‡ from some cases of substantives and several parts of the verb; from numerous words of Greek origin; and from some forms of construction on the principles of the Greek syntax. In short, the Latin, though consisting of several dialects, possesses much of a dialect of the Greeks; and thence we infer where a learner should begin.

The Greek language, too, when properly taught, if not so easy as the Latin, would be found much easier than is apprehended. I speak thus cautiously, being aware of the great variety in the Greek language, and the difficulties arising from the numerous tenses and the different dialects. But these are matter for after-consideration, and need not detain the learner in his first approach to the language.

Independently of the natural order of the two languages, it is a sufficient vindication of the mode recommended here, to say, that several who wish to read the Greek language for its sweetness, have no such desire after the Latin, which is a much coarser language.

* See the Arundellian Marbles belonging to the University of Oxford, as published by Dr. Chandler, or, on a smaller scale, by Dr. Roberts, compared with Montfaucon's *Palæographia Græca*.

† Such as the Beza Græco-Latin Manuscripts in the public library of the University of Cambridge, and the Laudian, in the Bodleian at Oxford: the Alexandrine, also, of the Old and New Testament, as published by Dr. Woide from the Manuscript in the British Museum, may be compared with the Medicæan Virgil.

‡ Such as the Latin words derived from Greek words having the Æolie Digamma, as noticed by Dawes in his *Miscellanea Critica*, and Dr. Bentley and Dr. Taylor, as noted down in their own copies of Homer, in the Public, and Trinity College, Libraries, Cambridge.

guage. I knew a lady who wished to learn the Greek for the sake of reading only *Homer* and *Anacreon*, and she accordingly studied, and soon understood, those poets without the smallest knowledge of the Latin: and I have met with numerous instances of persons, and we must all have met with such, whose only wish was to be acquainted with the Greek Testament.

Till a more complete grammar is taught in our public schools, and a more liberal way of enforcing it found out, no apology will be necessary for receding from established authorities: for, as Queen Elizabeth's tutor, the celebrated Roger Ascham,* used to say of certain schoolmasters, "their manner of teaching and their matter must go together." Suffice it to say, that the opinion here advanced is not a solitary one, unsanctioned by any respectable authorities. I have conversed with several learned men, who have, in opposition to the prejudices of their classical education, admitted that the mode here held out of beginning would be right, provided we brought with it the right way of teaching. It is approved † by Dr. Gregory Sharpe; and the plan proposed by the author of the *Port-royal Greek Grammar* ‡ is near akin to what I have proposed here. He recommends, indeed, his young pupils to learn a little Latin first, (for his Grammar was designed for youth), because the French is so much derived from the Latin; but, at the same time, he advises that they should be taught Greek very soon, and before they were accomplished in the Latin. Quintilian too, as the same author has observed, declares his opinion, that *children* should be taught Greek before Latin, though for reasons, indeed, that do not apply to the present case.

2. This leads to an easy reply to a second question, By what language should the Greek tongue be taught? We generally teach a language we do not understand through the medium of one we do. What language then so natural and easy for this purpose as our own? And those at all acquainted with the classical languages, together with the English, need not be told, that though the Latin was originally much derived from the Greek, they materially differ in some of their idioms or peculiar modes of construction; and that some useful and beautiful forms of expression which could not be literally translated so as to follow the phraseology of the Latin, may be literally translated into regular and beautiful English. §

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* See his *Schoolmaster*.

† *Origin and Structure of the Greek Language*.

‡ *A New Method of Learning with facility the Greek Language*.

§ Let the reader try his skill on such passages as the following:—I dip almost at random in Xenophon's *Institution of Cyrus*, as being allowedly elegant

What do we learn from some of our Latin translations?—Confusion and perplexity, from learning two Grammars at the same time;

giant Greek: Xenophon says of Cyrus, *ὅτι πάντα μετ' αὐτοῦ ἀνέστησαν, πάντα δὲ κινδύνον ὑπομείναι τὴν ἐπαινεσθαι ἔνικα*. See how Hutchinson translates it, and this passage he could not have well translated into better Latin:—*Adeo ut laudis gratia laborem omnem perferret, omneq: adiret periculum*. This Latin translator is obliged to change the idiom three times: literally translated it stands thus, in barbarous Latin enough,—*Adeo ut omnem laborem sustinuisse omneq: periculum adisse laudari, or laudandi gratia*. Dr. Huntingford, in his *Greek Exercises from Xenophon's Cyropaedia*, preserves the idiom in his English translation; it is, too, the literal sense:—"So as to have endured every kind of labour, and undergone every kind of danger, for the sake of being praised."—See Hutchinson's *Xenophon*, p. 5. Edit. sexta: and Huntingford's second part of his *Introduction to the Writing of Greek*, p. 2.

Again, Hutchinson's Edition, p. 65.—*Ὅτι δὲ γνώης ἐλπίσιν οὐ παρὰ χθονίαν, ἐπιμολομένους ἀν' αὐτοῦ ὡς ἀν' ἀρχὴν*. Hutchinson's Latin Translation, "*Quod ut fiat satius esse intellexeris, id ut fiat curam adhibueris*," in an idiom as different throughout from the Greek as can well be. Dr. Huntingford, thus:—"And by taking care of that thing, that it be done, which you may know best to be done;" too circuitously, and less closely than might have been for the illustration of the two idioms. With this view it might be translated more literally thus:—"Whatever you may know as being better to be done, taking care of that, that it should be done."

Take at random a passage in Homer:—

*Οὕτω δὲ οἰκονδὲ φίλῃν ἐς πατρίδα γαίαν,
Ἀργεῖοι φευζονται;*

Iliad, Lib. II. v. 158.

Dr. Clarke translates it thus:—

*Sicine vero domum, delictam in patriam terram,
Argivi fugient?*

In English, more literally, correctly, and more agreeably to the English idiom, thus:—"Shall then the Greeks fly thus *homeward* to their dear native country?" *Homeward* answers exactly to *οἰκονδὲ*, and then to *δὲ*.

Particles, or as some grammarians call them, often foolishly enough, expletives,—*Quæ nihil significant sed carmen explent*,—as our Grammars tell us, pass frequently into easy and very appropriate English.—See Hoogveen's edition of Vigerus de Idiotismis Græcis, and some English examples in Clarke's edition of Homer. I do not say, however, that the Greek language has no particles that are merely ornamental, connective, or disjunctive; most languages have.

Further, the English language possesses great advantages for translating from the Greek, in the use of the article, which, like that language, it can prefix to substantives and adjectives,—to verbs, so as to give them the sense of substantives,—and to indeclinables, so as to give them the sense of adjectives.

After all, it cannot be supposed I mean to deny that in many other respects the resemblance between the Latin and Greek is nearer than between the English and Greek; as in the declensions of substantives, the conjugations of verbs, in transpositions, and in some rules for syntax and prosody common to both languages.

time ;—to lose sight of the force and true spirit of the Greek ;—never to try and compare the happy idioms of our own language, which are best understood by translating ;—to see what crude Latin commentators can sometimes put together, and to imitate them in barbarous compositions of our own ;—finally, we learn, some of us to our sorrow, that in the time spent in being flogged through a tedious, inaccurate Grammar, and in getting after all a mere smattering of the Greek, we might have acquired a liberal acquaintance with the language and with many of its most beautiful authors. We may call these advantages, if we please ; happy for us there is no act of parliament to forbid it : happy also for those who have not been so instructed, there is no act of parliament to prevent them from using in these matters their own common sense.

Suffice it for the present to say, on this subject, that our language is not without proper assistance for the mere English scholar. We have several English-Greek Grammars ; such as *Milner's Practical Greek Grammar* ; *Barclay's Greek Rudiments* ; on the plan of *Ruddiman's Latin Rudiments* ; *Addington's Rudiments of the Greek Tongue*. One too has lately been published by Mr. Jones on a new plan ; and another, I understand, by Dr. Valpy. But more particular mention should be made of the *Port-Royal Greek Grammar*, as being the basis of all the rest. In this, as translated by Dr. Nugent, will be found a variety of critical observations not to be found in our Latin-Greek Grammars. There is an abridgement of this work in French for beginners, and I believe in English too. To these English-Greek Grammars should be added the *Port-Royal Vocabulary*, as translated by the same Dr. Nugent.

Dr. Valpy's Grammar I have not seen : but judging by what I have heard of it, and an introductory book of his to the Latin Classics, I should have a prejudice in its favour. Mr. Jones's, at the same time that it is useful to beginners, contains something that deserves the attention of the critics.

3. A third question may be asked, Where shall we begin ? To which the proper answer seems to be, with pronunciation. This should be the first step after getting acquainted with the alphabet ; and the best way to acquire the pronunciation of the Greek, as of every other language, is not from books, but through some teacher or friend. The teacher should first read over a line or two, and the scholar after him ; and by repeated reading of a few pages of Greek in this manner, he will acquire promptness, and soon be able to read the Greek classics after the manner they are now read in England.

Some suppose that the true pronunciation both of the Greek
and

and Latin is lost; * and that in our public schools we are not quite right, is pretty clear: for after all we are taught in our Grammars about quantity and accent, by our manner of reading we often violate our own rules.

Nor will this be matter of surprise: nothing partakes more of man's mortality than his language. Even modern languages, as well as the more ancient and remote, are subject to constant change, and particularly our own.†

Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu, florent modo nata vigentque:
Debemur mortî nos nostraque.

HOR. de Arte Poetica.

But

* This is observed by Dr. Clarke in his Notes on Homer, where will be found many useful observations on the errors in our common Greek Grammars in regard to prosody; and Dr. Warner has, in his *Μετῶν Ἀγρίων*, exposed our constant violation of quantity in our mode of reading Latin verse.

A list of learned men who have written in defense of what M. Launcestot, the author of the Port-Royal Greek Grammar, calls the ancient mode of pronouncing Greek, may be seen in his Preface to that Grammar. Sir John Cheke and Sir Thomas Smith maintained it at Cambridge. Dr. Caius, founder of Caius College, supported an hypothesis somewhat different;—see a treatise on the subject in Caii *Opuscula*;—and Bishop Gardiner, when Chancellor, by speaking *ex cathedra*, thought he took a certain way of settling the point; a specimen of his mode may be seen in Baker's *Reflections on Learning*.

The pronunciation of the modern Greek may be seen by Portius Romanus's modern Greek Grammar, in Du Cange's Greek Glossary, and some remarks on it will be found in Winterton's Notes on Hesiod.

As to accents, after all our rules, we never attempt to put them in practice.—Ancient grammarians, in their writings, and particularly Longinus, in his treatise *περὶ μετῶν*, have said much on accentual reading, and we all necessarily talk by accent, which by its rising and subsequent falling, forms the true harmony of language. I cannot, therefore, be supposed to be speaking against accentual reading, but against our improper, or I might say, our little or no use of accentual marks. The present system of marking by accents was introduced somewhere about the 7th century; it is supposed, by Aristophanes, a grammarian of Byzantium. Our most ancient Greek manuscripts have no accents.—Vid. Montfaucon, *Palæographia Græca*, Lib. I. p. 33.

At their leisure, our pupils would do well to peruse what the author of the Port-Royal Greek Grammar says on quantity and accent.

To understand what we gain by all our rules about accentual marks, let one be tried:—*Μετῶντορος*, say our grammars, *si passive accipitur, antepenultimam acuit; si active, penultimam*. Now I ask, whether, by the pronunciation followed in our public schools, there would be any, the least, difference between the way of pronouncing the two words, *Μετῶντορος*, homicida, and *μετῶντορος*, *matre occisus*?

† Camden's Remains, p. 23, and Verstegan's Decayed Intelligence.

But things of this kind need not disturb nor detain the English student in his first attempts at learning the language. They may safely be left for after-inquiry. Our pronunciation, both of Greek and Latin, will be sufficient for the purpose of understanding the classic authors, and will be better for intercourse and quotation among our own countrymen. These hints are dropped merely in a cursory manner, and with a view to suggest that, for the present, he may safely pass by accents till he has better rules, at least, for their use than will be found in our common Latin-Greek Grammars.

4. The next question is, How shall he use the Grammar? We answer, the Grammar should be used moderately at first. A student should not be stopped in the passage long, but enter almost immediately on practice. For we are much sooner taught grammar by language, than language by grammar.

He might first cursorily read over some grammar, without attempting to get it by heart, in order to obtain some general idea of its contents. The patterns of the substantives, adjectives, pronouns, and verbs, should be learned by heart. He should then go immediately to practice, and need make no further use of his Grammar at present, than by occasionally turning to it as he would to a dictionary: for though, as just now observed, we are much sooner taught grammar by language, than language by grammar, yet judicious exercise will bring him acquainted with grammar and language at the same time.

This was the way, connected with translating the Latin into English, and the English back again into the same Latin, that Mr. Roger Ascham taught Queen Elizabeth the Latin language.* With respect to the Greek, this way of learning grammar and language at the same time was followed by the great Erasmus† when teaching himself Greek; for, indeed, he was forced to make his way by translating.

5. This leads us to a fifth question, What should be the practice or exercise for the right attainment of the Greek language?

Here, we lament, there is a dearth of proper initiating books, at least for the mere English student. We have, for example, no general English-Greek lexicon, nor any regular edition of a Greek classic accompanied with a literal English translation; which, on our plan, would, for a time, be of great service.

In the choice of books, people of mature age will follow their own taste, or, perhaps, of their teacher or friend. Having no knowledge of that taste, I beg leave to suggest a few general hints,

* Ascham's Schoolmaster.

† Jortin's Life of Erasmus, Vol. I. p. 26.

hints, leaving, however, ample room for the exercise of a better judgment.

The *Greek Testament*, there being a tolerably literal version of it, which will at first facilitate the acquisition of words, and an *English-Greek Lexicon* adapted to it by Dawson, may be a proper book to begin with. The Greek of *John*, too, is particularly easy.

In reading a few chapters of *John*, it may be proper to analyze, each time of reading, two or three verses, according to the patterns in the Grammar, which have been already got by heart: and having translated the Greek into English, it may be proper to translate the English back again into the same Greek, according to the plan of Roger Ascham. This should be done as literally as possible.

After reading a few chapters, it might be proper to go carefully over the Greek syntax, or, perhaps, to read over again, in a cursory manner, the whole Greek Grammar.

The next book might be one of Greek sentences without a translation, but with short English notes; such as *Delectus Græcarum Sententiarum* by Priest: and here the student will endeavour to translate without the assistance of a version. This he will be able to perform, if he has availed himself of the preceding hints. The *Port-Royal Vocabulary*, adapted to the English language by Mr. Nugent, may now become of great use. This would prepare him for the *Lexicon*, in the use of which he might be assisted by his private tutor or friend.

Xenophon's Institutions of Cyrus might be the next book, as being both elegant and easy Attic Greek, and passing smoothly into English. There is no translation of it particularly suited to an English student.* Hutchinson's edition, therefore, may be as well as any other.

The *Odes of Anacreon* are recommended, not only as being much admired for their sweetness, but as being written in easy Greek. Barnes's edition, as being correct, or one more common, will answer the purpose, as I know of none particularly adapted to the mere English student.

Ælian's

* There is, however, I think, for I have not seen it, an English translation of this book by Spelman. Xenophon was the favourite author of Queen Elizabeth. In the public library of the University of Cambridge, is a manuscript translation of Xenophon's Dialogue, *Hiero*, which in Nasmyth's Catalogue is ascribed to this Queen. In the manuscript itself, Elizabeth's name does not appear; but there is no reason to doubt the testimony of Nasmyth, though the translation is not exactly such as would have called to mind Roger Ascham's mode of teaching by a double translation, which would of course have been as literal as possible.—In the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is also a manuscript Latin exercise book ascribed to Queen Elizabeth.

Ælian's τὰ ἑξήκοντα ἱστορίαι, or *Various Histories*, is recommended to his young pupils by the author of the *Port-Royal Grammar*, and it is certainly an amusing, instructive book. There is a selection from them for the use of Eton school, though with no particular assistance for a mere English student. The same author also recommends *Lucian's Dialogues*; (of these there is an English translation, though not accompanying any Greek edition, by Mr. Franklin); and *Polyænus's Stratagems*, of which there is an English translation by Mr. Beloe.

Homer might be used now, not only as being the greatest poet, but as being particularly distinguished for his perspicuity. It is an advantage too, that there is a useful key to Homer, though indeed in Latin and incorrectly printed, entitled *Clavis Homerica*, by Patrick. Previously to reading Homer, the student should be acquainted with his particular dialects, and he would find it of service to get every day a few verses of the *Iliad* by heart. It is to be lamented that we have no edition of Homer adapted to our plan of teaching the Greek: only two or three books of the *Iliad* well analyzed, or a Greek-English lexicon of it, after the manner of the Latin-Greek lexicon in *Burton's Pentalogia*, would be a very useful publication. Dr. Clarke's edition, therefore, may be mentioned as one much approved, and on many accounts justly so.

Plutarch's Lives and Morals are much admired, and there is an English translation of each. One essay I shall particularly recommend, (though by some not ascribed to Plutarch), *On the Education of Children*, edited by Dr. Edwards, as having some critical English notes; and another, the *Distinction between a Flatterer and Friend*, as having an English translation by Mr. Northmore.

Theophrastus's Characters, also, may be mentioned, there being an edition of it by Dr. Newton with English notes, and; if I recollect right, an English translation by Mr. Budgel.

Bentham's τὰν παλαιῶν Εὐσεβιασμοί, *Funeral Orations of the Ancients*, is a very useful book, highly entitled to praise, as well for the excellent materials selected from the Greek originals, as for the English observations and notes. They are highly favourable, too, to the principles of liberty. The chronological table at the end, may remind the English reader of the importance, while he is studying the Greek language, of reading some Grecian history, and some work on Grecian antiquities. This comes in the natural order, and by making him familiar with Grecian ideas and facts, will facilitate his knowledge of the language. *Stanley's*, or *Goldsmith's*, or *Mitford's Grecian History*, or what is found in *Rollin's*, and the *Universal History*, being all in English, together with *Potter's Grecian Antiquities*, will repay a very serious attention.

The last book which I shall point out, is one of the first which I should wish to be taken into an English student's practice, *Bishop Huntingford's Introduction to the Writing of Greek*. This has supplied a great desideratum in our public schools; and, as being Greek and English, must particularly recommend itself to our student's attention.* The advantages of such a book are, that by one process it resolves the mysteries of construction, leads the student to see in what every word bottoms, and where they branch out by inflections.—Making Latin has long been the pride, and not without reason, of our public schools, and making Greek will not possess inferior advantages. It will be found, upon inquiry, that the greatest proficients in composition generally carry away the prizes for classical literature in our universities.

Out of the list mentioned above, the reader may select such books as best suit his convenience or taste. No strictness of method, nor minuteness of remark, has been attempted. With two or three exceptions, such books only have been recommended, as possess some advantages for English students, and to point out more might look like parade. Those who are able to avail themselves of the above hints, may proceed further in their own strength; or, should they at times want a guide, *Blackwall's*, or *Fenton's Introduction to the Classics*, *Dr. Harwood's Biographia Classica*, or the preface to the *Port-Royal Greek Grammar*, will give them, both as to order and to matter, much useful information.

As I have been pointing out introductory books to the English student, I have, as just hinted, mentioned those books only, with two or three exceptions, which possess some facility to such persons. It does not therefore fall in my way to lay any particular stress on several books printed for our public schools; such as some of the Eton editions, Professor Dalzel's *Exempla Majora*

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* There are, however, some redundancies in this work, in what relates to prepositions; and the not giving a praxis for the illustration of particles seems an omission, more particularly, as Dr. Huntingford admits their significance and elegance. He has, judiciously enough, suppressed some tenses which do not exist, as Mr. Dawes has shewn, and lately, Dr. Vincent in his *Essay on the Greek Verb*. The want of a right understanding of this, has thrown difficulties in the way of learning the language, and occasioned objections against it. The reason, however, of this suppression, should have been just hinted to his readers by Dr. Huntingford, in a note. A few instances, also, of inaccuracy might be pointed out; and some forms of English phraseology, which come very near the Greek, are not so uniformly attended to as might have been expected in a work of this kind.

This book is professedly written after the manner of *Clarke's Introduction to Making Latin*; but in point of correctness, is infinitely beyond that. The defects of Clarke's book, though after all a very useful work, are too numerous to be even hinted at now.

et Minora, Professor Porson's Plays of Euripides, Mr. Wakefield's *Græcarum Tragædiarum Delectus*, nor yet Dr. Burton's *Πενταλογία*, of which the latter is a very excellent introductory book, as well in execution as plan. They all have their peculiar excellencies; but as most of them suppose a previous acquaintance with Latin, they do not fall immediately under our plan.

By the way, let it be observed in what respects our plan differs from that pursued in public schools. According to the latter, the teacher spares himself, and expects too much of his pupil. According to the former, the teacher spares the pupil, and by studying the true art of instruction, imposes on himself the more difficult task. At the first process, he construes over every word to his pupil in close English; and the student construes it back again, word for word, to the teacher. Every word is analyzed in the same manner; while, at intervals, in a way of illustrating and explaining, he points out to him the use of the Grammar and of the principal rules of syntax. And here, it must be confessed, he will feel the want of a general Greek-English Lexicon, and he will supply it as well as he can by the *Vocabulary*, or by the lexicons, alluded to above, for particular books; or he will assist his pupil in the use of the common lexicon; all along laying great stress on explanation and repetition, the true key to this, our easy, but industrious course,—easy to the learner, but requiring much industry in the tutor.

Let it be observed, too, that this English way of learning Greek has the testimony, sometimes silent and sometimes avowed, of great authorities. In some schools where the Greek classics are read, and the Latin-Greek Grammar taught, the Greek original, though accompanied with a Latin translation, is construed into English: Professor Porson's edition of Euripides's Plays, a work of great authority in public schools, has no Latin translation, nor have Dr. Bentham's *Funeral Orations*, nor Dr. Burton's *Πενταλογία*. Dr. Burton has, indeed, entered a formal protest against them.* As to accents, several editions of the Greek classics are without them; such as Mr. Wakefield's editions, several editions printed at the Clarendon Press, and some books read in public schools. Mr. John Jones's Greek Grammar on a New Plan, has no accents,—though, as accentual reading is reducible to principles, he should have illustrated them.

After all, let not our scheme be misconceived. I do not affect, in

* See Dr. Burton's Preface to his *Πενταλογία*, in the form of a dedication to tutors in our universities and masters of our public schools, p. 14. He has, also, written a dissertation professedly on this subject, as an Epistle to Dr. Bentham.

in recommending this independent English way of learning Greek, to speak lightly or contemptuously of a previous acquaintance with the Latin; and still less, to discourage the English student, having time and inclination, from studying it. The consideration, that some of our best critical treatises on the Greek language are written in Latin, would be a sufficient reason, without insisting on others alluded to before, for checking any such desire. This was the language in which Budæus and Ramus, Erasmus and the Stephensens, at the revival of letters, wrote their grammatical and critical disquisitions on the Greek language: and in subsequent periods, the Casaubans and the Scaligers, Bentley, and Dawes, and Toup, Heyne and Herman, Porson and Wakefield, have written in Latin. I have been endeavouring only to remedy what some suppose a particular disadvantage in regard to them; for their consideration I have drawn out the preceding plan, and have endeavoured to shew that it is both natural and practicable. Perhaps, too, it contains some observations which may not be without advantage to other students; and perhaps, also, it may furnish some, who have no instructors, with hints by which they may instruct themselves.

Nor let these studies be underrated. Grammatical pursuits, properly directed, may, without arrogance, assume the name of philosophy;* and have exercised the finest talents of men in every age, not only as elementary studies, or introductory essays, the exercises

* Whoever is at all acquainted with Dr. Wilkin's learned work, entitled *An Essay towards a Real Character and Philosophical Language*, and Mr. Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*, though they may think with them many of our "rules unnecessary," will never think meanly of grammar. Many of our parts of speech, they will find, have no existence in nature, but, together with those rules, are to be considered, at best, as mere technicisms to assist the memories of children, not as the ultimatum of sound learning:—

Oh! see, as time proceeds, what things decay!
Lo! parts of speech take wings and fly away!
Busbys and Lilys must expire with years;
Ev'n *Hermes* now unmask'd a dunce appears.

True grammar falls exactly under the following definition of Dr. Wilkins:—
"It is the proper end and design of the several branches of philosophy, to reduce all things and notions into such a frame as may express their natural order, dependence, and relation."—Book I. chap. 1.

The author of some smart letters, entitled *Hermes Unmasked*, considers the nursery as the best school for teaching the nature of grammar, and lays its basis in *association*. And it is certain, this great principle will solve many mysteries, and throw great light on the peculiar phraseology of all languages. Many of the peculiarities of Greek phraseology are resolved by absurd rules in our common Grammars, which should be referred to this great principle, *association*; and I am pleased to see that Mr. John Jones has been led to it in his *New Plan*, Ch. X.

exercises of their youth, but as a subject of philosophical inquiry, the delight and employment of their mature age. These speculations occupied Plato* and Aristotle,† among the Greeks; Cicero,‡ Caesar, and Varro, among the Romans; Bacon§ and Locke, Ben Jonson and John Milton, among the English. Locke, too, in his *Treatise on Education*, and his translation of *Æsop's Fables*, proceeds, in his way of teaching languages, on principles according with our plan: and Jonson and Milton composed Grammars. Finally, as the above pages are submitted to some persons not green either in years or in experience, they may be reminded of what Cicero says of Marcus Cato, || that he sat down to learn Greek when he was old; and of what is observed of the learned and amiable Bishop Cumberland by the author of his life, "that when Dr. Wilkins had published his Coptic Testament, he made a present of one of them to his Lordship, who sat down to study it when he was past 83. At this age he mastered the language, and went through great part of this version."¶

From which examples we learn, that the following testimony will apply to grammatical as well as poetical studies:—"Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium proberit, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."**

AN OBSERVER.

P.S.—*Parkhurst's Grammar and Lexicon for the New Testament*, should have been noticed above: the former is "plain and easy," though with some defects; the latter, though in many respects good, is more doctrinal than an initiating book need be. *Bell's* and *Valpy's Grammars*, which I have since perused, recede something from the public school plan, particularly Valpy's, and have improved on it.—The Latin language, probably, may be considered hereafter.

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* See Plato's *Cratylus*.

† Aristotle, *ægei Egeusæas*, &c. Dr. Wilkins observes, after Polydore Virgil, that "Plato is the first that considered grammar, Aristotle the first that did reduce it to art."—*Essay towards a Real Character*, &c. Lib. I. chap. v.

‡ Cicero's *Tusc. Quest.* Lib. I.—Julius Cæsar wrote a book de *Analogia*, Varro one de *Lingua Latinâ*.

§ Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*.

|| "Qui si eruditius videbitur disputare, quam consuevit ipse in suis libris, attribuit Græcis literis, quarum constat eum perstudiosum fuisse in Senectute."—*De Senectute*.

¶ Preface prefixed to Bishop Cumberland's *Phœnician History of Sanchoniatho*, and written by his domestic chaplain.

** Cicero pro *Archia Poetâ*.

ART. VIII.—*On the Connection and the mutual Assistance of the Arts and Sciences, and the Relation of Poetry to them all.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

IT is elegantly observed by Cicero, "that all the arts which relate to human life have a sort of common chain, and by a kind of relationship are allied to each other."*

No less elegant was the illustration of this union by the ancient mythologists, according to whom, the nine Muses were represented as gliding in harmonious dance, sometimes preceded by the queen of love; sometimes accompanied by the god of wisdom: the three Graces they described as each with her right hand locked in the others; a symbolic representation of most intimate concord.†

Proclus in his *Scholia* on Plato's *Cratylus*, describes the world united in Apollo and the Muses; in Apollo, as conducting intellectual and musical harmony; in the Muses, as giving harmony to the soul; in Apollo, as representing the essence and indivisibility of harmony; and in the Muses, as distributing its different parts, according to their respective emblems and harmonic numbers.

In like manner, according to the same mythology, the origin of the Muses, for they were born of Jupiter and Mnemosyne; their number, nine, being a complete and perfect number, produced by three being multiplied into itself; their appropriate names; and their different employments; all implied, not only the divinity of their origin and the agreeableness of their manners, but their combining together in the sweetest union, and their comprehension of all the variety of natural and celestial wisdom.

* Omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.—*Oratio pro Archia Poetâ*: sub initio; in like manner he speaks in his book de *Oratore*, Lib. I.

† — Quales decet esse sorores.—*Ars Poet.*

"As sisters should be ever."

The passage more particularly alluded to, is that in Horace:—

Jam Cytheræ choris ducit Venus, imminente Luna,
Junctæque nymphis Gratæ decentes,
Alternò terram quantunt pede.

Hor. Od. Lib. IV.

Venus by moonlight leads along
The Muses in concordant song,
And Graces, join'd with Nymphs advance,
And foot it in harmonious dance.

wisdom.* This same mythology held out, also, that harmony influenced not only the natural and intellectual world, but natural and moral evil,—the passions and sorrows of mankind; as Proclus speaks in his fine Hymn to the Sun,† and again, in his Hymn to the Muses.‡

Still more beautiful was that fabulous device of Cupid and Psyche, by which this union was shadowed forth; for though it was a prototype of the marriage rites in its first sense, § yet, agreeably to the double, or as Lord Bacon || calls it, the germinant, sense in these matters, it seems to have been designed also to unfold by a more recondite sense, all that is agreeable and lovely, all that is intellectual and sublime, by a mystical, divine union in the soul of man.

These same ideas seem to have been held forth by the ancient Egyptians in their hieroglyphics; as where seven letters included within two fingers signify the Muses; and the cynocephalus, letters or literature,—the cynocephalus being a sort of mixt animal, with the head of a dog and body of an ape; and this animal was, therefore, sacred to Mercury, as partaker of all literature. ¶

Priestcraft has pervaded all nations, and truth has been sacrificed on its altars: truth, therefore, is only to be gathered amid darkness and twilight views, as the vulgar see ghosts. Yet, after all, the ancient mythology preserved some vestiges of the ancient philosophy,

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losophy,

* Ουρανία δε ἐστίν, ἡ περὶ τὰ θεανία καὶ τὴν τῶν ὅλων φύσιν ἐπιστήμη. i. e. It is called Urania, as being the knowledge which respects heavenly matters and the nature of all things.—*Suidas*.

† Σείρης δ' ὑμνέτης βασιλεὺς θεοπιθεὸς οἰμῆς
Ἐξέθορεν Φοῖβος, κίθαρη δ' ὑπο θισκυλά μελῶν
Εὐαζέει μέγα κύμα πολυφλοίσβοιο γενέθλης.

‡ Ὑμνομεν μεροπῶν ἀναγωγίον, ὑμνομεν Φῶς
Ἐνία θυγατέρας μεγάλης Διὸς ἀγλαοφώνης,
Αἱ ψυχᾶς κατὰ βεῖδος αλωομένας βίοτοιο
Λαχάντοισι τιλετῆσιν ἐγερσίμων ἀπὸ βελῶν
Γηγενῶν εὐσαντο δυσαντήτων οὐρανῶν.

§ Bryant's Mythology.

|| Bacon's Advancement of Learning.

¶ Γράμματα ἑπτὰ, ἐν δύοις δακτύλοις περιχομένης,
Μέσῳ σημαίνει.

Horopollinis Hieroglyphica, Lib. II. Sect. 29.

Ἐτι δὲ καὶ τὸ ζῶον ἐπὶ Ἐρμῇ ἐμμεθὲ τῶ πάντων
μετεχούτι γραμμάτων.

Horop. Hierog. Lib. I.

losophy, and something of divinity was contained behind the veil of hieroglyphics. The ancients knew something more than many of the moderns would have us believe, * though the latter have pursued more closely, and expounded more liberally, what the former apprehended with less certainty, and therefore unfolded with more reserve.

These positions may be somewhat illustrated by a few observations.

Mind is the source and the seat of knowledge, as the sun is of light: and all the discoveries of science reflect back pleasure on the mind; all the congregated rays mingling, as it were, and sympathizing with each other and our common natures, in the same manner as the planets, which revolve round the sun and administer to his glory; or, as the whole heavens and earth are cheered by the light of the moon, according to those inimitable lines of Homer, so finely paraphrased by Pope:—

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her silver light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales; the rocks in prospect rise;
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing at the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light. †

Pope's Homer.

But, to be somewhat more particular: Who knows not in what recondite and various learning mathematics was formerly, and still is, engaged? Geometry, geography, and astronomy, music, and various other branches of literature, were, by the ancients, comprehended under the general term mathematics; and, indeed, they so extended the signification, as to include astrology and the magic arts. ‡ Mathematics, also, is still by eminence, *the learning*, the true basis, and in some cases, the very essence, of the four branches

* See Recherches sur l'Origine des Decouvertes attribues aux Modernes.

† Ως δ' οτ' ἐκ βραχὺν ἀστὲρ φαίνεται ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνεται ἀντιπαραπλήσια, οτὶ τ' ἐπλήτετο νηπιμὸς αἰθέρος,
ἐκ τ' ἔφανον πασῶν σκοπιᾶν, καὶ πρῶτον ἀκροί,
καὶ κατωταί' ἡρανοδὸν δ' ἀπ' ὑπερβόρῃ ἀσπετος αἶθερ,
πάντα δὲ τ' αἰδεται ἀστὲρ, γυγνέει δὲ τε φρενὴ πομπήν.
Hom. Illad, Lib. VIII. v. 351.

‡ Cicero de Orat. I. 10. Aulus Gellius, I. 9.

branches of philosophy,—optics, hydrostatics, mechanics, and astronomy: and by considering the extent of one of these, astronomy, we shall see how close the link is by which they are all united.

Virgil has some fine lines, in the second book of his *Georgics*, in praise of astronomy:—

Ye sacred Muses, with whose beauty fir'd,
My soul is ravished and my brain inspir'd;
Whose priest I am, whose holy gilets wear,
Would you your poet's first petition hear;
Give me the ways of wandering stars to know,
The depths of heav'n above, and earth below;
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid earth, what cause delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter days.*

DRYDEN.

It is, indeed, true, that Virgil expresses a desire, in some following lines, to know the repose of a country life, though he may not be able to penetrate the depths of philosophy. But, from various allusions in other parts of the *Georgics*, it is clear, that he made his knowledge of astronomy answer the purposes of husbandry. So that his astronomical effusions are not made from the mere feelings of a poet, who sometimes claims romantic relations and expresses himself often enthusiastically on common topics, but from the clear observations and deliberate affections of an agriculturist. Husbandry required for its pursuits the regularity of system, and the certainty of established laws. These were found only in the heavenly bodies, which distinctly marked out the times and seasons of the year; the ancients, therefore, noticed well these appearances; and the operations of the field obeyed the appearances of the heavens.

Hence it was that the Egyptians expressed the time in which the sun is passing through Leo by a lion; because, while the sun was passing through Leo, the inundations of the Nile were double;

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and

* Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant, cœlique vias, et sidera monstrent,
Defectus Solis varios, Lunæque labores;
Unde tremor terris; qua vi maria alta tamescant
Objecibus ruptis, rursusq; in se ipsa resident;
Quid tantum Oceano propegent se tingere soles
Hiberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.

Georgic. Lib. II. 475.

and amid their prayers to the sun, they used the sign of a lion * as the Catholics would have used that of a cross.

History requires the aid of chronology, and chronology that of astronomy, geography, and history: astronomy taught navigation: each, under the immediate guidance, or from the sure effects, of astronomy, has arrived at the most beneficial discoveries; and while, in its turn, astronomy is indebted to optics, hydrostatics, and mechanics, all are finally supported on the base of mathematical demonstration.

Chemistry, a science so much indebted to the moderns, is connected with hydrostatics; and by instructing mankind in the sympathies and aversions of fluids,—the relations and influence of colours on each other,—the properties of herbs, and plants, and fruits, and flowers,—the process of nature on the surface, or more secret recesses, of the earth,—and also in the animal system,—aids the growth of the arts, and assists the progress of science: it has improved ancient manufactures; given birth to new ones;—it has extended the sphere of medicine; enriched agriculture; and has introduced something of salutary science into the elegancies and luxuries of life.

There is a striking connection, also, in languages; some account for this philosophically, referring it to a similar construction and a similar efficiency of the organs of speech in the people of all countries; others, to an original parent language, spreading a sort of family features through all others,—to accidental intermixtures, regular systematic introduction, and philosophical arrangement. Most of the eastern languages, in their idioms, roots, and some in their very letters, greatly resemble each other, as do also the northern; and though some have seen fanciful resemblances, (as he who found the Chinese language in the Greek, †) yet in numerous instances the resemblance is clear and strong, and in possessing a knowledge of one as the key-language, men have found an easy and regular introduction to the rest. ‡

The links of this connection are no less visible in the fine arts. Sculpture, music, painting, and poetry, though in some respects they differ, as being of a different species, in others they agree, and as being of one genus, have a general harmony. All follow one common propensity in our nature for imitation; § and are directed

* Hieropolinis Hieroglyphica.

† Mr. Daniel Webb wrote a treatise on this subject.

‡ See Sir William Jones's Preface to his Persian Grammar, and Dr. Wilkins's Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language, Book I.

§ Aristotle Περὶ Ποιητικῆς.

rected to one common end, to please: they are possessed, too, of some common properties; and hence the union of the arts. If we consider, likewise, that the more we know of the distinct properties, capabilities, and mutual relations of material forms,—the more of the structure and powers of the human mind,—the more of the springs and operations of the human passions,—the wider range we shall have for imitation, the richer store of ideas for selection, and a greater variety of materials for administering pleasure; if we consider these things in their proper connection and necessary effects, we shall see how all the arts depend on science, and are, indeed, derived from it; and that if we properly describe the fine arts as sisters, we may speak no less properly of science as the mother of them all.

Architecture is conducted on the principles of geometry; painting on those of perspective and proportion. Leonardi da Vinci, a distinguished Italian artist, not less distinguished as a scholar, and Mengs, the German, wrote treatises on painting, in which the principles of that exquisite art are considered philosophically, and illustrated from optics and perspective. As to music, every one knows that in ancient times, I borrow Quintilian's words, * "a musician, poet, and wise man, were the same," and that the term music embraced, in its meaning, the whole encyclopædia of science. Hence a commentator on Homer interprets a singer a philosopher. Plato retained some part of music in his *Republic*, as a branch of moral discipline and science; † and formed his famous "soul of the world," his "Anima Mundi," out of musical harmony. Terence calls poetry music; and there are certainly some things common to both, which cannot be separated even in idea; as rhythm.

What science is altogether solitary? What art so small as to be of no account? Physiognomy has been thought by some an evanescent quantity; too subtle as a science to be of any solid use. Yet no less a man than Aristotle traced its principles as a philosopher; ‡ and Le Brun, an eminent French artist, shewed it to be the index of the passions, and in a work written professedly on the subject, long before Lavater touched it, connects it with his divine art of painting.

Few pursuits have engaged more triflers than the study of medals. Yet has the medallic art its real uses, and may be connected with statuary, poetry, and painting. Among the Romans, statuaries and painters, poets and medallists, worked from the

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same

* Institut. Orat. Lib. III. c. 10.

† De Repub.

‡ Περὶ Φυσιογνωμίας, Lib. I.

same designs.* Virgil and Horace, the most elegant of the Roman poets, have been explained;† many points in history, chronology, geography, and the customs of antiquity, have been illustrated; and a regular history of the kings of France has been composed, by the assistance of medals.

Botany is a kind of onomatology, in regard to plants and flowers, containing little more than a list of their names, and the classification of them according to their parts. Yet has Darwin, after decorating it with philosophy, introduced it to poetry; and if the relationship was slender, he formed for it at least a splendid connection;‡ the association, too, was as natural as many others that have been formed for poetry.

Mineralogy and the study of fossils does not touch the mere surface of things, but reaches a certain depth of very useful philosophical inquiry: and even the collector of shells, if one degree above a child over his play-things, is necessarily brought into the regions of natural history. "Here are shells for the ladies," as one says when writing an account of the British Museum, is one of those idle observations in which smartness is a veil for ignorance, and impertinence supplies the place of common sense.

But to confine myself now to the sublime art of which I have undertaken to treat. How wide its range! How various its connections! How boundless its associations! I have spoken of science as the mother of art; but I must not scruple to mention the high character that has been challenged for poetry. The Muse, as the presiding genius of song has been called, had her name, if we may credit etymologists and mythologists, from her peculiar province: this was to inquire into all science, and therefore, from her all science was said to be derived.§ And admitted it must be, that wherever science has been found, she has always been hand in hand with poetry. In all nations, barbarous as well as civilized, the poets were the first historians; laws and oracles, moral precepts and religious rites, were expressed in verse: and poetry, from the divinity of its pretensions and the originality of its thoughts, was considered, as well in the northern || as eastern nations, as "the language of the Gods."

But

* Addison's Dialogues on Ancient Medals.

† See more particularly, Pile's Horace.

‡ Darwin's Loves of the Plants.

§ Μῆσα, ἡ γνῶσις αὐτὴ τῷ μῶ, τὸ ζῆτω, ἐπειδὴ ἀπὸ αὐτῆς τῆς μῆσας αὐτὴ τὸν ζῆτον αὐτῆς. i. e. The Muse, knowledge, from Μῶ, ζῆτω, to inquire, because she is the cause of all learning.—Suidas's Lexicon.

|| See the five pieces of Runic Poetry, with the Preface by Bishop Percy.

But leaving the high priori road of conjecture and supernatural influences, let us pursue the humbler way of observation and experience; where, tracking the ordinary course of the delightful art to which we so wish to do honour, we shall find her enleaguéd and surrounded, as it were, with the arts and sciences, and that this union is both natural and necessary.

Whatsoever art men pursue which requires accuracy of description and variety of embellishment, implies a previous acquaintance with the principles of knowledge and the means of illustration. Hence it is, that Cicero * claims for his orator an acquaintance with all the arts and sciences; though he perhaps pushed his claim too far, sheltering himself behind a certain ambiguity in the word complete. Yet Quintilian's claims are no less liberal, and made on the same ground. His *Institutions* comprehends what he deems necessary for an orator, both in his exercise and formation: and his public performances he represents as a medicine composed of a variety of ingredients, or as the production of bees, extracted from different flowers. †

Nor will Sir Joshua Reynolds allow his painter to be a mere manufacturer of art. Right performance,—on his system, requiring a knowledge of principles, correctness of design, and the finishing of taste,—forms a natural alliance with literature. As our art, says he, is not a divine gift, so neither is it a mechanical trade. Its foundations are laid in solid science. And practice, though essential to perfection, can never attain that to which it aims, unless it works under the direction of principle." And again:—"He can never be a great artist who is grossly illiterate." ‡

Poetry also has at least similar claims to make, and for similar reasons. She is drawn, as by some secret power of attraction, into the regions of philosophy; and, in her turn, she attracts philosophy. Who knows not what great things have been advanced concerning Homer, and on the ground that in his writings there are traces of all the literature of his times. Finding allu-

* De Orat. Lib. I.

† Thus admirably expressed by Quintilian:—*Nisi forte antidotum atque alia quæ morbis aut vulneribus medentur, ex multis, atque interim contrariis quæque inter se effectibus componi videmus, quorum ex diversis fit illa mixtura una, quæ nulli earum similis est, quibus constat, sed proprias vires ex omnibus sumit; et muta animalia mellis illum inimitabilem humanæ rationi saporem, vario florum ac succorum genere perficiunt; nos mirabimur, si oratio, qua nihil præstantius homini dedit Providentia, pluribus artibus eget; quæ etiam cum se non ostendunt in dicendo nec proferunt, vim tamen occultam suggerunt, et tacite quæque sentiuntur?*—*Quintiliani Institut. Orat. Lib. I. Cap. X.*

‡ Discourses delivered at the Royal Academy, Discourse VII.

sions to the works of nature and art, the critics proclaimed him the father of philosophers, no less than the prince of poets. Men of the greatest eminence were content to be taught the most exquisite maxims in their several professions from his writings. Alexander looked to them for the institutes of war; Lycurgus for laws and political economy; and while Aristotle formed his *Canons of Criticism* from Homer, Strabo appealed to him* as the first author of geographical science. The first book of Strabo, accordingly, is made up of quotations from Homer, illustrative of ancient geography, in the same manner as *Aristotle's Poetics* and *Longinus's Treatise on the Sublime* abound with passages from Homer's poems, illustrative of the laws of their art.—So again, though the science of anatomy, as now understood, was unknown in the age of Homer, yet, in describing the wounds and deaths of his heroes, so critical are his observations and correct his language, that he is considered better authority, for his time, than Hippocrates himself: and accordingly, a very skilful modern anatomist, Mr. Cruickshank, I understand, found it in the way of his lectures to make some remarks on Homer's knowledge of this science; and the profoundest anatomist the world ever knew, Dr. John Hunter, often adopts the very words of Homer.—In short, the critics, when they got on this subject, led on by such authorities, knew not where to stop, and grew extravagant. They considered poetry, at least Homer's, as philosophy has been considered, like a fair island encircled by the boundless ocean; and in Homer they seemed to embrace every thing:—

Εὐγε Φύσις, μολὶς εὐγε τέκυσται δ' ἐπαύσατο μοχθῶν,
Εἰς ἓνα μόνον Ὀμήρου ὅλην τρέψασα μένοινην.

But as objects are diminished by distance of place, they are wont to be magnified by distance of time. When men look back on antiquity, they must come to some point of rest: there they see literature issue forth, perhaps, copiously, and they too hastily imagine they have reached its source; though the presumption is, that it has coursed about for incalculable years, that it has circulated perhaps over the world; we behold the stream, but the spring-head, like that of the Nile, is lost in impenetrable darkness.

Leaving, then, all questions relative to Homer, concerning whom ancient critics have raised so many fancies, and the modern critics,
more

* Καὶ πρῶτον, οὐτὸς ὁρῶνς ὑπελθὼν καὶ πρὸς τοὺς ποταμούς, καὶ οἱ πρὸς τοὺς ποταμούς, ὡς ἐν τῇ καὶ Ἰνδαρῶν, ἀρχηγέτην εἶναι τῆς γεωγραφικῆς ἐμπειρίας Ὀμήρου.—*Strabo's Geog. Lib. I.*

more particularly the Germans, so many doubts, let us, by generalizing our observations, confine them to poetry.

The simple truth seems to be this. The same impulse that carries the mind to poetry, inclines it to a love of general excellence, and by a most natural sympathy, to connect it with art and science. In this point of view, therefore, poetry is not to be considered merely as an art, at least in the sense of *an habitual power in man, of becoming the cause of some effect, according to a system of various and well approved precepts*,* but as a vigorous feeling, raising the mind to a love of excellence, and connecting it with what is agreeable or useful in the arts and sciences in general: and in this light it is considered by those advocates of poetical enthusiasm, Plato and Proclus: in other words, it is an inventive, descriptive, combining power, leading over extensive tracts of nature, attaching itself to a thousand beautiful forms of life, conceiving strongly ideal beauty, and feeling, with the nicest sense, amid the endless variety of relations, the means of a powerful and quick concatenation.

For it is the province of INVENTION, the supreme faculty of poetic genius, to discover and to collect; and should it be said that it is to collect mere flowers, yet, while so employed, it is in the way of finding something more substantial and permanent: in the same manner as a rover at sea, while in quest of one particular vessel, falls in with many more. It is the province of description, another great faculty of poetry, to give a pleasing, natural flow to narration; and should it be said, this is a mere babble of the stream; yet do streams take a colour and a taste from the several beds over which they flow. It is the province of imagination, the very soul of poetry, to bring near distant objects, to unite them into one form, and to give them a glow, as from a painter's hand. Whoever possesses most of these qualities, possesses the most knowledge; and whoever applies them most ingeniously, according to the laws of imitative art, will be, as Homer was, the best poet.

And should we admit that the time of Homer† is too distant, and his history too uncertain for argument; still it must be admitted, by whomsoever and at whatsoever period written, the *Iliad* embraces a prodigious compass of knowledge, and amply illustrates how intimately science is connected with poetry, and to what a vast extent rendered subservient to her particular interests. And if we look nearer our own time, where all is clear day-light, and among
our

* See Harris's Three Treatises. The Treatise concerning Art.

† See the German commentators, Wolfius and Heyne, on this curious subject.

our own poets, whose history is certain, we shall find every thing on the side of our position. Milton we can trace back to his early life, and over his juvenile performances; and we can follow him up to the full vigour of his extraordinary intellect, and the completion of his great work.—How replete was his mind with knowledge! How associating and strong his imagination! And with what prompt skill does he bring all learning, ancient and modern, to add dignity and beauty to his *Paradise Lost*! So again, Spenser; his fairy visions are not fuller of fancies than realities, of fable and fiction, than of historical knowledge and philosophical truth: like a rich, convertible field, that bears in succession every variety of grain, and whose flowers are not weeds stinting any useful produce, but beautiful grasses which at once adorn the scene and fructify the soil. We may, indeed, allow Spenser, with that amiable modesty which so distinguished his character, to call himself,—

“Apprentice of the skill,
That whilome in divinest wits did rayne.” *

Yet was he most truly a master genius, with all literature at his command, and bending it into his service, not like a manufacturer of art, but a genuine son of inspiration.

Butler was a genius of another school, but a poet; a caricaturist as to characters, but a real painter in his descriptions; a man of whim in the temper of his writings, but a man of science, of the most combining and diversified imagination. No writer, ancient or modern, has displayed more learning, and enclosed it within a smaller space, than has Butler in his first canto of *Hudibras*. It cannot be said of his learning, as he says of his knight's wit,—

We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;

for it was ready on all occasions; and, like his Taleacotius, whose doctrine, however, he has inaccurately stated, Butler fills up every vacuity with extracts from more living parts, and the supplements of most substantial knowledge.

What is sometimes chanted so of Shakspeare is trite and untrue, too ambiguous at least for an exception to a general rule. The controversy that ends in determining against the learning of Shakspeare, has established his philosophy. For against what learning has it determined? Against his acquaintance with the learned languages.—And what are languages? The mere shell,
of

* Introduction of the 3d book of the Fairy Queen.

of which literature is the kernel,—the mere convoy, of which the arts and sciences are the freight. The nation that was a sort of republic in literature; the nation that so abounded with philosophers, and poets, and painters; the nation that still lives in the annals of literature, while others have been long extinguished; the nation to which all the learned in Europe are proud to become translators and commentators; the nation to which we are still looking, as prodigies of science, mirrors of genius, and the standards of taste; the nation who, in short, are the oracles of our public schools and of our universities; that nation knew but one language.

Shakspeare had the inward clothing of a fine mind; the outward covering of solid reading, of critical observation, and the richest eloquence; and compared with these, what are the trappings of the schools? Shall we say of knowledge what Lord Monbuddo says of the first philosophy, viz. of *his* metaphysics? that it is only to be learned in Egypt and the writings of Plato and Aristotle.*

“The poet’s eye in a fine phrensy rolling,” †
is the eye of inspiration, which pierces truth, though it may be too cursory and rapid to take in all the minuter connecting parts. Dryden, indeed, says of our immortal bard, “that he wanted not the spectacles of books to read nature.” He then used them without wanting them; for use them he certainly did. That he has made mistakes in *chronology*, *history*, and *geography*, ‡ violated the unities of Aristotle, and sometimes broken Priscian’s head,—that he was, in short, but a smatterer in what is called book-learning, this may be admitted. But what do his historical plays shew, if not, that he was tolerably read, though only through the medium of translations, in the history of his own country, and the history of other countries too? What his appropriate allusions, his characteristic illustrations, his splendid descriptions, his diversified associations, but a certain share of reading and literary converse, with an immense deal of observation? The *Midsummer Night’s Dream* shews him acquainted with the points of ancient history on which his play turns, as much as if he had read *Diogenes Laertius* and *Plutarch’s Lives* in the Greek; and with the fairy mythology of the North, as well as if he had read *Olaus Magnus* and *Bartholinus*, or drank at the spring-head of the northern languages. In short, as one essay

on

* Ancient Metaphysics, by Lord Monbuddo, Vol. II. Book I. Ch. I.

† *Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

‡ Farmer’s Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.

on the learning of Shakspeare* never could prove, though attempting to prove, that Shakspeare was conversant in the learned languages; so could not the other, nor did it attempt, that he was not a man of reading. It only shews, to use the writer's own words, that "Shakspeare wanted not the stilts of language to raise him above other men."

Stress has been laid here on few cases only: but a position, that a poetical mind is always, more or less, philosophical and literary, should be accompanied, though only in incidental hints, with more general illustration.

What, then, were the first Grecian poets after Homer, such as Hesiod and Pindar? What the chief of the Latin poets, Lucretius, Virgil, and Ovid? Some of the first scholars or the first philosophers of their time; to each of whom we may apply:—

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coactum
Semina terrarumque, animaque, marisque fuissent,
Et liquidi simul ignis.

VIRGIL. †

The Italian poets, whether they wrote in Latin or their own language, must be ranked among the revivers of literature, and were its zealous supporters; the Corneilles, Racines, Boilleaus, and Voltaires of France were, besides their poetical characters, critics and philosophers.

Pursue the course of poetry in England, and you will find it accompanied with literature. Chaucer, the first of our poets, on reference to the change of our language from the Saxon, of much account, was well acquainted with all the literature of his time, and with something better. Cowley was, from his earliest childhood, devoted to study: Milton was unacquainted scarcely with any branch of literature, and would have immortalized his name had he left only his prose works behind him: Dryden possessed a well-furnished mind, and was a prose writer of the most varied excellence: Pope converted all he read and all he saw into harmonious rhyme: Collins, a bard of powerful imagination, had been a deep thinker and a successful student: and Gray, though an enemy to the mathematics, was, in other respects, a most polished, fastidious scholar: poets these of the first eminence among

us.

* Mr. Peter Whalley, the editor of Ben Jonson, wrote an Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare, in which he attempts to shew that Shakspeare was acquainted with and imitated the classic writers of Greece and Rome. This doctrine is confuted by Dr. Farmer, by producing the very passages of the old Translations, and other old English books, from which Shakspeare borrowed.

† Eclogue VI.

us. They by their literature enriched their poetry; and what they borrowed from the public stock of art and science, they repaid with interest, by the pleasure and instruction which they afford mankind. Similar examples too might be shewn in our own time, to prove that the relation here contended for is real, and that those who have obtained any notice for their poetry, were persons, though in different degrees and, perhaps, different ways, of enlarged and cultivated minds.

"But such writers as Burns"—Such writers as Burns confirm my argument. That story would be poorly, indeed falsely, told, that left Burns gasping for inspiration at the ploughtail. Such a character would not have existed, but for that love of general nature and strength of feeling which in part lead to, and in part constitute, mental improvement. Writers much inferior to Burns prove no less; such as Taylor the Water Poet, and Stephen Duck the Thresher: they considered mental improvement so essential to their pretensions, as to be even ostentatious of the little they knew; and whoever chooses to dip into their poems, will find that the extent of their reading was commensurate, at least, with the reach of their poetry.

But not to seem presumptuous, and to claim for the poets more than their due, let us, in closing, make all reasonable concessions.

Though poetry, then, is thus linked, as we have seen, with philosophy, yet it must be allowed to be the nature of an ingenious mind to find resources in its own stores, and to dispose of what it collects elsewhere to the greatest advantage. Hence, while dull writers appear to know little or nothing, those of lively associations appear to know more than they really do; like collectors of curiosities and antiquities, who, without any deep research or much knowledge, may lodge the various productions of nature and the choice remains of different nations in their museums; or like gold-beaters, who spread a little gold over a great length of surface. We must add, too, what is often said, that a poetic genius possesses an elasticity which is wont to fly off from pursuits which appear in the rigid form of system and require a certain intenseness of application. Hence, they say, poets are rarely mathematicians; and hence we find Swift, and Johnson, and Gray, abusing, ignorantly enough, yet, as it were, in their poetical characters, the dry, unbending mathematics. We may concede even all this, and yet hold to our conclusion,—one that the ancients were so fond of establishing, and which no modern has disproved, —that poetry is naturally allied to the arts and sciences, and that the same propensities which incline to this exquisite pursuit, give a propensity to original observation, a fondness for useful or agreeable

able reading, a feeling which attaches to general truth, and inspires a love of nature.

Is it, after all, said, that fable, which has sometimes been called the offspring of poetry, furnishes an objection against poetry in this its supposed alliance with truth and philosophy? That would be a hasty objection which is, indeed, a very strong confirmation of the claim. For what was fable, ancient fable, I mean? Here we need not call in Alexander Ross's assistance, whose *Muse's Interpreter* is a thread spun too finely, and carried out to a length too extravagant, for the purposes of reasonable men; but Sallust was as grave a man, though of another school, a Platonist: and if he did not find truth, he travelled a long way to very little purpose; for Photius says he travelled over the whole world without sandals to find it. Sallust says "fables were divine: he connects them with the profoundest metaphysics and theogonies. The world itself he calls a fable, and for this reason, because while bodies and things are *seen* in it, souls and minds are hid; that truth is concealed under fables, to prevent the unthinking from despising it, and to compel the studious to become philosophers." Lord Bacon, too, whose searching intellect apprehended so well all the connecting links of science, places poetry very high in his *Advancement of Learning*, and has written a treatise professedly to shew "the *Wisdom of the Ancients*."

But the world are too fond of wonders, and are therefore liable to be imposed on by crudities. Such are the ideas of a poet comprehending all knowledge, and a poet entirely ignorant. All knowledge is derived from the association of ideas; and man's knowledge is in proportion to his number of ideas: and as a mind truly poetical must possess those perceptions and feelings which form natural, lively, and strong associations, it is of little consequence whence those ideas are derived, whether from books or his own feelings, from actual observation or social intercourse. But no human excellence was ever formed out of nothing. "What can be more absurd," said Erasmus to a great prince, "than that he who commands the world should not know what the world is?" In language somewhat resembling this might be addressed the person who, in the name of the poets, (for I am confident no poet would act thus himself), should treat science with contempt, in honour, as it were, of the paramount claims of genius.

AN OBSERVER.

ART. IX.—*POLITICS and POETICS,*

*Or the desperate Situation of a Journalist unhappily smitten with
the Love of Rhyme.*

AGAIN I stop;—again the toil refuse!
Away, for pity's sake, distracting Muse;
Nor thus come smiling with thy bridal tricks
Between my studious face, and politics.
Is it for thee to mock the frowns of fate?
Look round, look round, and mark my desprate staté.
Cannot thy gifted eyes a sight behold,
That might have quell'd the Lesbian bard of old,* }
And made the blood of Dante's self run cold? }
Lo, first this table spread with fearful books
In which, whoe'er can help it, never looks;
Letters to Lords, Remarks, Reflections, Hints;
Lives, snatch'd a moment from the public prints;
Pamphlets to prove, on pain of our undoing,
That rags are wealth, and reformation ruin;
Journals, and briefs, and bills, and laws of libel,
And bloated and blood-red, the placeman's annual bible.
Scarce from the load, as from a heap of dead,
My poor old Homer shews his living head;
Milton, in sullen darkness, yields to fate,
And Tasso groans beneath the courtly weight:
Horace alone (the rogue!) his doom has miss'd,
And lies at ease upon the Pension List.
Round these, in tall imaginary chairs,
Imps ever grinning, sit my daily cares;
Distaste, delays, dislikings to begin,
Gnawings of pen, and kneadings of the chin.
Here the Blue Dæmon keeps his constant stir,
Who makes a man his own barometer;
There Nightmare, horrid mass! unfeatur'd heap!
Prepares to seize me if I fall asleep:
And there, with hands that grasp one's very soul,
Frowns Head-ache, scalper of the studious poll;
Head-ache, who lurks at noon about the courts,
And whets his tomahawk on East's Reports.
Chief of this social game, behind me stands
Pale, peevish, periwig'd, with itching hands,

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* Alcæus.

A goblin, double-tailed, and cloak'd in black,
 Who while I'm gravely thinking, bites my back.
 Around his head flits many a harpy shape,
 With jaws of parchment and long hairs of tape,
 Threat'ning to pounce, and turn whate'er I write,
 With their own venom, into foul despoight.
 Let me but name the court, they swear and curse,
 And din me with hard names; and what is worse,
 'Tis now three times that I have miss'd my purse.
 No wonder poor Torquato went distracted,
 On whose gall'd senses just such pranks were acted,
 When the small tyrant, God knows on what ground,
 With dungeons and with doctors hemm'd him round.*
 Last, but not least, (methinks I see him now!)
 With stare expectant, and a ragged brow,
 Comes the foul fiend, who,—let it rain or shine,
 Let it be clear or cloudy, foul or fine,
 Or freezing, thawing, drizzling, hailing, snowing,
 Or mild, or warm, or hot, or bleak and blowing,
 Or damp, or dry, or dull, or sharp, or sloppy,
 Is sure to come;—the Dev'l who comes for copy!

If sighs like these my gentle Muse can bear,
 Thy visage may be seen, capricious fair,
 In courts and taverns, and the Lord knows where.

Gifford

* See Black's *Life of Torquato Tasso*, which, if it does not evince a mature judgment in point of style, is written at once with great accuracy of investigation and enthusiasm of sympathy. One can never hear without indignation, of the state to which this unfortunate genius was reduced by a petty Italian prince, the Duke of Ferrara, who, from some mysterious jealousy, chose to regard his morbid sensibility as madness, and not only locked him up, but drenched him with nauseous medicines. It is truly humiliating to hear the illustrious poet, in spite of his natural high-mindedness, humbly petitioning to be relieved from his inordinate quantity of physic, or promising, in the event of obtaining a small indulgence, to take it more patiently. One of the miseries with which disease, persecution, and fancy, conspired to torment him during his confinement in St. Anne's Hospital, was an idea that he was haunted by a mischievous little goblin, who tumbled his papers about, stole his money, and deranged his contemplations. The following wild and simple touch of pathos is supposed to have been written by him during these afflictions:—

Tu che ne vai in Pindo
 Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
 Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi,
 Ch' io son daglianni, e da fortuna oppresso.

O thou who to Parnassus tak'st thy way
 Where hangs my harp upon a cypress tree,
 Salute it in my name, and say,
 That I am old, and full of misery.

Gifford may yet his courtly chains forego,
 Or leave Reviews to those who dare say no;
 Old Brinsley too, with whiskey dead alive,
 Look up once more, and feel his flame revive;
 And Canning, for a public joke, prefer
 Some merrier fiction than his character.
 E'en Walter Scott may see thee now and then,
 Spite of the worn-out sword he wields for pen,
 And all that ancient state in which he sits,
 Of spears, plaids, bugles, helms, and border-wits.
 Enchanter Scott, who in black-letter read,
 Gains a rank life by raising of the dead,
 Sure but to fix his destiny more fast,
 And dying like themselves, be damn'd at last.

But see! E'en now thy wondrous charm prevails:
 The shapes are mov'd: the stricken circle fails:
 With backward grins of malice they retire,
 Scar'd at thy seraph looks and smiles of fire.
 That instant, as the hindmost shuts the door,
 The bursting sunshine smites the window'd floor:
 Bursts too, on ev'ry side, the sparkling sound
 Of birds abroad; th' elastic spirits bound;
 And the fresh mirth of morning breathes around. }
 Away, ye clouds:—dull politics, give place:—
 Off, cares, and wants, and threats, and all the race
 Of foes to freedom and to graceful leisure!
 To day is for the Muse and dancing pleasure!

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
 Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook,
 Where through the quiv'ring boughs the sunbeams shoot
 Their arrowy diamonds upon flow'r and fruit,
 While stealing airs come fuming o'er the stream,
 And lull the fancy to a waking dream!
 There shouldst thou come, O first of my desires,
 What time the noon had spent it's fiercer fires,
 And all the bow'r, with checquer'd shadows strown,
 Glow'd with a mellow twilight of it's own.
 There shouldst thou come; and there sometimes with thee
 Might deign repair the staid Philosophy,
 To taste thy fresh'ning brook, and trim thy groves,
 And tell us what good task true glory loves.
 I see it now!—I pierce the fairy glade,
 And feel th' enclosing influence of the shade.
 A thousand forms, that sport on summer eves,
 Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves,

While ev'ry bough seems nodding with a sprite ;
 And ev'ry air seems hushing the delight ;
 And the calm bliss, fix'd on itself a while,
 Dimples th' unconscious lips into a smile.

Anon, strange music breathes :—the fairies shew
 Their pranksome croud ; and in grave order go
 Beside the water, singing, small and clear,
 New harmonies unknown to mortal ear,
 Caught upon moonlight nights from some nigh
 wand'ring sphere.

I turn to thee, and listen with fix'd eyes,
 And feel my spirits mount on winged extacies.

In vain.—For now with looks that doubly burn,
 Sham'd of their late defeat, my foes return.
 They know their foil is short ; and shorter still
 The bliss that waits upon the Muse's will.
 Back to their seats they rush, and reassume
 Their ghastly rights, and sadden all the room.
 O'er ears and brain the bursting wrath descends,
 Cabals, mis-statements, noise of private ends,
 Doubts, hazards, crosses, cloud-compelling vapours,
 With dire necessity to read the papers,
 Judicial slaps that would have stung Saint Paul,
 Costs, pityings, warnings, wits ;—and worse than all
 (O for a dose of Thelwall, or of poppy !)
 The fiend, the punctual fiend, that bawls for copy !
 Full in the mid'st, like that Gorgonian spell,
 Whose rav'ning features glar'd collected hell,
 The well-wigg'd pest his curling horror shakes,
 And a *fourth* snap of threat'ning vengeance takes !
 At that dread sight the Muse at last turns pale ;
 Freedom and fiction's self no more avail ;
 And lo, my Bow'r of Bliss is turn'd into a jail !

—What then ? What then ? my better genius
 cries :—

Scandals and jails !—All these you may despise.
 Th' enduring soul, that, to keep others free,
 Dares to give up it's darling liberty,
 Lives wheresoe'er it's countrymen applaud,
 And in their great enlargement walks abroad.
 But toils alone, and struggles, hour by hour,
 Against th' insatiate, gold-flush'd Lust of Pow'r,
 Can keep the fainting virtue of thy land
 From the rank slaves that gather round his hand.

Be poor in purse, and Law will soon undo thee;
Be poor in soul, and self-contempt will rue thee.

I yield, I yield.—Once more I turn to you,
Harsh politics! And once more bid adieu
To the soft dreaming of the Muse's bow'rs,
Their sun-streak'd fruits and fairy-painted flow'rs.
Farewell, for gentler times, ye laurell'd shades;
Farewell, ye sparkling brooks, and haunted glades,
Where the trim shapes, that bathe in moonlight eves,
Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves,
While ev'ry bough seems nodding with a sprite,
And ev'ry air seems hushing the delight.
Farewell, farewell, dear Muse, and all thy pleasure!
He conquers ease, who would be crown'd with leisure.

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ART. X.—*Is it justifiable to reprint the Pruriencies of our Old Poets?—The Question discussed in a Dialogue.*

A. I have just made a large purchase, my friend; it is of Chalmers's new edition of the English Poets: but I am disappointed to find that the works of each poet are not given entire; so that, in order to study the history of English poetry, and obtain the true character of every English poet, I must still have recourse to scarce original editions. I well hoped that in a body of poetry like the present, more than half of which is interesting to, and will be looked into by, only the literary antiquary, the editor would have thought it his sacred duty to reprint his authors without mutilation or castration; but he tells us, that he has "discovered that the licentious language of some of our most eminent poets, whether their own fault or that of their age, must necessarily be omitted."

B. And that omission was, in my opinion, a much more "sacred duty" than the one you would impose upon him.

A. If the editions of English poetry, of which I am speaking, were ever likely to grace the shelves of a cabinet, or to mix with the *billets-doux* of a lady's toilette, I should be the first to agree with you; and I am sorry that the editions of Pope and Prior, which are to be found in the places I have named, have not been previously submitted to a similar operation to that which Mr. Chalmers has performed upon Skelton and Carew, in my new

purchase. But this elaborate work comprises twenty-one large octavo volumes, closely printed in double columns, and is half filled with such poets as Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, Gascoigne, Turbervile, &c., whose works are copied in the forbidding orthography of their times; so that there would have been little danger lest the pruriencies of our old poets had been read in Mr. Chalmers's edition by any other than those who make the history of English poetry their study; and to such readers he was bound to attribute sufficient discretion and *saneness* to counteract the injurious effect with which such a perusal might irremediably be attended in the cases of the young and the fair. As for the pruriencies of our later English poets, *they* are every one retained in Mr. Chalmers's half-squeamish edition; for its plan includes Dr. Johnson's *Poets and Lives*, word for word; and the Doctor, though a strict and unaffected moralist, knew that it was his duty as an editor, to give the British poets to the world as he found them, to "speak the speech as it was pronounced to him;" he might have grieved for many a poem in those volumes, the title-pages of every one of which contained his name, but he could not suppress it; and he very well knew that he was, on that account, no more responsible for the mischief it might occasion, than were the publishers or the printer of the work. Mr. Chalmers has effected little for morality and decency, in discarding the *Rapture* from the poems of Carew, and, at the same time, leaving untouched Dryden's *Sylvia the Fair in the Bloom of Fifteen*, Swift's *Lady's Dressing-room*, *Cassius and Peter*, *A Beautiful Young Nymph going to Bed*, and *Strephon and Chloe*; Pope's *Imitation of Chaucer*; Prior's *Dove*, *Hans Carvel*, *Paulo Purganti and his Wife*, and *The Ladle*; Congreve's *Impossible Thing* and *The Peasant in Search of his Heifer*; Somerville's *Officious Messenger*; and Fenton's *Fair Nun* and *Tale in Imitation of Chaucer*.

B. These inconsistencies shew Mr. Chalmers not to have acted up to his own principles: that those principles are good cannot, I think, be a question. He should certainly have omitted every licentious poem. I remember a little essay in a Weekly Paper, *On the Revival of the Indecencies of our Dramatists*, the arguments of which will, in my opinion, apply equally well to the reprinting of the pruriencies of our poets. The essayist concludes, I recollect:—"It has been said that no ill should be spoken of the departed; but how monstrous is his inhumanity, who, by more than devilish art, compels the very dead to speak ill of themselves, to prolong their own vices, and to mislead mankind, like an invisible and cursed spirit! What! will the managers of an English theatre" (or the editors of English poetry) "render the vices of the great eternal? Will they assist in scattering a pestilence from the graves of departed genius? Alas! the hands that

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lie there cannot now lift a pen to recant; the lips that are closed there cannot now utter a sigh of remonstrance. The dead are left to our mercy; and shall we be guilty of an irreverence more savage than the mutilation of a corpse?" *

A. Certainly not. All that is very true, as far as it applies to the exhibition of a dramatist's indecencies to a mixed company, composed of persons of all ages and capacities, and of both sexes, visiting a brilliant theatre for the express purposes of amusement, with every pore open for the reception of pleasure, and both ears shut to the suggestions of reason. If I rightly recollect the essay, to which you have alluded, most of these circumstances are taken into its consideration; and I think the author of it would have allowed a distinction between plays and poems, to be read by the studios of a morning, and those which are embodied and recited by the idle (and perhaps the profligate) to the gay of an evening.

B. I do not see what the time of the day has to do with the danger of reading or hearing indecency: vice seems to me to be equally vice at ten o'clock in the morning and at ten o'clock in the evening. And as for the company in which indecency is heard, listen to what Dr. Johnson says on the contamination of society:—"Solitude is dangerous to reason, without being favourable to virtue; pleasures of some sort are as necessary to the intellectual as to the corporeal health; and those who resist gaiety will be likely to fall a sacrifice to appetite; for the solicitations of sense are always at hand, and afford to a vacant and solitary person a speedy and seducing relief. What harm can be done before so many witnesses? Solitude is the surest source of all prurient passions. The ball, the shew, are not the dangerous places; no, it is the private friend, the kind consoler, the companion of the easy, vacant hour, that is to be feared; he who buzzes in our ear at court, or at the opera, must be content to buzz in vain."

A. The Doctor is quite right; this buzzing, a woman may either affect not to hear, or she may really not hear, or the next buzzing may efface all remembrance of it. But there is a difference between the skirmishes of a profligate beau, and the regular fire of a profligate wit; and there is also a difference between the quiet morning perusal of indecent composition, and the heated evening spectatorship of its unblushing delivery by fascinating comedians. The essayist you first quoted acknowledges this, when he says:—"It is a strange inconsistency that parents, who would snatch the works of Congreve from the hands of their daughters, should suffer them to be present at the representation of his plays,

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when

* Examiner, Vol. I. p. 124.

when every coarse jest is explained to their imagination by the universal roar of the house. A dialogue on the stage is in some measure echoed to each other by the audience; for the great pleasure in seeing a play with one's friends arises from the mutual consciousness that we catch all the turns and peculiar meaning of the conversation.* What a girl hears on the stage she goes expressly to hear; every body around her hears it too; and she cannot pretend not to hear it: very different then must be the effect of the sentiments thus heard, from that of the buzzings to which you have alluded. What a girl hears on the stage, too, is not perhaps of her own seeking to hear; she is taken to the theatre by her father or her brother; they and the rest of the audience do not blush to hear the indecencies of our dramatists: why should she? very different then must be the effect of sentiments thus heard from that of those which she hastily reads, most probably by stealth, in sober daylight.

B. But we are wandering from our original question, Whether it be justifiable to reprint the pruriencies of our old poets? It was I that led you astray; and in order to confine our discussion to books, I will grant you that the atmosphere of the theatre will always be more dangerous than that of the library. But if such poems as those you have mentioned are to be perpetuated, you will have some difficulty in convincing me that the atmosphere of the library will not become dangerous.

A. I wish to be understood as extending my position only to the works of real, lasting poets: it is of "*immortal men*" only that I would wish "to lose no drop;" and whether this drop elicit to the eye a rainbow of beauty, or fall a stain upon the poet's name, I may rejoice or be sorry; but I cannot help it. The editors of all our great poets have been of my opinion; and the fact is, that the pruriencies of Shakspeare and Dryden *will go down* to posterity along with the rest of their works. There is not a more rigid moralist alive than Mr. William Gifford; and yet he has reprinted all Massinger's ribaldry, in his late excellent edition of that dramatist: he could not chuse but do it: let us hear him upon the subject:—"The freedoms of my author (of which, as none can be more sensible than myself, so none can more lament them) have obtained little of my solicitude [in annotation]: those therefore who examine the notes with a prurient eye will find no gratification of their licentiousness: I have called in no Amner to drivell out gratuitous obscenities in uncouth language; †

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* Examiner, Vol. I. p. 124.

† Alluding to such of Mr. Steevens's notes on Shakspeare, in which he thought

no Collins (whose name should be devoted to lasting infamy) to ransack the annals of a brothel for secrets 'better hid;' where I wished not to detain the reader I have been silent, and instead of aspiring to the fame of a licentious commentator, sought only for the quiet approbation, with which the father or the husband may reward the faithful editor." *

B. But it is my opinion that the daughter or the wife are not to be trusted with unexpurgated poets; there is the *Family Shakespeare* for them.

A. But there are no family Massingers, Beaumont and Fletchers, Drydens, Swifts, Popes, and Priors.

B. There are the *Elegant Extracts*, the *Cabinet of Poetry*, *Mr. Lamb's Specimens of the old Dramatic Poets*, the *Selections of Mrs. Cooper*, *Mr. Headley*, *Bishop Percy*, *Mr. Ellis*, and *Beauties* without number.

A. Feeding upon honeycombs: these may be very well for smatterers, and are perhaps sufficient for the generality of women; but she who aspires to an accurate idea of the poets of her country, must go to the fountain-heads of them all, however tainted with impurities may be some of their streams. Besides, it is quite impossible to conceal from any young man or woman of an enquiring mind, that the poets of our nation, as well as of every other, have

"Made prostitute and profligate the Muse;"

and a thorough acquaintance with these delinquencies will prove the best antidote to their poison. If they be made a secret of, curiosity to know them will receive a zest, and the acquaintance with them, which cannot be for ever withheld, will be received as a point gained, as the reward of a search, as the game of a hunt.

B. I believe you are right; but how devoutly is it to be wished that such men as Dryden had "rent their hearts and not their garments," had burnt their prurient pages, instead of merely writing on one of them,—

"Oh gracious God! how oft have we
Profan'd thy heav'nly gift of poesy!" &c.

I believe Swift to have been a sincere Christian; and the Carew you have mentioned, died repentant like Lord Rochester, after having paraphrased many of the Psalms, as may be seen in the
British

thought proper to disguise his style by "a barbarous jumble of the language of different ages," and his name under that of Amner.

* Gifford's Massinger, Vol. I. pp. lxxxiii, lxxxiv.

British Museum. Indeed most of "the wits of either Charles's days," such as Herrick, Sherburne, and the rest, thought they had sufficiently atoned for all the profanities of their volumes, when they had tacked a few religious rhymes to the end of them.

A. I agree with you that it is to be wished that every poet had been the hangman of his own pruriencies; but you and I, in republishing his works, have no more right to perform that office, than we have to shoot our neighbour's dog because it may do the public mischief, or (to bring the allusion nearer) to misrepresent the events and characters of history, because the true relation of some of them may set a bad example to posterity.

B. But we may pillory the poet's misdemeanor; we may tie the dog up, or warn the public to beware of him; we may moralize upon history, and guard posterity against the vices of its heroes.

A. We may; and to that intent I think even the conversation we have just held may be not unprofitably published:—

"I, puer, atque meo cito hunc subscribe libello;"

go, and try if you can recollect it sufficiently to put its substance upon paper; and I will send it, as a candidate for appearance in that magazine, to the editor of the REFLECTOR.

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As the foregoing article appeals in a more than usual manner to the opinion of the Editor, it may be allowed me to speak at some length on the subject in dispute. The intentions, both of Mr. Chalmers in making these omissions, and of our correspondent in objecting to them, are evidently honest; and we see how easily such matters may be made a question even with persons not at all inclined to regard immorality with indifference. After all, however, the subject appears to resolve itself into a question of conscience; and those who object to the preservation of literary indecencies upon the ground that they *may* do harm and cannot do good, are perhaps not easily answered. All writing is either for amusement or instruction; and in the case of the fine letters, generally for both. Now as far as sheer amusement is concerned, the most strenuous advocate for unchastened editions will hardly produce *that* as an argument: it is rather his business to prove that the amusement is little or nothing; otherwise he argues against himself, and makes the positive evil counterbalance at once the probable good.

But what is this probable good? Poetical instruction may be divided into three heads, two of them, general, and one particular;

lar ;—the encouragement of morals, the advancement of taste, and the information gathered from former poets, respecting the times in which they lived. Upon the morality of the thing it is needless to say any thing. Much will be maintained on the ground of taste ; and great, though not very politic, lamentation be set up respecting the havoc which a chastening hand would make upon some of the finest turns of poetry : but this ground vanishes before the truth, for the fact is, that what with attempts at concealment which produce circumlocution and over-ornament, or with broadness of speaking which is always the language of vulgarity, the indecencies of writers have seldom been in their best style ; and with the exception perhaps of Catullus, in whom ribaldry and taste seemed to have formed a monstrous connection, there appears to be no great poet, ancient or modern, who would lose any real attraction by a moral purification. This is the case with the most popular classics :—Horace, for instance, might part with every one of his indelicate pieces without the slightest injury to his poetical character ; so might Virgil, Tibullus, and Ovid himself. The difficulty would be greater with the writers of Greece ;—but with regard to our own poets, who are the subject of the present question, the thing hardly admits of doubt. Carew, who is at best a poet of little importance, affords a solitary instance of the superiority of one indelicate piece to the rest of his productions. Armstrong wrote a piece much more indelicate and elegant, which is *never* printed in his works ; but what does Armstrong lose by the omission, in his reputation for a terse classicity ? Would not Prior himself leave enough after pruning to exhibit him as one of the most airy and graceful of triflers, not to mention those more solid parts of his genius which could not be injured ? The indecencies of Chaucer, Skelton, and Butler, which are by no means of a seductive kind, are pretty well hidden from the general eye ; of the first by the antiquity of his language ; of the second by the same cause, added to his tedious and insipid buffoonery ; and of the last by the local and uninteresting nature of his poem ; so that if the retention of them be less hurtful than usual to the reader, the omission, at the same time, would be less injurious to the author. As to Swift, nobody with a delicacy above that of a scavenger would miss what every decent mind takes pains to avoid. These, generally speaking, are the most objectionable of our old and our second-rate poets. Of the modern and the higher class, the greater number have nothing to be retrenched ; and of the rest it may be truly affirmed, that their faults of this kind are the very worst parts of their writing, as Shakspeare in particular exemplifies. With the exception of Dryden, they also constitute the smallest part of the writers ; and this exception regards only the dramatic works of
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that illustrious time-server. Much of our elder drama is indeed a mass of corruption; and it is here, if any where, that all amputation seems hopeless, that shall stop short of death; and death, if it were attempted, it would be impossible to inflict. All that can be done in this case is to let the authors shift for themselves as much as possible, and sneak about the cabinets of the curious with as little notice as we can bestow. They will generally find quite as much and more than they deserve. Take the dramatist, for instance, who is mentioned by our correspondent. The very few pieces of Massinger which deserve perusal or representation, for the taste and judgment of their conduct and their enlarged view of the world, will keep up a sufficient existence on the stage: the remainder of them it is as useless to exculpate as to reprint; and it is ludicrous to hear Mr. Gifford valuing himself so highly on his chastity as an annotator, as if he had done nothing to offend as an editor; and as if "fathers and husbands" would think of putting the detestable ribaldry of his author into the hands of females!

The remaining argument used in defence of unchastened republications, is the information respecting times and manners, which is likely to be sacrificed by their purification. Now where are the indecencies, that help to give us any such information? Or if any such information is to be gathered from them, what is it's *value*? From the earliest poets of Greece to those of our own time and nation, it will be found, I think, that their indelicate passages, generally speaking, afford us no real information that we cannot collect elsewhere;—that the indecencies which are most local, rather require than afford illustration; and that the rest speak but the common or uncommon language of dehauchery, according to the depravity of the time. We may learn, from our great dramatist, that the Elizabethan age allowed a broadness of expression that would shock us at present; and we may gather the same information respecting that of Augustus from the politest writer of his court:—but all this may be learnt elsewhere; and neither Shakspeare nor Horace would set any value on this sort of illustration. The whole information indeed, which might be drawn from indecent verses, is pretty nearly reducible to the single facts,—that some poets have written indecently, and others have not;—that some ages have allowed great broadness of speaking, and others have shrunk from it with disgust. What else is to be gathered from our own poets already mentioned? Or from Suckling, Drummond, Pope, Fenton, Somerville, &c.?—In short, it is history alone which can plead any just right to an entire nakedness in this matter, for history and it's records concern us all personally, and their smallest details may be of the utmost importance in questions of right and legislation:—but even then, the

the nakedness should have an air of unconsciousness, and look as if it meant nothing but to shew truth undisguised. Bayle himself, master as he was of dialectics and skilled in all the light and shade of argument, cannot convince his readers, in that ingenious piece of sophistry *Sur les Obscénités*, that he has used a proper tone in speaking of what he defended on historical grounds; or that a twentieth part of what he chuses to investigate in his *Dictionnaire* is of any utility whatever.

But the poet himself is the last person considered on these occasions, whereas he ought to be the very first. Could we summon up the spirits of Dryden, Congreve, and Prior, what do we think they would say to us for their literary sins? Are we not sure that they would bitterly deplore them? And would they not at least have a right to ask us, why we perpetuate the vices that we condemn? Many such writers have repented before they died; and it certainly seems monstrous to withhold from them, age after age, the reward of that penitence, and to force them, as it were, to roam the earth like fated and lamenting spirits, scattering an unwilling misery. Moral barbarity is worse than any Gothic barbarity; and it is to be observed, that the phrases about Gothic mutilation, not losing a drop of immortal men, &c. &c. are perfectly gratuitous, and amount to nothing, if it can be once established, that the mutilated limb is corrupt, and the drop poisonous. As to the peculiar right of studious people to be allowed unchastened editions, it is founded neither in the fact of their exclusive possession of them, nor in any pretensions that such persons have to peculiar chastity of mind. Poetical collections are sure to get into the hands of families, both on account of their aggregate cheapness, and in the way of presents: not to mention that people of taste will have them, whether particularly studious or not:—and without repeating the excellent quotation from Johnson, it will be found, I am afraid, that these studious persons, particularly such as are fond of annotating, are apt to be very prurient gentlemen. The commentators on the classics, the Scaligers and Scioppiuses, are notorious; and it is pretty well known, that the late Mr. Steevens was as fond of talking ribaldry in private, as he was of illustrating it in public.

Great judgment is undoubtedly as necessary to pronounce what passages should be retained or rejected on these occasions, as great taste is to determine what poets should be collected. In both these respects the general opinion of Mr. Chalmers's edition, is, I believe, unfavourable. The objections of our correspondent to his strange inconsistency with regard to indecencies, are highly just. He has omitted just enough to displease those who differ with him on these occasions, and retained much more than sufficient to displease those who agree. The whole plan, indeed, appears to be

as inconsistent, as the criticism is maudlin and superficial. The reader is astonished to find some of our raciest old poets, Lovelace, Marvell, Oldham, and others, totally omitted; and supplanted by the common-place crudities of Bromes and Turbervilles; but his astonishment subsides into a shrug, at seeing the epithets of pathetic and sublime lavished upon men of the name of Cawthorne and William Thompson; and at hearing a poem, called the *Hilliad*, pronounced the most galling satire that ever was written. Mr. Chalmers is a well-meaning bookmaker, who has studied Dr. Johnson enough to imitate the level speaking of his style, and upon the strength of a few inversions and fluent sentences, thinks himself qualified, like Johnson, to substitute assertion for criticism. But Johnson's assertions, even in his most dictatorial moments, strike us as the result of strong criticism indolently kept back; whereas Mr. Chalmers talks with a most gratuitous good-nature and want of thinking, and bestows praises like a lad who has just become acquainted with *Blair's Lectures*. The talent of Mr. Chalmers lies in the detail of little facts. He discusses anachronisms with great impartiality, and is a lively hand at a parish-register: but he has no more right to say who, and who are not, the English Poets, than he has to tell us who are the worthiest characters in the Moon.

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ART. XI.—*The Law Student.*

LETTER II.

Inner Temple, April, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY last letter was somewhat desultory; but I am gratified by hearing you say, that it was full of little items of information, very necessary to be known, but which nobody has hitherto condescended to communicate. The nature of our several Courts of Justice are objects of greater notoriety; with these I must take it for granted you are well acquainted, and proceed immediately to bring to your view the present talent of the English Bar.

The brightest luminary that ever graced that hemisphere was *Thomas* (now *Lord*) *Erskine*, an advocate, who to an acuteness the most intuitive, and an eloquence that charmed and rivetted universal attention, added a manliness and patriotism by which the

the dignity of the English bar, and the freedom of Englishmen, have equally benefitted. It is to Erskine, the liberty of the press is indebted, that a jury are judges both of the law and the fact of libel, and the personal safety of the public owes the downfall of the doctrine of constructive treasons; and it is from the manly spirit of Erskine, the advocate may date that independence of the bench, which I hope is not now ceasing to be asserted and maintained. Truly noble and disinterested in the discharge of his professional duties to the public, was this great lawyer; he never shrank from the defence of an alleged libeller for *reasons of state*, from short-sighted, political motives; he was of opinion, that the public had as much right to a defence from the bar, as to a charge from the bench, to testimony from the witness-box, or to a verdict from the jury-box; and if Erskine had remained at the bar, the many political writers who have lately been prosecuted for libel, would not have been driven either to defend themselves in person, or to put their case in the hands of some young barrister, whose eyes the dazzling prospect of ministerial preferment had not yet blinded. Thus thought, and thus acted, Thomas Erskine: beloved by his friends, he was, for the short period of their political power, advanced to the highest judicial situation of this country; and, esteemed by the public, his name will live in their grateful remembrance as long as the liberty of the press shall be dear to them.

Sir Vicary Gibbs, the present Attorney-General and leading counsel at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, commenced his career, as it was fondly hoped, with the same professional principles as Erskine. The defence of Mr. Hardy for high treason first brought him into notice; and "the memory of the late *Vicary Gibbs, Esq.*" is still drunk, in sad silence, at the anniversary dinner for commemorating the acquittal of that defendant. But *Sir Vicary* has long preferred, to *defences* at the suit of the crown, a system of *prosecution*, which he has carried on to an extent, and with a vigilance, quite unprecedented in the annals of Attornies-General. *Sir Vicary* is a man of much poignant acuteness, and of very profound legal knowledge. His visage is angular, caustic, and care-worn: his smile appears a mask which sits but badly on him, but which he is nevertheless forced constantly to wear when he wishes to persuade, since otherwise he would not be able to conceal his spleen. His eloquence is painful and far-sought, and his commonest statements of facts abound with hesitations, and recommencements of his sentences in the hopes of greater fluency. He nevertheless details his cases with great perspicuity, and is particularly happy in making the conduct and language of his client's adversary appear ridiculous. He
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changes the tones of his voice with more effect than any man at the bar; and the fall of it, from a plain statement of his client's wrongs to a vituperative comment upon them, approaches to sublimity. In cross-examining witnesses, he never brow-beats, like Mr. Garrow, but ferrets out the truth from them in an insinuating manner, which is much more consistent with the behaviour of a gentleman and a barrister. The character of *gentleman* is, indeed, so indelibly impressed upon Sir Vicary Gibbs, both by education and habit, that I do not think his most adverse witness ever left the box with any other impression of his cross-examiner. And yet Sir Vicary's temper is notoriously fretful and overbearing towards attornies and his brethren at the bar; and Mr. Topping (a brother hasty and impatient, by the bye) told him the other day, in the words of Shakspeare, that "he bestrid the bar like a Colossus," and otherwise gave him a lesson, which his corrector hoped he would remember to the longest day of his life. Sir Vicary excels in reply; he then plays at his leisure with every manageable point in the cause, and strikes out fortifications of his case which his opening never dreamt of. I have known him slur his original statement so briefly, that had not his adversary, by calling witnesses, given him a right to reply, his duty to his client would have been completely sacrificed. Then, indeed, he has risen like a giant refreshed; and has by no means been merciful in the use of that giant's strength. Lord Folkestone had, therefore, excellent reason the other day, in his motion for a return of the number of *ex-officio* informations filed by the present Attorney-General, to complain that that officer's right to reply in such cases, gave him the power to keep back the weight of his accusation till the defendant had no opportunity of answering it. The first sentence of Sir Vicary's reply is always elaborate and elegant, both in idea and language, sometimes too recondite and scholastic, indeed, for an address to a jury of plain men; and this circumstance proves that Sir Vicary's speeches give as great pain to him in their composition, as they do to his audience in their delivery. They are always listened to, however, with attention and without disgust, and are often enlivened by quotation, an art in which he is particularly felicitous. With all his unpopularity, I never see Sir Vicary Gibbs rise from his seat, take off his spectacles, and either look towards the bench or the jury-box with his head in a gentle tremulous motion and his lips forcibly pressed together,—or look down upon his hand as he draws his glove on more tightly,—without expecting, unless it be directly to speak on a criminal information for libel, to be both edified and pleased: a point of law he puts in the clearest light in the world; and his opinions will always be quoted as those

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of an experienced and acute practitioner of his sublime* profession.

Wide of the talents of Sir Vicary Gibbs, as are the poles asunder, are those of *Mr. Garrow*, second in command at the same bar. This gentleman owes his popularity solely to a talent for intimidating and confounding false-witnesses, which every *gentleman* at the bar would much rather admire than possess. In order to screw out something like truth from the low and the profligate, *Mr. Garrow* puts himself upon a level with them at once, just as we give our servant a shilling to drink with our inferiors, from whom we wish to derive some information, which only they can give. The contrast is truly striking, when, after the Attorney-General, or any other *gentleman* at the bar, has been examining a witness with all his natural dignity, *Mr. Garrow* leans familiarly across the table, and begins, "So, Master Thompson; how long did this bit of a row happen after the plaintiff was tried for stealing that bay mare?"—thus artfully introducing any new matter he may have picked up, in order to prejudice his adverse party. *Mr. Garrow* never fails to talk to his witnesses in their own way, to meet them upon their own ground, to give them *slang* for *slang*. This at once frightens those who come prepared with a false story; the truth drops out involuntarily; and the witness goes away with the conviction how impossible it is to deceive *that Garrow*, for *he's up to snuff*. Of all the advantages which result from the *vide voce* examination of witnesses in our courts of law, there is none so great as that opportunity which the practice gives of letting a jury hear the tone of voice, and *manner*, of the witness, which are often far more important than the matter. To be convinced of this, we have only to attend to the different impressions which the same evidence produces upon the mind, when given directly from the witness-box, and when recapitulated or summed up from the judge's notes, or when drily repeated immediately after the witness by the examining counsel, as the custom is. *Mr. Garrow* has observed this; and, as far as the barrister's repetitions of the witness's answers go, how do you think he has remedied the evil? Why, by exactly imitating the witness's tone and manner, looking towards the jury as he does it, and perhaps over-colouring it to serve his purpose. The Attorney-General, *Mr. Serjeant Best*, and *Mr. Topping*, sometimes adopt this method, but nobody is so happy at it as *Mr. Garrow*. *Mr. Serjeant Shepherd's* deafness totally pre-

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* I do not use this epithet unadvisedly, and for the mere sake of rounding a period: it is my intention, in a future letter, to hazard a few ideas on the sublimity and poetical justice of the laws of England.

vents his having recourse to it; and junior counsel want courage to attempt it. As for Mr. Garrow, he is fearless of every failure, and is himself as bold as he intimidates others, his courage, like that of a bully, being, perhaps, partly to be attributed to that proportionate cause. He rises from his seat or resumes it,—addresses the jury or the witness,—talks to his brethren at the bar or to the attorneys,—precisely as if the whole justice-room were his own apartment, and seems to think himself lord of all but the “noble and learned judge upon the bench,” and, perhaps, the Attorney-General. The former he addresses, and of the latter he speaks, with a very proper sense of both their official and legal superiority to him; and, to do Mr. Garrow justice, he never ventures upon a point of law, of which not only he himself is completely master, but of which he does not make his hearers completely master, and very readily leaves special-pleading points to his junior counsel. As far as he goes, he is certainly a clear-headed man; and with the law of evidence he is thoroughly acquainted. But, with all Mr. Garrow’s utility in dirty actions, I congratulate the bar, that that gentleman has carried his *style* to an extreme, which has given his brethren a distaste for imitating it: I know nobody who attempts to do so but Mr. Park, and he has too much of the gentleman in his nature to succeed. The unwarrantable liberties, which Mr. Garrow has taken with male and even female witnesses of character, have pained many an honourable feeling, and have induced an aversion from becoming a public witness which must be very prejudicial to the cause of justice. With all my desire to succeed in my profession, I would not have Mr. Garrow’s talents for the world. I have lately observed in him, too, a contempt for every thing serious, a trifling with the misfortunes of others, and a disregard for their religious persuasions, which has by no means met with the approbation of his earthly judge, but which will, I hope, be looked upon with more compassion by his heavenly judge.

In speech-making, Mr. Garrow is happy only upon the lowest occasions, such as that of a horse-cause or an assault. He then “fights all the battles” of his cross-examinations “o’er again,” with undiminished skill and vigour; and the eloquence of Billingsgate is incontestibly his. He always amuses the jury, and often obtains their verdict. The scholar and the man of taste, however, are seldom gratified by the speeches of this “learned counsel:” in transactions of high life, he is as greatly out of his element, as Munden the actor would be in the character of *Lord Townley*: and I do believe, as the advocate was indeed himself conscious, that there is scarcely a man at the bar who could have stated the plaintiff’s case, in the late crim. con. action of *Doherty v. Wyatt*, worse than Mr. Garrow did.

Mr.

Mr. Garrow's countenance stands him in no stead: it is long and unmarked; eye-brows or eye-lashes he has none; and his eye is peculiarly leaden and unexpressive: he seems aware of this, and never affects to pierce a witness with its lightnings, as Sir Vicary Gibbs does, with a better right to do so; but he as often looks at the jury or the ceiling, when he asks a witness a question, as at the witness himself. This sometimes leads the latter to believe that the question is not addressed to him, and puts a poor devil off his guard as soon as any thing. Sir Vicary Gibbs himself has often recourse to this practice.

Mr. Alley, in what Mrs. Clarke's book (for *one truth*) called "his gingerbread speech," on Colonel Wardle's indictment of that lady and her upholsterers for a conspiracy, hoped, not very politely in Mr. Garrow's presence, that he should steer clear of the *Garroonian* quicksands: if by these he meant the vices, which I have feebly attempted to point out in that advocate's practice, I offer up the same wish on behalf of the whole bar.

The great dearth of talent *within* the bar of the Court of King's Bench, which the secession of Lord Erskine has occasioned, has brought into the third degree of practice in this Court, *for want of a better*, Mr. Park. This advocate is very well acquainted with the common routine of business, and is the author of the *Treatise on the Law of Insurance*. He is a painful and injudicious speaker; he presses every point alike, weak or strong, and upon all occasions says *all* he has gotten to say: he is never eloquent, except when he can lash himself into tears. He sadly fails in humour; and, as I have before hinted, falls short of Mr. Garrow in those qualifications which he has condescended to imitate from that powerful cross-examiner,—a warning, I hope, to all young barristers to be cautious how they copy what they had better not possess. Mr. Park is, however, a gentleman-like man, and is particularly courteous in his behaviour to the Bench.

If Mr. Park be eloquent only in tears, Mr. Topping, the next silk gown at this bar, is eloquent only in anger. He must be irritated before he become animated. He has lately given great satisfaction to the whole bar, by the quotation from Shakespeare, with which he *set down* the Attorney-General, and he has since quoted the same poet with success, upon the strength of it. Mr. Topping is understood to be a gentleman of considerable private property, for which I am very glad, since I do not think he will ever acquire a fortune at the bar.

Mr. Jekyll, Mr. Jervis, and Mr. Clarke, (he who so ably "bettered the instructions" of his great original, the Attorney-General, in the criminal information, at the last Lincoln assizes, against Mr. Drakard for the libel in the *Stamford News*, on mi-

litary flogging), the remaining three counsel within the bar of this Court, have so little London practice, that I am unable to form a judgment of their merits: but, upon some occasions, *Mr. Dallas*, *Mr. Wilson*, and *Mr. Dauncey*, of the Court of Exchequer, have come within this bar with better promise than they. The first of these gentlemen is Chief Justice of Chester, and the last two are eminent upon their respective circuits. I heard *Mr. Dallas* defend *Alexander Davison* and *Valentine Jones* with considerable pleasure: his manner is accomplished, his language elegant, and his eloquence, though heavy, in the best taste: he is a learned and an able advocate.

Behind the bar of the Court of King's Bench, the talent seems various and promising. The lawyers and scholars are numerous and acute: the men of eloquence are rarer. *Mr. Clifford's* defence of Messrs. *Hart* and *White*, for libel, was a most masterly and spirited piece of history and argument; and *Mr. Brougham* has very recently brought himself into great and deserved estimation, by his judicious and eloquent defence of Messrs. *Hunt*, and by his still more elaborate and beautiful one of *Mr. Drakard*, from a similar charge. The sanguine hail in him a second *Erskine*. *Mr. Adolphus* is fluent as an inexhaustible fountain; but his uninterrupted stream of words washes down his arguments in its course, and leaves our minds, at the end of his harangue, one smooth, blank sand. If I be not greatly mistaken, there is much more talent at, or coming to, the bar, and yet unknown to fame, than has ever coetaneously adorned the profession; and we may, therefore, yet hope, that the Court of King's Bench shall one day be again as strong as the Court of Common Pleas, to which it is at present decidedly inferior, and must be so as long as we have only the names of *Gibbs* and *Garrow* to oppose to those of *Cockell*, *Shepherd*, *Williams*, and *Best*. To these, and to the other eminent serjeants, I must refrain from introducing you till my next letter, having room in this only to tell you that I am,

My dear Friend, your's, &c.

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ART. XII.—*On the Inconveniences resulting from being hanged.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

SIR,

I am one of those unhappy persons whose misfortunes, it seems, do not entitle them to the benefit of pure pity. All that is bestowed upon me of that kindest alleviator of human miseries, comes dashed with a double portion of contempt. My griefs have nothing in them that is felt as sacred by the bystanders. Yet is my affliction in truth of the deepest grain. The heaviest task that was ever given to mortal patience to sustain. Time, that wears out all other sorrows, can never modify or soften mine. Here they must continue to gnaw, as long as that fatal mark——

Why was I ever born? Why was innocence in my person suffered to be branded with a stain which was appointed only for the blackest guilt? What had I done, or my parents, that a disgrace of mine should involve a whole posterity in infamy? I am almost tempted to believe, that, in some pre-existent state, crimes to which this sublunary life of mine hath been as much a stranger as the babe that is newly born into it, have drawn down upon me this vengeance, so disproportionate to my actions on this globe.

My brain sickens, and my bosom labours to be delivered of the weight that presses upon it, yet my conscious pen shrinks from the avowal. But out it must——

O, Mr. Reflector! guess at the wretch's misery who now writes this to you, when, with tears and burning blushes, he is obliged to confess, that he has been——

—HANGED—

Methinks I hear an involuntary exclamation burst from you, as your imagination presents to you fearful images of your correspondent unknown,—*hanged!*

Fear not, Mr. Editor. No disembodied spirit has the honour of addressing you. I am flesh and blood, an unfortunate system of bones, muscles, sinews, arteries, like yourself.

Then, I presume, you mean to be pleasant—That expression of yours, Mr. Correspondent, must be taken somehow in a metaphorical sense——

In the plainest sense, without trope or figure—Yes, Mr. Editor! this neck of mine has felt the fatal noose,—these hands have tremblingly held up the corroborative prayer-book,—these lips have sucked the moisture of the last consolatory orange,—

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this tongue has chaunted the doleful cantata which no performer was ever called upon to repeat,—this face has had the veiling night-cap drawn over it——

But for no crime of mine.—Far be it from me to arraign the justice of my country, which, though tardy, did at length recognise my innocence. It is not for me to reflect upon judge or jury, now that eleven years have elapsed since the erroneous sentence was pronounced. Men will always be fallible, and perhaps circumstances did appear at the time a little strong——

Suffice it to say, that after hanging four minutes, (as the spectators were pleased to compute it,—a man that is being strangled, I know from experience, has altogether a different measure of time from his friends who are breathing leisurely about him,—I suppose the minutes lengthen as time approaches eternity, in the same manner as the miles get longer as you travel northward—), after hanging four minutes, according to the best calculation of the bystanders, a reprieve came, and I was cut down——

Really I am ashamed of deforming your pages with these technical phrases—if I knew how to express my meaning shorter——

But to proceed.—My first care after I had been brought to myself by the usual methods, (those methods that are so interesting to the operator and his assistants, who are pretty numerous on such occasions,—but which no patient was ever desirous of undergoing a second time for the benefit of science), my first care was to provide myself with an enormous stock or cravat to hide the place—you understand me;—my next care was to procure a residence as distant as possible from that part of the country where I had suffered. For that reason I chose the metropolis, as the place where wounded honour (I had been told) could lurk with the least danger of exciting enquiry, and stigmatised innocence had the best chance of hiding her disgrace in a crowd. I sought out a new circle of acquaintance, and my circumstances happily enabling me to pursue my fancy in that respect, I endeavoured, by mingling in all the pleasures which the town affords, to efface the memory of what I had undergone.

But alas! such is the portentous and all-pervading chain of connection which links together the head and members of this great community, my scheme of lying perdu was defeated almost at the outset. A countryman of mine, whom a foolish law-suit had brought to town, by chance met me, and the secret was soon blazoned about.

In a short time, I found myself deserted by most of those who had been my intimate friends. Not that any guilt was supposed to attach to my character. My officious countryman, to do him justice, had been candid enough to explain my perfect innocence.

But,

But, somehow or other, there is a want of strong virtue in mankind. We have plenty of the softer instincts, but the heroic character is gone. How else can I account for it, that of all my numerous acquaintance, among whom I had the honour of ranking sundry persons of education, talents, and worth, scarcely here and there one or two could be found, who had the courage to associate with a man that had been hanged.

Those few who did not desert me altogether, were persons of strong but coarse minds; and from the absence of all delicacy in them I suffered almost as much as from the superabundance of a false species of it in the others. Those who stuck by me were the jokers, who thought themselves entitled by the fidelity which they had shewn towards me to use me with what familiarity they pleased. Many and unfeeling are the jests that I have suffered from these rude (because faithful) Achateses. As they past me in the streets, one would nod significantly to his companion and say, pointing to me, Smoke his cravat, and ask me if I had got a wen, that I was so solicitous to cover my neck. Another would enquire, What news from *** Assizes? (which you may guess, Mr. Editor, was the scene of my shame), and whether the Sessions was like to prove a maiden one? A third would offer to ensure me from drowning. A fourth would tease me with enquiries how I felt when I was swinging, whether I had not something like a blue flame dancing before my eyes? A fifth took a fancy never to call me any thing but *Lazarus*. And an eminent bookseller and publisher,---who, in his zeal to present the public with new facts, had he lived in those days, I am confident, would not have scrupled waiting upon the person himself last mentioned, at the most critical period of his existence, to solicit a *few facts relative to resuscitation*,---had the modesty to offer me guineas per sheet, if I would write, in his Magazine, a physiological account of my feelings upon coming to myself.

But these were evils which a moderate fortitude might have enabled me to struggle with. Alas! Mr. Editor, the women,---whose good graces I had always most assiduously cultivated, from whose softer minds I had hoped a more delicate and generous sympathy than I found in the men,---the women began to shun me---this was the unkindest blow of all.

But is it to be wondered at? How couldst thou imagine, wretchedest of beings, that that tender creature Seraphina would fling her pretty arms about that neck which previous circumstances had rendered infamous? That she would put up with the refuse of the rope, the leavings of the cord? Or that any analogy could subsist between the knot which binds true lovers, and the knot which ties malefactors?

I can forgive that pert baggage Flirtilla, who, when I complimented

mented her one day on the execution which her eyes had done, replied, that, to be sure, Mr. * * was a judge of those things. But from thy more exalted mind, Celestina, I expected a more unprejudiced decision.

The person whose true name I conceal under this appellation, of all the women that I was ever acquainted with, had the most manly turn of mind, which she had improved by reading and the best conversation. Her understanding was not more masculine than her manners and whole disposition were delicately and truly feminine. She was the daughter of an officer who had fallen in the service of his country, leaving his widow and Celestina, an only child, with a fortune sufficient to set them above want, but not to enable them to live in splendour. I had the mother's permission to pay my addresses to the young lady, and Celestina seemed to approve of my suit.

Often and often have I poured out my overcharged soul in the presence of Celestina, complaining of the hard and unfeeling prejudices of the world, and the sweet maid has again and again declared, that no irrational prejudice should hinder her from esteeming every man according to his intrinsic worth. Often has she repeated the consolatory assurance, that she could never consider as essentially ignominious an *accident*, which was indeed to be deprecated, but which might have happened to the most innocent of mankind. Then would she set forth some illustrious example, which her reading easily furnished, of a Phocion or a Socrates unjustly condemned; of a Raleigh or a Sir Thomas More, to whom late posterity had done justice; and by soothing my fancy with some such agreeable parallel, she would make me almost to triumph in my disgrace, and convert my shame into glory.

In such entertaining and instructive conversations the time passed on, till I importunately urged the mistress of my affections to name a day for our union. To this she obligingly consented, and I thought myself the happiest of mankind. But how was I surprised one morning on the receipt of the following billet from my charmer:—

SIR,

You must not impute it to levity, or to a worse failing, ingratitude, if, with anguish of heart, I feel myself compelled by irresistible arguments to recall a vow which I fear I made with too little consideration. I never can be yours. The reasons of my decision, which is final, are in my own breast, and you must everlastingly remain a stranger to them. Assure yourself that I can never cease to esteem you as I ought.

CELESTINA.

At

At the sight of this paper, I ran in frantic haste to Celestina's lodgings, where I learned, to my infinite mortification, that the mother and daughter were set off on a journey to a distant part of the country, to visit a relation, and were not expected to return in less than four months.

Stunned by this blow, which left me without the courage to solicit an explanation by letter, even if I had known where they were, (for the particular address was industriously concealed from me), I waited with impatience the termination of the period, in the vain hope that I might be permitted to have a chance of softening the harsh decision by a personal interview with Celestina after her return. But before three months were at an end, I learned, from the newspapers, that my beloved had—given her hand to another!

Heart-broken as I was, I was totally at a loss to account for the strange step which she had taken; and it was not till some years after that I learned the true reason from a female relation of hers, to whom it seems Celestina had confessed in confidence, that it was no demerit of mine that had caused her to break off the match so abruptly, nor any preference which she might feel for any other person, for she preferred me (she was pleased to say) to all mankind; but when she came to lay the matter closer to her heart, she found that she should never be able to bear the sight (I give you her very words as they were detailed to me by her relation) the sight of a man in a nightcap, who had appeared on a public platform, it would lead to such a disagreeable association of ideas! And to this punctilio I was sacrificed.

To pass over an infinite series of minor mortifications, to which this last and heaviest might well render me callous, behold me here, Mr. Editor! in the thirty-seventh year of my existence, (the twelfth, reckoning from my re-animation), cut off from all respectable connections, rejected by the fairer half of the community,—who in my case alone seem to have laid aside the characteristic pity of their sex; punished because I was once punished unjustly; suffering for no other reason than because I once had the misfortune to suffer without any cause at all. In no other country, I think, but this, could a man have been subject to such a life-long persecution, when once his innocence had been clearly established.

Had I crawled forth a rescued victim from the rack in the horrible dungeons of the Inquisition,—had I heaved myself up from a half bastinado in China, or been torn from the just-entering, ghastly impaling-stake in Barbary,—had I dropt alive from the knout in Russia, or come off with a gashed neck from the half-mortal, scarce-in-time-retracted scymetar of an executioneering
slaye

slave in Turkey,—I might have borne about the remnant of this frame (the mangled trophy of reprieved innocence) with credit to myself, in any of those barbarous countries. No scorn, at least, would have mingled with the pity (small as it might be) with which what was left of me would have been surveyed.

The singularity of my case has often led me to enquire into the reasons of the general levity with which the subject of hanging is treated as a topic in this country. I say as a topic: for let the very persons who speak so lightly of the thing at a distance be brought to view the real scene,—let the platform be bona fide exhibited, and the trembling culprit brought forth,—the case is changed: but as a topic of conversation, I appeal to the vulgar jokes which pass current in every street. But why mention them, when the politest authors have agreed in making use of this subject as a source of the ridiculous. Swift, and Pope, and Prior, are fond of recurring to it. Gay has built an entire drama upon this single foundation. The whole interest of the *Beggar's Opera* may be said to hang upon it. To such writers as Fielding and Smollet it is a perfect *bon bouche*.—Hear the facetious Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster*, describe the *Order of the Show at one of the Tyburn Executions* in his time:—"Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy flock in Newgate by eight. Doleful procession up Holborn Hill about eleven. Men handsome and proper that were never thought so before, which is some comfort however. Arrive at the fatal place by twelve. Burnt brandy, women, and sabbath-breaking, repented of. Some few penitential drops fall under the gallows. Sheriff's men, parson, pickpockets, criminals, all very busy. The last concluding peremptory psalm struck up. Show over by one."—In this sportive strain does this misguided wit think proper to play with a subject so serious, which yet he would hardly have done, if he had not known that there existed a predisposition in the habits of his unaccountable countrymen to consider the subject as a jest. But what shall we say to Shakspeare, who, (not to mention the solution which the *Gravedigger* in *Hamlet* gives of his fellow workman's problem), in that scene in *Measure for Measure*, where the *Clown* calls upon *Master Barnardine* to get up and be hanged, which he declines on the score of being sleepy, has actually gone out of his way to gratify this amiable propensity in his countrymen; for it is plain, from the use that was to be made of his head, and from *Abhorson's* asking, "Is the axe upon the block, Sirra?" that beheading, and not hanging, was the punishment to which *Barnardine* was destined. But Shakspeare knew that the axe and block were pregnant with no ludicrous images, and therefore falsified the historic truth of his

own drama (if I may so speak) rather than he would leave out such excellent matter for a jest as the suspending of a fellow-creature in mid air has been ever esteemed to be by Englishmen.

One reason why the ludicrous never fails to intrude itself into our contemplations upon this mode of death, I suppose to be, the absurd posture into which a man is thrown who is condemned to dance, as the vulgar delight to express it, upon nothing. To see him whisking and wavering in the air,

As the wind you know will wave a man; *

to behold the vacant carcase, from which the life is newly dislodged, shifting between earth and heaven, the sport of every gust; like a weathercock serving to shew from which point the wind blows; like a maukin, fit only to scare away birds; like a nest left to swing upon a bough when the bird is flown: these are uses to which we cannot without a mixture of spleen and contempt behold the human carcase reduced. We string up dogs, foxes, bats, moles, weasels. Man surely deserves a steadier death.

Another reason why the ludicrous associates more forcibly with this than with any other mode of punishment, I cannot help thinking to be, the senseless costume with which old prescription has thought fit to clothe the exit of malefactors in this country. Let a man do what he will to abstract from his imagination all idea of the whimsical, something of it will come across him when he contemplates the figure of a fellow-creature in the day-time (in however distressing a situation) in a nightcap. Whether it be that this nocturnal addition has something discordant with daylight, or that it is the dress which we are seen in at those times when we are "seen," as the Angel in Milton expresses it, "least wise;" this I am afraid will always be the case; unless indeed, as in my instance, some strong personal feeling overpower the ludicrous altogether. To me, when I reflect upon the train of misfortunes which have pursued me through life, owing to that accursed drapery, the cap presents as purely frightful an object as the sleeveless yellow coat and devil-painted mitre of the San Benitos.—An ancestor of mine, who suffered for his loyalty in the time of the civil wars, was so sensible of the truth of what I am here advancing, that on the morning of execution, no intreaties could prevail upon him to submit to the odious dishabille, as he called it, but he insisted upon wearing, and actually suffered in, the identical flowing periwig which he is painted in, in the gallery belonging to my uncle's seat in —shire.

Suffer

* Hieronimo in the Spanish tragedy.

Suffer me, Mr. Editor, before I quit the subject, to say a word or two respecting the minister of justice in this country ; in plain words, I mean the hangman. It has always appeared to me that, in the mode of inflicting capital punishments with us, there is too much of the ministry of the human hand. The guillotine, as performing its functions more of itself and sparing human agency, though a cruel and disgusting exhibition, in my mind, has many ways the advantage over *our way*. In beheading, indeed, as it was formerly practised in England, and in whipping to death, as is sometimes practised now, the hand of man is no doubt sufficiently busy ; but there is something less repugnant in these downright blows than in the officious barber-like ministrings of *the other*. To have a fellow with his hangman's hands fumbling about your collar, adjusting the thing as your valet would regulate your cravat, valuing himself on his menial dexterity——

I never shall forget meeting my rascal,—I mean the fellow who officiated for me,—in London last winter. I think I see him now,—in a waistcoat that had been mine,—smirking along as if he knew me——

In some parts of Germany, that fellow's office is by law declared infamous, and his posterity incapable of being ennobled. They have hereditary hangmen, or had at least, in the same manner as they had hereditary other great officers of state ; and the hangmen's families of two adjoining parishes intermarried with each other, to keep the breed entire. I wish something of the same kind were established in England.

But it is time to quit a subject which teems with disagreeable images——

Permit me to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,
Your unfortunate Friend,

PENSILIS.

ART. XIII.—*On the Responsibility of Members of Academies of Arts, and in Vindication of the late Professor Barry from the Aspersions of the Edinburgh Review.*

A DIALOGUE.

ACADEMICUS,—CRITO,—*Interlocutors.*

Crito. How slow is the progress of intellect ! How many academies has Europe seen instituted expressly for the advancement of art, and how many centuries have elapsed ere it has been discovered

covered that such institutions are injurious, or, at best, not conducive to their ostensible purposes.

Academicus. To repine at the slow progress of intellect, appears to be not very philosophical, since no man has thus accelerated its pace. Intellect may appear slow when measured by the vanity of human wishes, or viewed by the ardour of hope; yet reflection teaches us that it is sufficiently rapid for those inscrutable purposes of Providence, which, if we are able to apprehend, we cannot appreciate. But from whence have you drawn the inference respecting academies of art, which you appear to announce with such perfect conviction of its truth? As I cannot easily admit that such establishments are in their nature either useless or injurious, I must hope, Crito, were it only for your own sake, that you do not imagine yourself to be recording an epocha in our intellectual advancement.

Crito. It is chiefly the learned essay of your favourite Mr. R. P. Knight, and the *Edinburgh Review* for August last, that have satisfied my mind on the abstract question; nor do the histories of the foreign academies, or the reports of what passes in our own, furnish me with any practical and cogent argument of an opposite character.

Academicus. My favour does by no means extend to that gentleman's errors, or to those of the Reviewer. I have too much respect for their example. Yet much of what we cannot favour, we may easily pardon. If they should be mistaken here, those who are so often and so much in the right, may, in the ordinary indulgence that is sympathetically granted to the fallibility of human nature, be sometimes allowed to be a little in the wrong, without incurring the severity of censure:—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we ought to forgive those that trespass against us," say some of the old Greek copies of the Lord's Prayer.

Crito. I will reserve your apology, Academicus, lest you need it for yourself. At present it is your business to disprove, and not to apologize. It is surely in your recollection, that Voltaire and Rousseau, besides other philosophical writers of high character, are on the same side of the question with Mr. Knight and the Reviewer. To the former, academies were objects of successful ridicule; while the latter, without scruple or hesitation, affirms that they are no better than public schools of falsehood.

Academicus. The wretched state of the French schools, and not of fine art only, in the time of Rousseau, may well bear him out in the assertion; nor is it contradicted by what had resulted from the European academies of the preceding century: but your host of authorities, and the battery you have mounted on the rock of past experience, have effected no breach in my opinion. In the present stage of our argument, I can by no means en-
courage

courage you to promulgate the doctrines which you ascribe to Mr. Knight, the Edinburgh Reviewers, and the French philosophers. Surely, my friend, it is not for me to inform you, that on a subject of vital importance to the well-being of a civilized country, we should not place our reliance on authorities, however respectable, but examine, with strict attention to facts, the *rationale* of the question which may be at issue.—Few things contribute more to retard that intellectual march of which you have regretted the slowness, than implicit faith: whereas recurrence to high general principles can scarcely be too frequent, since it always invigorates lassitude, or confirms or encreases the strength of a rational enquirer; while, on the contrary, nothing contributes more to sanction error, than tame acquiescence in precedents and authorities.

Crito. Enough. You have satisfied me of the sufficiency of your reasons for enquiry. But you also have read my authorities, and I may therefore ask, without repeating them, do you deny the validity of Mr. Knight's and the Reviewer's reasoning, or do you disbelieve the facts, or assumptions, on which it is rested?

Academicus. I have read both Mr. Knight's essay and the Review of Barry's Life and Writings, and like you, have been no inattentive observer of recent proceedings in our own Royal Academy, yet I must frankly say, that your conviction, at least your conclusions, have not been mine. The leading facts which have been adduced, and to which I suppose you allude, are, (I believe), the academical inculcation of system; the consequent repression of individual sentiment or feeling in the artists who are members of academies; and the spirit of corporate pride and interest, which, at such institutions, has constantly been engendered and nourished, and which, in our own academy, led to the expulsion of Barry, and has shewn itself so conspicuously of late in the affair of Mr. Soane,

Crito. You have stated the leading assumptions very fairly. If you admit them, pray let us proceed with the general argument, and not allow our attention to wander to the cases of Messrs. Barry and Soane,—at least not for the present.

Academicus. Well then, (contenting myself, for the present, with this passing notice of the inconsistency of the Edinburgh Reviewer's commending the expulsion of this meritorious artist, and discommending the corporate spirit whence it proceeded), excepting that I do not agree with your authorities in their employment of the word "system," I admit these assumptions. My chief difference with the Reviewer, is on the ground that he has said too much, or not enough. Too much for the safe and prosperous continuance of public academies, and not enough for their reformation:

reformation: so as to lead his readers rather to infer that they ought not to be, than how they ought to be. Having ascertained the cause, or rather the leading symptoms, of the academic disease, the remedy should next have engaged his attention: whereas, you profess that he has led you to imagine it was incurable.—Now Mr. Knight himself by no means proceeds so far, for he says (in pp. 237, 238): “If academical science and precision can be united with feeling and sentiment, there is no doubt that the result would be a degree of perfection hitherto unknown to the art; and which *perhaps* the limited powers of human nature are not capable of reaching.” He next speaks of Annibal Caracci, as having united them in higher perfection than any other painter; and the paragraph throughout, is a piece of very sound and valuable criticism—save and except that men like you, who believe in the “progress of intellect,” will be apt to object that *perhaps* the limited powers of human nature *are* capable of reaching, at least of approximating toward, that degree of perfection in art which is here contemplated by Mr. Knight.

Crito. As far as I am concerned, you are welcome to be jocose. Your serious application of this passage in Mr. Knight's essay, is—

Academicus. Its chief value to my argument consists in its admission of the possibility of cultivating judgment and imagination together. The admission is bare and reluctant, I grant, but this very reluctance may perhaps increase our reliance on its honesty and truth: nor is it the less applicable here, if Mr. Knight be, as is reported, himself the Reviewer of the Life and Writings of Barry.

Crito. But the eclectic school, which originated with the Caracci, soon relapsed into atrophy, and in teaching its pupils to combine the merits of their great predecessors in art, taught them to repress original feeling. Under such circumstances, art soon degenerated to mechanism and mediocrity, the former of which is justly deprecated by our critical philosopher, and the latter emphatically termed by the Professor Fuseli “the cypher of art.” Such was the result of the practice, precepts, and academy, of the Caracci.

Academicus. True. The whole was an effectual recipe for taming the fine arts, most exactly administered. Yet, while I am scrutinizing symptoms, *Crito*, do not be too forward with your dictum of incurability. The Bolognese academy was ill-constituted: I meant not to deny this, but to shew you that when Mr. Knight talks of “system,” he means the inculcation of fashionable error, which commonly arises from the ascendancy of some favoured individual, and is not necessarily connected with such

such establishments as academies* of arts; and that he does not, as you have supposed, deny the practicability of constructing academies so that the original conceptions and feelings of each individual member may not be thwarted or repressed by any undue responsibility to the power, directed by the real or fancied interest, of the whole body.

When we recollect that all the royal, ducal, and papal academies of modern Europe, have been founded and established to gratify the taste or ambition, or please the fancy, of such of its rulers or their ministers as have been pleased to seem, or to become, patrons of the fine arts: without any calm or rational inquiry into the radical principles on which such establishments ought to be constituted; and, at the best, without other reference to the public advantage than happened to consist with the ignorant, or profound, notions, knowledge, or views, of such patrons respectively: in short, as a philosophical statesman would term it, without any *constitution*:—I say, when we recollect these unphilosophical commencements, as well as the consequences that have ensued, it is more consonant to reason, to infer generally, that academies have hitherto been ill-constituted, than that such establishments must necessarily be productive of more harm than good—I mean, when they are considered with reference to the progress of art and the improvement of the public taste.

Crito. But the European academies were doubtless all of them instituted and endowed for the advancement of the fine arts. This was the foundation, and the edifice rose accordingly.

Academicus. Yes, but *why*, and *how*, were the fine arts to be cultivated? First, were they to be cultivated for the advantage of the royal founders? For that of the artists who might become members of such academies? Or for that of the existing public and their posterity?

Crito. I suppose the royal founders to have had all these objects in view. It is but common liberality to take for granted that they meant to please themselves by benefiting both the artists and the public; and, if you will, to gild with brighter radiance the glories of their several reigns;—for this is an honourable and laudable species of ambition, to which I am sure you will not, and cannot, object.

Academicus. Far from it. But the two motives, which you presume,

* Seneca and Lucan as certainly corrupted the taste of the Romans, though not members of academies, as Coppel or Boucher have in their turn set the fashion to the French.

presume, and which I am ready to allow, to have existed in the minds of the royal patrons, cannot both be *principal* objects. If subordination of parts be ever indispensable—be at once the bond and beauty of human institutions (to which position, if I might use your own phrase, you will not and cannot object,) it must exist here. One of these purposes must be proposed to be subject to the other. One must be paramount and principal, and the other result but as a corollary or necessary consequence.

Crito. If it result as a necessary consequence, is it not idle theory to seem to care about what must be a matter of perfect indifference?

Academicus. No. And it is on account of the practical consequences, that I think it worthy of dispute or ascertainment; for if the advantage of the academicians be the principal object, and the laws of the institution are framed accordingly, that corporate spirit which the critics very justly deprecate, will infallibly be raised by a charm so potent; and this spirit is, in my opinion, no less than in that of Mr. Knight, the very academical devil with which the arts of Christendom have ever been cursed,—the torment and bane both of individual genius and public advantage,—and the destroyer of all legitimate responsibility between the artist and those for whom art is exercised. Whereas, if the public good be the paramount object, and the laws be framed thereto, the efforts, of whatever kind, of each individual artist who may become a member of such academy, will be free and unrestrained; not influenced by fear in any of its modifications, but guided by hope, the parent of that enthusiasm without which no artist has soared far above his fellows. Under such a dispensation of things, the feelings, and practice, and opinions, of every artist, becomes an affair between his judges and patrons among the public, and himself; as entirely as pure religion is an affair between man and his Creator.

Crito. In one point, at least, we are agreed. We have discovered, through his specious disguise, the academical devil,—the prime cause of the sins of art.

Academicus. I think society at large is much indebted to the Reviewers, for so undauntedly and clearly pointing him out: but if at the touch of our Edinburgh *Ithuriel* he stands revealed, why should he not be expelled from the paradise of taste?

Crito. You are perhaps prepared with some powerful exorcism, or you think that the golden scales being hung out, the fiend will depart?—You already know my opinion. The abolition of public academies would certainly effect this purpose.

Academicus. The beauty of poetic metaphor does but too often seduce and lead us astray. Let us quit these flowery paths. Neither Mr. Knight, nor you, *Crito*, would for these reasons agree

to abolish the Royal, or the Dilletanti, Society; yet these, and indeed all small societies, are possessed by this corporate spirit, if not by the desire of rendering popular and fashionable, the hypotheses of such of their members as have obtained ascendancy. I grant you that all are not in an equal degree animated by this selfish principle, and while commercial bodies are, and are allowed to be, obedient to it, and to it alone, a society of professors of the liberal arts may claim exemption from its influence, and have its claims allowed, more readily, perhaps, than a society of any other description.

Crito. Why?

Academicus. Because of the necessary existence in such a society of the principle of individual competition. Because each artist, in his every performance, makes a separate appeal from his own talent to the public taste, unconnected with his associates, and *should* take on himself the entire responsibility, as well as receive the just reward, of what he does. In all our political, and in all our philosophical, reasonings, *power* and *responsibility* are justly held to be inseparable; and each member of such an establishment as an academy of arts, says or thinks, with Cowper,—

“My mind to me a kingdom is,”

and is responsible only to the public for his administration of its government.

Crito. But, my dear Academicus, are you not reasoning in a circle? *Your* mind has performed a revolution, and has now, unless my powers of perception deceive me, returned to that very point in its orbit where our conversation began. If academies should be raised upon the foundation of individual competition and responsibility, and unrestrained freedom of sentiment and conduct, what occasion for such establishments at all?

Academicus. A very fair objection, certainly. There would be no occasion for such establishments as academies of art, if there remained not some principle of community of benefit which might be enjoyed without trenching on these, combined with some important advantage to the public. But that such advantages would remain, I of course presume. In our own Royal Academy, for example, (which I instance because it is most within the reach of your observation), there is the annual exhibition, of which the public and the artists individually have at once the benefit; and which is in fact the proper local, academical, manifestation of the advantages of competition / or public favour, where the talents of the artists are severally compared and appreciated, by each other and by the public at large; and where each should receive his fair portion of honour and reward. There are the

the advantages of oral intercourse among its members. The academy, moreover, contains a school for the instruction of students, and one of the modes of instruction prescribed by the laws of the institution, is by means of lectures, which the professors deliver publicly, and which should be of great value in forming and improving the taste of the British public, as well as that of the students. All of these objects are perfectly compatible with the existence of the principles which I have laid down, and none of them can be seen and enjoyed in purity and perfection, if their lustre be tarnished by the breath of corporate selfishness.

Crito. How your favourite principles are, or have been, trenced upon, I do not very well understand. No corporate power in our academy, or in any academy that I ever heard of, dictates what its members individually shall sculpture or paint, or the taste in which our public edifices shall be erected.

Academicus. No. So gross a dereliction of independent principle would be too obvious, and is therefore not easily practicable. But the Council for the time being, can, after such works are performed, exclude such as it pleases from the public exhibition; can surround and contrast their own pictures with tumpety productions, while they shut out works of superior merit; and, it should seem, can, when it pleases, eclipse the judgment of any of the academical Professors, by interposing itself. A picture by Mr. West was on one occasion excluded, because, forsooth, it was an altered picture; the same identical sheet of canvas, as it was pretended, having made its appearance in a former exhibition: at another time, a meritorious picture by Hone was excluded on account of its containing a sarcasm upon certain academicians; an exposure of their plagiarisms—there was the rub! And now it appears that Mr. Professor Soane may not (on the strength of his own responsibility) take his architectural illustrations from the works of any living member of the Royal Academy, however pertinent he might find them to the purposes of practical instruction.

I offer you these as instances of that corporate pride and irresponsible selfishness of which the Reviewer complains, arbitrarily interposing itself between the light emanating from the efforts of individual artists and the public at large. It is a modification of the same pride and power, craftily obtained and wielded by some favoured artist, that gives rise to fashion in art, of which the French academy furnishes such suffocating examples.

Hence it appears, that though the symptoms of the academic disease are principally two, as pointed out by the Reviewer,—namely, the prevalence of corporate selfishness, and the repression of individual feeling,—the disease itself, though alas! it be

near the heart, is but one,—namely, an *obstruction* between the exercise of power, and public responsibility.

Now, if no artist ever became great in his profession who tamely adopted the observations, thoughts, and feelings, of others, instead of thinking and feeling for himself, does it not follow, that though in forming associations of artists, toleration should be cherished, yet that the principle for which I contend, should be held sacred and inviolate? and since not every professor,—on the contrary, I fear, but very few,—in lecturing, will impart to his auditory the whole of what he knows, and thinks, and feels, of his art; since but few minds are so disinterestedly pure as generously to disclose the secrets they have discovered by long research, and the feelings they have caught in their flights of rapture, or moments of calm converse with nature; since the general bearing of the commercial stage of society at which we are arrived, does but promote this natural repugnance to sharing our attainments, or mental property, with the community at large;—in such a state of things, my friend, to take away his public responsibility from the individual lecturer—What is it but to snatch from him his glorious meed of perishable recompense for which he has striven and conquered in the race? What is it but to destroy that noble and disinterested tone of mind, which you should seek to strengthen?

Crito. Perhaps, Academicus, you are going a little too near the regions of rhapsody for the tone of calm and cool discussion. Your meaning is, simply, that academical legislators should put in operation some motive more powerful than pecuniary reward, as an additional stimulus to the call of duty in such a case.—As a general principle, this may not be objectionable. I do not at present see that it is: but what if any Professor, or other academical officer, from mistake, or any worse motive, inculcate erroneous doctrines to the students;—if in our London schools, for instance, Mr. Professor Turner were to lay down false principles of perspective, or Mr. Soane pitch upon an unfortunate illustration;—are not the corporate body, or the Council for the time being, in such a case to interfere? Is any man to be invested with the privilege and the power of misleading both the students in art, and that public for whom you say academies are instituted? And who should know better to detect and restrain such aberrations, than the corporate body, or effective government of the corporate body, of which he is but a single member?

Academicus. This may justly be regarded as a critical point in our controversy, and I cannot but approve of your bringing it forward. My answer is, that with their counsel or advice, as one friend to another, they may interfere, but not in the first re-

sort,

sort, with their corporate authority. Few Professors, whether in a matter of taste and feeling, or of demonstration, would choose, or would be able, to persist in opposing themselves, or maintaining their doctrines, even against this—an host of sympathies would rise up to prevent him—unless he had the strongest reason to believe that he had truth on his side and should finally prevail in the controversy: and here I must make what might be deemed a concession in logic, for I do not agree with our friend Mr. Knight, that truth is that which every man individually thinks; but that of which he is able to convince others; or, to speak more according to the ancient simplicity of the English tongue, that which he trows will be trowed by the generality of other men when in possession of the same data with himself. Should this fail, which however it rarely will, in reconciling an honest difference, in which passion and interest have no share, I will frankly confess, that in the subsequent resorts I know of no other appeal than from the temporary executive government to the whole corporate body of the academy, (provided that body does not absolutely want a head), and from thence to the tribunal of the public at large: but, in either of these cases, the corporate *power* should not be attempted to be arbitrarily employed, and in either or both of them, the investigation or trial of the opposite principles laid down by the contending parties, should be public, (academies, you will recollect, being instituted for the public), and the condemnation or expulsion of the Professor, should follow but in extreme cases, and the very last resort.

It was the violation of this first maxim of English jurisprudence, that trial,—public trial, and conviction by our peers before a competent tribunal,—should precede public punishment, that Barry (who was refused even a copy of his indictment) complained of, and in my opinion justly.

After all, the adversaries in such a case can but, in the lawyer's phrase, put off the trial for a term. The hour of justice will come, and come from the public, in which case public devotion in the professor, if he finally turn out to be in the right, will be proportionably respected.

Lofty efforts of virtuous principle may, in a selfish age, be disputed or branded as romantic, because by the selfish they are unfelt, but will not be denied or doubted by the learned and disinterested. That men have lived and died for the public, in the best ages of Greece and Rome, is incontestable. Yet, with the noblest energies of our nature stultified under a dispensation which has sought to identify the happiness of the nation, as well as that of individuals, with their nominal commercial gains, we cannot soon expect that every Englishman will shew himself a Curtius or a Regulus, or every artist devote himself to the invention and gra-

tultous production of such a series of pictures as Barry,—the *misanthrope*, “*whose heart NATURE had armed with hostile and malignant passions against all his fellow-creatures,*”—has painted in honour of human culture. Yet, at least in our friendly discussions, and in the construction of our academies of art, let us not bar the possibility of such devotion. Let, at least, the channels be open between individual exertion and devotion, and the public good :—

Though Av'rice bar her iron tower
Build we for Art a tiarell'd bower.

Crito. I must still beg to enter my protest, particularly as you now appear to speak with reference to recent academical occurrences, against every individual manifestation of a singular opinion, being regarded as a sacrifice to the public. If an academician hold an opinion, or promulgate a professional doctrine, opposite to that of the majority of the society of which he is a member, I must still be allowed to think, the presumption is against the rectitude of his opinion ; and you are not to call such singularity, public devotion.

Academicus. The presumption may be against him, and the majority may be against him, and yet he may be in the right. In all arts and sciences, it has ever been found, that a few minds of men of genius went far before the rest ; indeed, so far before, that those who were behind either could not discern the same objects, or saw them but dubiously, and perhaps discoloured and deformed, through the dense medium exhaled from the corruptions of selfishness. It has been well-observed by Mr. Coleridge, that great men, even when they live under the most favourable circumstances, never receive more during their lives, than a small earnest compared with the total of their fame : nor does the remainder descend to their posterity. And we may say of our deceased painters, Reynolds, Barry, Wilson, and Gainsborough, as he has said of Shakspeare and Milton, that their glory is but beginning to radiate.—Again, *Crito*, men of genius, as you know, have often been persecuted during their lives, on account of those very discoveries which afterwards became the foundation of their fame. It is almost trite to remark these facts ; but, were not the theories of Newton disputed by contemporary philosophers ? Was not Galileo imprisoned by the corporate spirit of the priesthood, and compelled to abjure the truth on his knees ? And was not Socrates, as your Athenian namesake bears witness, sacrificed for differing with certain corporate fraternities ?—All of these are since known to have been in the right. Intellectually speaking, posterity has avenged them, and posterity is no other than a continuation of the public at large, which, sooner or later, always renders

renders impartial justice. The trials of these great men, or rather those of the corporations who robbed and murdered them, were but put off for a term; somewhat longer indeed (as Mr. Shandy would say) than is the practice in our courts of equity, yet still, but put off.

Such has been the prevalence, for a time, of interested corporate societies, and such the consequence of intolerance barring up the way between individual genius and society at large. It may seem droll, but so great has been this infatuation at some periods of time, and under certain circumstances, that even blind men have formed themselves into societies, bound by the compact of mutual interest and mutual sympathy, and aimed at controuling those who could see. I recollect two instances of this; in one of which they went so far as to expel, under very peculiar circumstances, a member whom they suspected had some glimmering of eye-sight; and in the other to issue their peremptory decisions respecting colours.

Crito. Indeed!—I well remember the enquiry of the poet:—

“What can we reason but from what we know?”

Yet, if these persons had once been able to see, they must have been conscious of their own blindness, and consequently of the absurdity of controuling those who were not blind. I can more easily imagine this of mental blindness, than of that of the corporeal sense. Unless, therefore, you are talking figuratively, your proposed illustration seems, in its nature, less credible than that which it should render clear: still, if you are *not* talking figuratively, I should like to hear what were the instances of which you boast the knowledge?

Academicus. In one of my instances, I boast no more than such knowledge as casual reading has chanced to throw in my way: the other I had from an inhabitant of Blackheath who probably knew the fact which he related: but you shall hear. I'll read you the former from my pocket common-place book:—

“Whoever seeks after truth, will run the risque of being persecuted. Must we then remain idle in darkness? or must we light a flambeau at which envy and calumny will rekindle their torches? For my part,” (it is Voltaire who speaks), “I think that truth should no more be hidden before these monsters, than we should abstain from taking nourishment lest we should be poisoned.

“In the beginning of the foundation of a certain hospital or alms-house for the blind, we know that the pensioners reasoned perfectly well upon four of the senses, that is to say, they knew every thing that is allowed to be known, and they lived peaceably and fortunately; as much so, at least, as blind people could do.

Unhappily one of the members pretended to have clear ideas with regard to sight: being of specious and plausible manners, he intrigued, formed a little select council, and at length was acknowledged for the chief of the community, so that nobody dared oppose him. He set up for a sovereign judge of colours, and all was lost.—He decided that all the inhabitants of the *Quinze Vingt* were dressed in white: the blind believed him; they talked of nothing but their fine white clothes, though there was not a single vestment of that colour. All the world laughed at them, and they went and complained to the dictator, who gave them a very ill reception; he treated them as innovators, free-thinkers, rebels, who had let themselves be seduced by erroneous opinions, and who dared to doubt of the infallibility of their master. This quarrel however produced two parties.

“The dictator, to appease them, issued an arret, according to which all their clothes were red. There was not a single garment in the *Quinze Vingt* which was of that colour. Fresh complaints arose among the community. The dictator entered in a rage, the other blind were equally irritated; a battle ensued, which lasted a long while, and peace was not restored till all the members of the society were allowed their own judgment with respect to the colour of their dress.

“A deaf man, reading this short history, acknowledged that these blind people were wrong in judging of colours, but continued firmly of opinion, that such as he were the only proper judges of music.”

Crito. Laughable enough to be sure. Voltaire was a facetious wag, and had a rich vein of sarcastic——

Academicus. And, unhappily, true enough, analogically speaking: and but too serious in its general consequences.—My other anecdote is of a club of blind Greenwich pensioners, who at stated seasons met and whiled away their time most lovingly over their grog. It happened one summer's day, that the blind veterans agreed, after taking their allowance, to walk forth and sun themselves, and arriving at a part of Blackheath where the roads intersect each other, one of them suddenly called to his companions to bear away on the starboard tack, for that two carriages were coming, at full speed, in different directions. This set fire at once to the corporate spirit, and it blazed forth in a vote of expulsion, without mercy or appeal, at their next club-night.

To return to our argument, and to allude, if you will now permit me, to its practical bearing upon the proceedings of our own Royal Academy,—I do not see with what pretensions to reason and consistency, the Edinburgh Reviewer can talk so loudly against the corporate spirit of academies, while he com-
mends

mends our own for such palpable manifestations of corporate spirit as we behold in the expulsion of Barry, and the present suspension of Mr. Soane's lectures; or commend the expulsion, while he discommends the selfish spirit. The flimsy veil which he flings over the former transaction, neither hides nor reconciles these inconsistencies. I am surprised that so intelligent a writer should venture it, or rather that he should thus be able to delude himself; for I am far from supposing that he intended to delude others. Barry was right, nor has the Reviewer attempted to prove him wrong, in his assertion that the Professor of painting could much more effectually have instructed the students, with a few pictures of high character and merits before their eyes, than in exemplifying his precepts by allusions to such great works of art, as could at that time only have been seen in Italy, and whose merits could be known to students here, only from engravings and report; and though it be true, (as the Edinburgh critic states), that "Georgione, Titian, and Corregio, had no models for imitation in colouring, but those of Nature," yet if painting bear any analogy to other arts; if the attainments of one generation can in any degree be made rudimental to another; or if cultivation, so much talked of, be at all practicable, then it is clear, that with the finest works of those masters, and nature also before the eyes of the students, the professor may facilitate their studies.—Who has yet been found to deny this? Even the Reviewer himself, inadvertently as it should seem, admits it, for he states, (in p. 315), that "a public collection of genuine and well preserved works of the best old masters, may be of great and essential service in forming and sustaining the public taste," and if the public taste, certainly the taste of students, under the guidance of an able professor, who would take care that "the defects of injury or decay" should not be confounded with the merits of the painters. Indeed, were the case otherwise, "the gentlemen who with such liberal views and beneficent intentions have associated themselves to promote the arts in the united kingdom," and Mr. Knight among the rest, were uselessly engaged in hanging the walls of the British Institution for one half of the year, with the finest works of the old masters which can be found in their several collections.

Dismissing that part of our argument respecting academies of art, which is of a general nature, I cannot but think the Edinburgh critic is more than ungenerous towards the deceased artist who is the ostensible subject of his criticism. He is, in my opinion, unnecessarily and unjustly severe, and I wish we had time remaining to follow him step by step over this ground; but as that cannot at present be, I shall just touch upon a few points.

It has been said that Death opens the portals of fame, and
shuts

shuts the gates of envy, but we may truly say that here the adage is reversed.

To overlook the merits of Barry's *Grecian Harvest-Home*—in particular, to pass silently by the principal dancing female, who called forth the spontaneous admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and dwell only on the flowers and peacock, which are merely accessories, and meant to be of trifling importance, appears at least as reprehensible as Barry's overlooking, if he did overlook, the peacock of Rembrandt in the Palace of Turin. Yet we are not to conclude that he, any more than the Reviewer, absolutely overlooked all that he has not imitated or mentioned. The critic here remarks, that "there is no mask under which ignorance, indolence, and incapacity, are so apt to hide themselves, as that of excessive fastidiousness and refinement of taste." I shall not retort this; and need not say that the reproaches of indolence, ignorance, and incapacity, cannot attach to our artist. I shall only remark, that Rembrandt and Barry were both extraordinary painters, but of totally distinct characters, and Barry is no more to be reprehended for not being Rembrandt, than Rembrandt is to be blamed for not being Barry.

Barry is next blamed for despising portrait-painting, notwithstanding that he had himself discovered its great use to Raphael, in his pictures of the *School of Athens* and *Dispute of the Sacrament*. Now it is very difficult to suppose he would, or could, have imparted this discovery to others, as he did in his lectures, without having felt it himself; and that he was sensible that to paint portraits well required talents, though of an inferior order to those of the painter of poetry and history, may be inferred from what he puts into the mouth of an ideal Athenian, whom he has represented as reprehending Pope for his injudicious praise of Jervoise. This Athenian doubtless speaks Barry's own sentiments, when he says, "I am not so unreasonable as to look for any judicious selection or ideal beauty in the portrait of an individual; these are, I well know, reserved for the more sublime pursuits of geniuses of an higher order, whom alone we speak of and praise, when we think of eminence in the arts: but, to descend to those portrait makers, which so ridiculously occupy so much of the time and attention of you Englishmen, even to execute in a becoming manner this branch of the art, requires a subordinate and inferior skill of its own; every individual being a system within itself, composed of," &c. &c.

I quote this passage, because it serves to mark the degree of inferior estimation in which Barry held portrait-painting, when put in competition with the pursuits of an artist who invents his own subjects, or paints them from poetry or history. I conceive too, that other reasons than those which the critic has adduced, may

may be offered for his bestowing on his own portraits their local peculiarities of dress. If it be proper,—and if Sir Joshua, in painting the living, with whose features we are familiarly acquainted, thought it necessary,—to attend to the localities of time and place; or if this great painter, whom the critic justly venerates, did not deem it proper to dissociate them from the subjects of his pencil, how or why should they be dispensed with in representing those with whose features we are far less acquainted? Sir Walter Raleigh, for example, (whom the Reviewer has instanced), the features of whose face would be as rarely known without his hat and feather, as his hat and feather without his face. The same may be said of William Penn in his quaker's dress, whom the Reviewer has also brought forward. If the dress and the wearer are identified in the public mind, they should not, in my opinion, be separated even in a picture of Elysium; and in this practice the painter is countenanced by the example of the highest classic authorities, the heroes of Homer and Virgil, as well as those of Barry, retaining in Elysium their mortal and earthly peculiarities of dress and manner.—Ajax, for example, of whom the poet says, on the approach of Ulysses,—

“ O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw.”

How else, indeed, could a painter bring together an assemblage of the great of all ages and nations? or sufficiently discriminate his real from his ideal personages?

It is no more necessary to deny than to assert, of such an artist as Barry, (what must however have been allowed if it had been necessary), that his portraits are inferior to his poetical and historical heads: yet, that he did sometimes practise portrait-painting as an accessory study, and successfully too, the head of Dr. Johnson, which has lately been engraven by Anker Smith; and his very characteristic portrait of his friend and patron Edmund Burke in the art of speaking, which certainly ought also to be engraven, sufficiently testify.—This latter portrait is truly that of an orator. I mention it the rather, because those who read only the *Edinburgh Review* might be led to suppose it was never painted.

The reluctance of our artist to paint Mr. Burke's portrait is, however, but too evident. His biographer charitably calls this reluctance, a whim: his critic uncharitably ascribes it to that worst of vices, ingratitude. Whatever was the real cause of the delay, Barry's subsequent as well as prior acknowledgments of favours received from this kind and sincere friend are so ample, as to set the reproach of ingratitude at a great distance. His letters from abroad teem with such acknowledgments, nor is his
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public profession of gratitude less ample, or less warm. In his account of the fifth of his series of pictures on Intellectual Culture, pp. 76, 77, we read:—"Further on is his Grace the Duke of Richmond, and near him is my former friend and patron, Edmund Burke, Esq. To the conversation of this truly great man, I am proud to acknowledge that I owe the best part of my education. Providence threw me early in his way; and if my talents and capacity had been better, the public might have derived much satisfaction and some credit from the pains he bestowed upon me: it was he that maintained me whilst I was abroad during my studies; and he did not discontinue his very salutary attentions until my return, when it might be supposed I could no longer stand in any need of them."

It might, indeed, be still objected by a fastidious writer, that perhaps our artist was warm only in words; but of him who has shewn himself capable of so much public devotion, this would be hard to say, and probably still harder to prove.

In his next page the critic says, that "for his own great genius Barry was so satisfied that a large space of canvas was necessary, that he declined two offers for painting a subject which he professes to have had very much at heart, because neither of them came up to his dimensions. The clumsiness indeed of his finishing and the heaviness of his execution, would have ill borne inspection on a small scale; but of this he does not appear to have been sensible; having probably imbibed at an early age, from the celebrated work of his patron, a notion which he ever after pertinaciously retained, that greatness of size and extent of space are necessary to greatness of character and effect:"—and in p. 320, he reiterates the same sentiments. I cannot but wish, however, that before the Reviewer had written these passages, he had looked at the smaller cabinet pictures which Barry painted in the meridian of life, while his hand and his eye were yet firm and steady, and his mind not suffering under accumulated opposition and neglect. Of these I do not profess to have seen more than two, yet more were probably painted, if our artist had really amassed half the sum which the Reviewer reports; and one of these,—*Venus lamenting the Death of Adonis*,—he unfortunately impaired by repainting the sky and otherwise touching upon it, towards the close of his life. The other, which is a simple and highly poetical composition, of which the subject is the *Invention of the Lyre*, has suffered a little in the sky and in the head of the Cupid, apparently from the same cause, but the figures, more especially that of Mercury, are quite "sufficiently accurate in form to bear near inspection," and to shew the powers Barry possessed at a time when his critic was perhaps abroad mourning over the ulcerated

ulcerated foot of his Philoctetes, or seeking for that merit in modern art and those objects of patronage, which he could not perceive at home.

Further, he says that "the biographer has not mentioned the amount of what Barry had amassed, namely, upwards of 2700*l*." but we should bear in mind that this is only anonymous assertion, and it is much to be suspected that the critic has been misinformed upon this, as well as on some other points. It is upon record, that his two exhibitions produced him only 503*l* 12*s*., and that, including this sum and what he received in the way of subscriptions for his prints, he had "deposited in the funds only 700*l*., to which he never afterwards made any great addition." (See *Life of Barry*, pp. 273, 278).—Indeed, when his gratuitous devotion for so many years to his great work at the Adelphi, and the other leading circumstances of his life are considered, how could Barry have amassed 2700*l*. in addition to what it must have cost him for house-rent and taxes,—food and cloathing being (if it will accommodate the Reviewer's estimates) put entirely out of the question, as he so nearly starved and so nearly went naked?

Respecting the anonymous letter, of which the Reviewer says, "the good effect which it might otherwise have had, seems to have been interrupted and frustrated by the extravagant and indiscriminate praise of admiring ignorance," it assuredly was not written by Mr. Burke, and I think there is internal as well as external evidence which would go far towards shewing that it was written by Mr. Knight himself. I am sure that he knows very well who did write it, because he franked it, and as there was scarcely any other English gentleman who could at that time have written that letter, I should have little hesitation in ascribing it to him, did it not seem to belye what are generally understood to be Mr. Knight's present leading sentiments of Barry. It begins—

"SIR,—As you have submitted your works to public inspection before they are finished, in order to avail yourself of any observations which may be made upon them, I conclude that any individual who offers you his opinion generally and in detail, and his reasons for entertaining that opinion, will not only do you a real service, but likewise act towards you with that kindness and civility which it becomes every member of the community to observe towards a man who has certainly laboured with very meritorious zeal and industry to serve it. This all must allow, whatever their opinion may be of your success, though I think there can hardly be two opinions concerning your work, considered generally and with relation to its main design. It certainly surpasses any work which has been executed within these two centuries, and considering the difficulties with which the artist had to struggle,

struggle, any that is now extant. As I flatter myself that these difficulties are now at an end, I shall consider the work, abstractedly from them, as a *great effort of modern art*, which, from its splendid and *substantial merits*, is likely to have a great influence upon the taste of the times, and, in this light, is of general importance, and demands the attention of every individual to contribute as much as he can to render it perfect; for it is well known, that trivial errors are of great consequence in great men and great works; for those imitators who cannot reach their merits will surpass their faults."

The "praise of admiring ignorance" certainly could not much exceed this; and as Barry was more proud than vain, somewhat fastidious as to the praise he accepted, and well able to discriminate between admiring ignorance and approving knowledge, I do not see with what justice the Reviewer can assert that the good effects which this anonymous letter might otherwise have had, were frustrated by admiring ignorance.

But, in common fairness, the Reviewer should also have adverted to Barry's manly answer to this long and well-written, and well-studied, anonymous letter; from which answer it clearly appears, that the argument about frustration is altogether irrelevant, (even if we could suppose the Reviewer knew of the Earl of Aldborough's generous letter at the time when it was written), and that our artist ardently desired to discuss principle with the anonymous writer, who himself flinched from the discussion. But I will read to you the concluding paragraph of his answer, which will enable you to judge for yourself:—

—"There are many reasons which at present induce me to decline stating the particulars I wish to discuss with you: one is, that it would take up too much time, and I do not love writing, particularly to an anonymous correspondent. But whoever you are, if you will favour me with a meeting, I shall take it kindly, and we will talk over these matters to what extent you please. Do not deny me this pleasure; there is something about you that might be of much advantage to me, and which amicable conversation only could extract. My great and indeed only object is, to weed out whatever faults and to possess whatever excellence I can. I see plainly you might assist me in it, and therefore you ought to do it; and if I shall not be able to make you any suitable returns for your attention and trouble, it will not be from the want of inclination and endeavours to attempt it; but if, unhappily, you should refuse me the pleasure of conversing with you, yet at least continue your observations, as well on my pictures as on my opinions; throw aside all intention of unnecessary controversy,

controversy, and endeavour to make your remarks more immediately pertinent, and adapted to supply the deficiencies of my performance. I shall adopt whatever brings conviction with it; and though I may make no use of the rest, yet, from the specimens you have already given, I propose to myself no small pleasure in the perusal."

From hence it is evident, that the fear, or the self-sufficiency, or whatever other motive you please, which prevented a meeting from which the best consequences might have resulted, both to practical art and the public taste, are not to be imputed to the painter of the Adelpi pictures.

Finally, my friend,—for we must soon separate,—Barry, in my estimation and in the words of his own *Lear*,—another meritorious work which the Reviewer has passed over in silence,—was "a man more sinned against than sinning." What his critic terms his morbid vanity, turbulent passions, and obstinate pride, I should rather call the ardour of a generous professional ambition heated to agitation by unmerited opposition and disappointment. He was an enthusiast in the poetry of his art, and felt his enthusiasm, which he might well believe honest and laudable, checked and chained to the earth by those who ought perhaps to have assisted its flights. Under such circumstances, if his energies rolled back upon his heart, and there becoming stagnant and corrupt, engendered those monstrous chimeras which certainly did disturb his imagination and embitter his existence, it cannot be wondered at, and is surely rather to be deplored than execrated. He should now, in candour, be judged rather by the dimensions of his merits, than by his freedom from defects.

Thinking thus of Barry upon the whole, I cannot but think ungenerously of the Reviewer's concluding paragraph. To close his account of a man who, with small assistance from the great, rose by the force of his own merits, from the humblest station in life, to the highest honours of his profession, (and that profession painting), with an insinuation that he was perfidious; yet to affect leniency in suppressing the "tale of his early perfidy" which would confirm a general conclusion that his heart was armed by nature with hostile and malignant passions against his fellow-creatures, by stating that "the man is gone to his audit, and we have no desire to load his memory with any other accusations than those of which his biographer has supplied the materials," is scarcely less than perfidy to him who is no longer here to explain a fact or revenge an injury, and who has left his moral and professional character to the mercy of critics and the justice of posterity.

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Let no man suppose that Mr. Barry poisoned his mother, or devoured his children, or betrayed his country.—On a certain evening, Messrs. Barry and Nollekens remained later than the rest of the company at the English Coffee-house at Rome, when Barry said, “Nollekens, I’ve broken the key of my apartment, will you allow me to go home and sleep with you to-night?” Mr. Nollekens replied that his bed was small, but if Mr. Barry could put up with that inconvenience, he should not refuse. Barry’s hat was at that time laced with gold, and as he reached it to leave the coffee-house, he said, “by G—, Nollekens, we must exchange hats,”—making the exchange at the same instant, by clapping his own on the head of Mr. Nollekens.

From this incident,—which, at the very worst, scarcely affords grounds for *suspicion*,—a story has been raised that Barry had been too intimate with his landlord’s wife, dreaded the stiletto in consequence, and hoped that Mr. Nollekens wearing his hat would be mistaken for himself. But, that he had not broken his key; that he had been too familiar with his landlady; or that he did dread the stiletto; or whether the whole was any thing more than a drunken frolic, has never been shewn. Italian jealousy does not easily subside, yet no attempt at assassination ever took place, and Mr. Nollekens was among the few academicians that continued upon good terms with Barry to the hour of his death, and still continues to respect his talents.

Such is the tale circulated among those whom the deceased regarded as his enemies, as that which the Reviewer has the candour to suppress, because “the man is gone to his audit.” His friends may perhaps be justified should they yield to the temptation of replying,—Yes, the man is gone to his audit, but we hope and trust will pass there as easily, at least, as a cold and unfeeling critic makes up his accounts.

ART. XIV.—*On Theophrastus:—prefaced with some Remarks on the supposed Inferiority of the Ancients to the Moderns in the Arts of Ridicule.*

WE have all heard a great deal of the wisdom of the ancients, and very little of their wit and humour. From the school-boy to the reverend doctor, all know something,—at least, all can say something,—about the sublimity of Plato, the profundity of Aristotle, the dignity of Thucydides, and “the thunder” of Demosthenes; but these same learned personages know, or say, but little concerning the boundless ludicrous invention and pointed, though horse-play, raillery of Aristophanes, the acute and discriminating humour of Theophrastus, or the high-coloured burlesque and sly and piercing irony of the various Lucian. These trifling writers have been comparatively contemned by the learned as beneath the consideration of their speculating gravity, and, I think, that by this rejection many of them have acted wisely and with a due regard to their own powers; for it requires a far greater share of talent and sagacity to investigate and appreciate the nice and fugitive forms of the ancient wit and humour, than to swallow the profoundly shallow dogmas of philosophy delighting in stilt, or even than to comprehend the full sense of mutilated passages, and restore corrupted texts to their first purity. But whatever may have been the motive for this contemptuous neglect of the wits of ancient days, the fact is certain, and there cannot be adduced a more glaring instance of it, than the circumstance that there exist six editions of the dark and perplexed Lycophron* for two of the elegant, discerning, and entertaining Theophrastus. The consequence of all this has been, that those readers who know nothing of the ancients except by French and English translators and commentators, will allow, indeed, that the ancients were sensible sort of people, but then, for wit, humour, and all the powers of gay and ludicrous entertainment,

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* The obscurity of Lycophron has been defended on the ground that his poem consists of prophetic effusions: but the defence seems a lame one. It is the nature of a prophecy to be obscure, and it was the business of a prophet not to be over-explicit: but the object of a poet is to please, and pleasure will never be communicated by dark hints lost in the labyrinths of perplexed phraseology. I will not deny that there are some fine passages in the *Cassandra*, but out of upwards of 1400 lines, there are not 50 which have any pretensions to brilliancy, and these are the more observable from the surrounding obscurity, like a flash of lightning in the darkness of a starless night.

how infinitely behind the facetious moderns, who, to wisdom not inferior, superadd all the pleasing and delightful arts of ridicule and laughter. Nay, so far has this idea been carried, that men of real taste and considerable learning, Addison and Dr. Warton, instead of dissipating, have encouraged the error, the first by a grave expression of wonder at the supposed fact, and the second by examining, confirming, and explaining the grounds of the fact so wondered at by the first. All this is very curious: Addison may, indeed, be excused, as his observation seems to have been thrown out incidentally, and without much deliberation; but, as Dr. Johnson said on another occasion, "I wonder Joe Warton should be such a fool," as to coolly and systematically defend such a loose assertion. It did, indeed, require either defence or exposure: but who could expect a defence from a scholar so versed in the ancient classics, and so fully able to estimate their nicest turns of thought and expression, as Dr. Warton. Could Voltaire or Bolingbroke have done more. It would have been well if Dr. Warton and others had been content to say, that there are more productions of wit and humour among the moderns than are extant from Greece or Rome. This is true, for the works of Diphilus, Philemon, and Menander, have unfortunately, except a few fragments, all perished: but it would have been inconsistent with the good-sense of Dr. Warton to have urged this as a proof of their inferiority; he goes further, therefore, and denies the *capability* of true humour among the ancients. This was high ground for a man to take who knew that the Athenians were the acutest and most observing people of whom history speaks, and that the licentious nature of their government admitted all those varieties of character arising from caprice and self-importance which the staunchest advocates for modern humour could attribute to the English themselves. Aware of this, he must assign another cause for this superiority of the moderns, and what is it? The improved state of conversation. I shall not stop here to draw a comparison between the most polished eras of Greek and Roman conversation, and the condition of the best society of modern times: I will allow, for the sake of the argument, that Pericles, and Alcibiades, and Plato, &c. among the Greeks,—Mecænas, and Horace, and Tibullus, &c. among the Romans,—were not such fine gentlemen as our own countrymen Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan, or that pink of courtesy, the much-bepraised Mr. Windham: * I will acknowledge, and with delight,

* The good, and great, and chivalrous qualities of Mr. Windham, of which we heard so little in his life-time, have since his death burst upon the world

delight, the infinite advantages which we enjoy above the ancients, in that softened, subdued, and amiable tone, which the presence of females gives to modern society. But granting this, I cannot grant the conclusion drawn from it; for it must be notorious to any one who is at all acquainted with English literature, that our wittiest writers, with the exception of Addison, are by no means the most polished,—that Butler, Swift, Congreve, Fielding, and Smollet, bear no marks of this boasted improvement of modern conversation,—but, on the contrary, are too profligate, indecent, and ill-mannered, to be read without expurgation in any decorous society, even out of the presence of ladies. But, says Dr. Warton, “the arts of civility, and the decencies of conversation, as they unite men more closely, and bring them more frequently together, multiply opportunities of observing those incongruities and absurdities of behaviour on which ridicule is founded.” From the premises here laid down, I should have deduced a directly opposite inference: for it appears to me almost a truism, that in proportion as men mix together and adopt, for mutual convenience and gratification, a polished style of conduct, their oddities and incongruities will be all smoothed and levelled by collision; and, that by adjusting themselves to a certain standard, they will all manifest that uniformity for which gregarious animals are always remarkable. If it were necessary to adduce any proof or illustration in support of so obvious a proposition, I might instance a passage in the lately-published letters of that acute observer Madame du Deffand. Speaking of the difference of French and English character, she says, “The English * are strange beings: one should never pretend to understand them: they are like nothing one has seen:

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world with the dazzling effulgence of a meteor. The newspaper-editors, overwhelmed with the number and importance of panegyrical topics, absolutely sunk beneath the weight of the subject. Nay, the Edinburgh Reviewers, the most generous of enemies, have felt themselves so confounded and wonder-stricken at his immense talents and “beautiful accomplishments,” that eloquent as they are on most subjects, the powers of language here fail them, and they labour and flounce about, without much success, in search of words grand and comprehensive enough to embrace and express his stupendous abilities and attainments. How candid death makes some people!

* “Oh ! les Anglois, les Anglois sont bien étonnés : on ne doit jamais prétendre à les connoître : ils ne ressemblent en rien à tout ce qu'on a vu : chaque individu est un original, il n'y en a pas deux du même modèle : nous sommes positivement tout le contraire : chez nous tous ceux du même état se ressemblent : qui voit un courtisan, les voit tous, un magistrat, tous les gens de robe, ainsi que tous les autres, tous est faux chez nous, prétensions,” &c.

every individual is an original, there are not two of the same stamp among them: we are directly the reverse: with us, all of the same condition bear a resemblance to each other: he who sees one courtier, sees them all,—one magistrate, all the gentlemen of the long robe: so with respect to all the rest, all is false among us, all is pretension.” It is to be recollected, that the French lady is here speaking of a state of society which was far more polite than any contemporary class of fashionables then in England, and where, therefore, according to the position of Dr. Warton, there should have been a proportionably greater variety of characters. From all this it would appear, that if the statement be true,—that the ancients were inferior to the moderns in the arts of ridicule,—at least, no good reason has been assigned for the circumstance; for if, as some have thought, liberty be the nurse of humours and incongruities of conduct, in no place did character ever luxuriate into such variety and wildness of ramification as at Athens; and, on the other hand, Dr. Warton’s supposed cause appears to be utterly without foundation. What then is the true state of the case? I apprehend, that if all the humorous works of antiquity had reached us in an entire form, we should have but little reason to boast our superiority on this head. For allowing all that could be required to distance of time and difference of customs and manners,—whose power in destroying the transitory nature of wit we may estimate by considering that the brilliant allusions of Shakspeare and Jonson have many of them become obsolete,—yet, from what remains of the comic writers of Greece,* we find so much acute and striking observation of those great features of human conduct over which neither time nor place have influence,—so much facetious remark, and such shrewd and satirical appreciation of the motives of men’s manners, together with such nice and piercing discrimination of the apparently similar shades of character,—as make us not only deeply feel regret at what we have lost, but ought also to make us pause and consider whether the ancients are not our masters in wit as well as in every thing else. Men of taste, and among them the late Mr. Fox, have been heard to lament the loss of Menander as the severest blow which time hath given to ancient learning, and there are some who would not think the redemption of this great comic writer from oblivion too dearly purchased even with the works of Henry Fielding. I confess I do

* In speaking of the comic writers of antiquity, I confine myself chiefly to Greece, because there is scarcely any thing (except the Satires of Horace) in the Latin tongue which can be considered as exclusively Roman. The plays of Plautus and Terence are translations, even to the extent of retaining the Greek scenes and names of persons, as well as the story.

do not carry my admiration of his imputed excellences to such an extent, as to barter a certain for a contingent good, yet such confidence do I place in the discernment of ancient critics, that, with the exception of Sheridan, I would venture to give all the plays that have been written within the last fifty years for one half of Menander. But not intending at present to institute a comparison between Aristophanes and Mr. Dibdin, or Menander and Mr. Reynolds, I shall proceed to introduce to the reader's notice an author, on whom alone I would be content to stake the claims of the ancients to the highest praise of wit. Theophrastus,* of whom I am speaking,—after having studied philosophy under Plato and Aristotle,—after delivering lectures of wisdom and knowledge to two thousand disciples in the Lyceum,—after acquiring the app'ause of his discerning fellow-citizens, and the friendship of philosophers and princes,—but above all, after having, as he himself expresses it in his preface, conversed with all the varieties of human nature, and surveyed them with accuracy,—sat down, at the advanced age of ninety-nine, to give to the world the results of his observation and experience. The remarks of such a man may easily be expected to be important and interesting, nor will the reader's expectations be disappointed. He catches, with the success of a veteran sportsman, all the peculiarities of human manners, and defines and describes them with a nicety of distinction worthy of the disciple of Aristotle. To this he adds what the Stagirite had not, a shrewdness and force of humour which would bear comparison with the best parts of Swift and Fielding. Yet this accurate and witty describer of men and manners is not only unknown to the generality of English readers, but many even of pretended scholars have never perused a page of his entertaining volume. I have before mentioned the paucity of editions of his original text, and I am not aware that there is one respectable translation of him, though there are two (lately) of Lycophron.—The French have treated him better. La Bruyere, who may be considered as one of their best writers, has given a very elegant translation of the *Characters of Theophrastus*; and has justly appreciated and eulogized the talents of his original. Among other remarks equally sensible and lively he says, "The men whose manners Theophrastus has described were Athenians and we are Frenchmen: and if we add to the difference of place and climate the long interval of time, and consider that this book was written in the last year of

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* This name, which was given him for his brilliancy of thought and elegance of expression, signifies "divine speaker."

the 104th Olympiad, 340 years before the Christian era, and that, therefore, there are now completed two thousand years since the existence of the people of Athens whose portrait he has drawn, we shall be filled with wonder to recognize among them ourselves, our friends, our enemies, all those, in short, with whom we have any intercourse; and we shall be still more astonished to observe, that this, our resemblance to men separated by so many ages, is full and complete." But, in fact, adds the acute translator, "the heart * and the passions of men are not changed: men are still as they then were, and as they are described by Theophrastus, vain, dissemblers, flatterers, self-interested, shameless, importunate, mistrustful, calumniators, wranglers, superstitious." This testimony to the merit of the Grecian is valuable, as coming from a writer whose elegance of style, subtilty of thinking, and intimate acquaintance with the human heart, have obtained for him, among his countrymen, the character of the French Theophrastus. The Frenchman and the Athenian do, indeed, in many points, bear a close resemblance to each other: we see in each the same penetrating sagacity into the inmost recesses of the mind, the same skill in unmasking the most artfully dressed features, and in catching and displaying the half-concealed traits of folly and vice, the same lively, picturesque, and energetic expression: but in simplicity and naturalness of description, the Greek is far superior to the Frenchman, whose warmest admirers must allow, that he frequently sacrifices accuracy of delineation to height of colouring, and that the features, even in his best portraits, are frequently expanded or deformed with all the artificial extravagance of caricature. These two agreeable writers are similar also in their defects. With all their discrimination and sagacity, they are never profound. Their acumen consists in a most shrewd and correct observation of human oddities and follies, and in a powerfully humorous description of them; in investigating and explaining the causes and springs of human actions, they both fail. Indeed they make but small pretensions to philosophy: the first, in particular, though a teacher of philosophy and a disciple of Aristotle, is perpetually using that most unphilosophical of all expressions, "I wonder," and this, too, very frequently when the subject admits of an easy explanation. "Wonder," says Dr. Johnson, "is the effect of novelty upon ignorance."

* "En effet, les hommes n'ont point changé selon les cœurs et selon les passions: ils sont encore tels qu'ils étoient alors, et qu'ils sont marqués dans Theophraste, vains, dissimulés, flatteurs, intéressés, effrontés, importuns, dédaigneux, méfians, querelleux, superstitieux."

ignorance." This definition, though pretty accurate, cannot well be applied to the veteran teacher of the Lyceum, to whose experience few things could be novel, and of whose enlarged observation and various learning, it would not be fair to predicate ignorance. His allowing himself to wonder, therefore, instead of investigating his subject, must be attributed partly to the indolence of age, to which the minute examination of causes and effects is a toilsome enterprise,—and partly to a habit, which he certainly did not learn of Aristotle, of describing, in the most beautiful, as well as the most appropriate,* language, the prominencies and peculiarities of character, rather than of sifting, probing, and explaining their origins with the philosophical prolixity of his master. La Bruyere is still less profound: for, not to mention his style of thinking, even his descriptions have not the general air and nature of Theophrastus: unlike his prototype, he paints individuals, not the species, which induced one of his countrymen, M. Suard, † to say of him:—Montaigne and La Rochefaucauld have described man as he is in all times and all places: La Bruyere has described the courtier, the lawyer, the financier, the citizen, of the age of Louis XIV

The point in which the two characterists differ, is in the style of their narration. Theophrastus invariably sets out by defining some folly; then gives a short and general description of the man labouring under it; and, lastly, proceeds to an exceedingly simple, though highly humorous, enumeration of the ridiculous habits and manners which may be called the adjuncts of the character.—La Bruyere, on the contrary, has adopted every possible form and shape of narration. Sometimes abrupt and enthusiastic; sometimes apostrophizing; sometimes full of reflections, solemn and moral; at one time employing dialogue, at another, romance. In short, his variety is inexhaustible; and in this, and this only, he has an advantage over the Greek, except that what he gains in variety he loses in faithfulness and truth of delineation. A specimen of the manner of each will illustrate this remark.—They have both given a description of an Absent Man. Theophrastus gives the following simple collection of ludicrous circumstances which characterize such a person:—

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“ Stupidity

* Appropriateness of expression he might learn of Aristotle, but certainly not beauty. I have opposed these terms, because, though fitness be an essential part of beauty, it is not the whole; as any one who is not a philosopher (a taylor for instance) may understand by comparing two coats equally well made, one of fustian, the other of superfine cloth.

† Montaigne et la Rochefoucauld ont peint l'homme de tous les tems et de tous les lieux. La Bruyere a peint le courtisan, l'homme de robe, le financier, le bourgeois, du siècle de Louis XIV.

"Stupidity* may be defined to be a slowness of mind in speaking or action: the stupid man is one who, when he is casting up accounts and hath collected the *items*, will ask a bystander, what the amount is: when he is engaged in a lawsuit, and the day of trial is come, he forgets it and goes into the country: he visits the theatre to see the play, and is left behind asleep on the benches. He takes any article and puts it away himself, then begins to look for it, and is never able to find it. If any one tell him of the death of a dear friend, and ask him to the funeral, with a sorrowful countenance and tears in his eyes, he exclaims, Good luck, good luck! It is his custom, when he receives, not when he pays, a debt, to call for witnesses. In winter, he quarrels with his servant for not purchasing cucumbers: he compels his children to wrestle and run till they faint with fatigue. In the country, when he is dressing his dinner of herbs, he throws in salt to season them till they are unfit to eat. If any one inquire of him, how many dead have been carried out through the sacred gate to burial? Would to God, he replies, you and I had so many!"

In this translation, I have not preserved the elegance of the original, for that I found unattainable; but the sense remains, and enough of the simplicity to give the English reader an idea of that unambitious style of bare enumeration which Theophrastus adopted. I have omitted two passages, one of which is indelicate, and the other exceedingly obscure, but neither of which, very luckily, contributed at all, in my opinion, to increase the humour of the description. Let us now observe the very dissimilar style of colouring, and, indeed, the exceeding difference in all that constitutes manner, which La Bruyere manifests in his portrait of a very similar character. It is the account of Menalcas, a long extract from which may be seen in the 77th number of the *Spectator*, to which, being a book of easy access, I would be content with referring the reader, were not a great many very ludicrous and characteristic traits omitted in that sketch. I shall repeat very few of the sentences there translated:—

"Menalcas,"

* What we call an absent man, and the French *reueur* or *distract*, the Greeks called stupid or insensible. The English and Greek terms seem to be the most correct; for the man on whom present topics or objects make no impression, may with equal propriety be called insensible with respect to their effects, or absent with respect to his own consciousness of being present; whereas the French phrase does not so much describe the situation and behaviour of the man, as the cause of it. It is curious that the French word should be the most philosophical of the three.

"Menalcas," says La Bruyere, "comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his nightcap on; and examining himself further, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. As he walks the street, he receives a violent blow in the stomach or face, he cannot conceive whence it proceeds, till opening his eyes he finds himself opposite the shaft of a cart or a potter's load. He looks about, he grows warm, he raves, calls all his servants together with cries of, All's ruined, all's lost,—then asks for the gloves which are on his hands. He walks out; after traversing one street, he loses his way, he is terrified, he inquires of the passengers where he is; they tell him precisely: at length he enters his own house, whence he immediately rushes out with the greatest precipitation, imagining that he has been deceived. He goes to visit a lady, and being perfectly convinced that he is in his own house, he plants himself in his arm-chair without a thought of leaving it: he begins to think that the lady makes long visits, he expects every moment that she will rise and leave him to himself: but as the time grows late and he finds himself hungry, he asks her to supper: she bursts out into a fit of laughter, and loud enough to wake him. He marries in the morning, in the evening he forgets it, and sleeps abroad on his wedding-night: some years afterwards, his wife dies in his arms, he goes to her funeral, and the next day, when his servants announce dinner, he demands if his wife is ready and apprized of it. He asks you a question, and when you think to answer him, he is gone: he asks you how your father is, you tell him that he is exceedingly ill, he exclaims that he is very glad to hear it. Another time he meets you, he is delighted at the rencontre, he has something of the utmost moment to communicate; he looks at your hand, asks you where you got that beautiful ruby, he then leaves you and walks on: such is the important business which he had to treat of. In conversation with a young widow, he talks to her of her deceased husband, enquires the manner of his death: the lady, whose anguish is renewed by such discourse, weeps, sobs, but is forced to repeat all the minutæ of her husband's illness, from the day preceding his indisposition till the last agony. 'Madam,' asks Menalcas, who has apparently been listening with the utmost attention, 'Is that all?' He never knows his company: he calls his lacquey 'Sir' and his friend 'Sirrah;' he says, * 'Friend' to

* In the original it is:—"He says your reverence to a prince, and your highness to a Jesuit:" I thought the humour would be preserved and be more intelligible by the substitution which I have made.

to a prince of the blood, and your Highness to a quaker. A magistrate, venerable for his age and dignity, questions him respecting an event, and asks him if it is so and so: Yes, Miss, replies Menalcas."

Entertaining as the above description is, all must allow it to be extravagant: it is a caricature rather than a character; it is the exaggeration of an injudicious comedian, raising laughter more by broad grimace than by just expression: it is, therefore, very clearly distinguishable from Theophrastus. Theophrastus, with equal skill and spirit, dashes out a bold and impressive sketch; content with this, he leaves to the imagination of his reader to fill up, adjust and finish the portrait: La Bruyere, with greater fire but less correctness, strikes out an animated outline; but he, like Cæsar, thinks nothing done while any thing remains to be done: he touches and retouches, he enlarges and colours, till the features which in their first state might have raised a smile, excite only the painful stare of astonishment. Sometimes he employs his whole strength and ornament to display some particular favourite feature while the rest are withdrawn from observation. This is about as judicious as if a painter should make a nose or an ear the only prominent and remarkable object in a portrait, a species of tasteful ingenuity which was adopted some years past by a most facetious caricaturist named Woodward, who entertained the town with representations of men with mountainous heads attached to pigmy bodies. But the most striking advantage which the Athenian has over the Frenchman, is in the general nature of his characters; whence it happens, as was before mentioned, that with a total ignorance of the private scandalous history of Greece, a knowledge of which would no doubt have given spirit to some passages, the characters of Theophrastus are still understood and, therefore, still continue to please. On the contrary, more than two-thirds of La Bruyere's portraits are now unintelligible, impertinent, and uninteresting; and, indeed, within twenty years of his decease, his book could not be read without a key. The praise of truth and nature, therefore, the highest of all praise, La Bruyere must not share with his prototype, who, in this respect, may be placed in the same rank with the greatest of human geniuses, with Homer and with Shakspeare. But La Bruyere cannot be dismissed without honour: for originality, for boldness, for ingenuity, for variety, for brilliancy, for elegance, France has never produced his equal; nor is this to be thought small praise, when it is considered that La Fontaine, Despreaux, Moliere, and Voltaire, were Frenchmen.

As a proof of the applicability of the Greek's delineations to modern times, I will give a translation of his account of the Unseasonable

seasonable or Importunate Man, in which, with the exception of an allusion to the sacrificial feats of Greece, which may as well be omitted, there is not a line which might not, with the greatest propriety, have been written in the year 1811:—

“Unseasonableness” is, a method of accosting which is troublesome to the persons accosted. The unseasonable man is, one who goes to communicate with his friend when he is immersed in business: he goes to revel with his mistress when she is lying ill with a fever: he runs to a man who has just been cast as bail for another, and entreats him to become his surety: as soon as a cause is decided, he is on the spot to give his testimony. If he is invited to a wedding, he inveighs against the whole female sex: he asks a man who is just returned from a long journey to take a walk with him. When an article is sold, he brings a purchaser who would give double the price. In a company he will give a detailed account from the very beginning of some subject which they have all heard and are thoroughly acquainted with: he is extremely anxious to do that for any person which they are unwilling should be done, but are ashamed to refuse. If he is present at the chastisement of a lad, he relates that a boy of his when so beaten went and hanged himself. If he is present at an arbitration, though both parties wish an accommodation, he sets them together by the ears: and lastly, when about to dance, he seizes a partner whose senses are not yet inflamed by intoxication.”

I was rather hasty in saying that the character here given was completely applicable to the present times; for the last sentence of this description,—which I have no doubt the Greek thought the most palpable hit, the master-stroke, and very clencher of his climax,—will most probably appear insipid to some readers, and will make others stare. But it must be recollected, that Cicero says of dancing,—that no sober† man dances unless he happen to be mad; that he repelled the charge of dancing, which had been brought against Murena, with as much indignant solemnity as if he had been accused of treason—Nay, that even in the profligate days of Domitian, a man of questorian rank was expelled from the senate for his love of dancing. The Greeks, indeed, were not quite so unfashionable as those sturdy clowns the Romans;

* This, I am aware, is a very awkward word, but it is the only one which occurred to me as expressing the Greek “*ακατακαιρος*.” Ill-timing, and the ill-timer, would sound still more clumsily.

† *Nemo salus sobrius nisi forte insanit.*

Romans; yet, though they were fond of dancing on public and festal occasions, their best* citizens considered it disgraceful, and to be a dancer and a debauchee were synonymous terms. The passage, therefore, must not be considered as the splenetic expression of a surly old philosopher condemning an elegant amusement in which he could not participate, (for Theophrastus was evidently a very well-natured and polished man), but as a burst of contempt, which all his countrymen would echo, at a man who could unseasonably begin to dance when all about him were sober. If, however, any beaux, in reading this character,—but pshaw! beaux never read,—should, however, any of my fair countrywomen, who I am informed are great readers, honour these pages with their perusal, they may, if they please, completely modernize the character, by substituting in the place of this the following sentence:—“And lastly, when about to dance, he seizes a partner who is devoured with vapours and is dying with fatigue.”

That reader is happy, who, in looking about among his acquaintance, does not recognize a perfect counterpart to the following picture of a Surly Grumbler:—

“Grumbling is complaint without fit cause: the grumbler is one who, if his friend send him some delicacy from a feast, says to the bearer, ‘Ay, you envied me your black broth and your paltry wine, and so I was not asked to dinner.’ If his mistress kiss him, he says, ‘You do not love me in your heart.’ He is angry at a shower, not because it rains, but because it is too late for him. If he finds a purse, I never, he exclaims, find a treasure† in it. When he has purchased, after a long bargaining with the seller, a slave at his proper price, it will be very wonderful, he says, if I have bought any thing good at such a rate. To the bearer of the good news that a son is born to him, ‘If you added,’ he replies, ‘that half my substance is gone, you would have told the truth.’ Though he gain his cause triumphantly, he is angry with his counsel for omitting many strong points in his favour. His friends contribute a sum of money in loan to relieve his necessities, and one of them bids him now to be of good cheer: ‘How can I,’ he cries, ‘when I must pay back the money to

* Cimon and Alcibiades were great dancers as well as great men: but Cimon, in his youth, had been notoriously profligate, and Alcibiades was the most abandoned libertine in Athens.

† Partridge, in *Tom Jones*, who is also one of the grumbling race, makes a similar complaint: when the beggar has found a bank-note, he curses his stars that he was never lucky enough to stumble on such a prize. —Vol. III.

to each of them, and besides that, owe them a debt of gratitude for the obligation.' ”

There are materials in this picture of a grumbler for a Moliere to build a noble farce upon, and which no doubt Menander, the pupil of Theophrastus, made ample use of in his comedies.

I will conclude these extracts from Theophrastus by presenting the reader with a pair of portraits, which appear to me to be finished in his very best manner. I give them, also, as an example of that singular accuracy, and that discriminating nicety of touch, with which this disciple of Aristotle, in a style fully worthy of his master, has separated and distinctly marked characters, which, to common observers, would appear similar, or even the same.

The first is the sketch of a Flatterer:—

“ Flattery may be considered to be a disgraceful style of intercourse, but beneficial to the person using it. The flatterer is one who, walking with another, cries out, ‘ Do you observe how the eyes of all men are upon you ? this is an honour which falls to the lot of no man in the city except yourself. You were nobly spoken of yesterday in the portico.* In a company of thirty men, the discourse falling upon who was the best man, they all began and ended with you.’—He takes off the *flew* from the garment of his friend, and carefully picks from his hair any feather which may have blown into it, and says, with a smile, ‘ Do you see ? because I have not been with you these two days, your beard begins to get white ; and yet if any man’s, your hair is remarkably black for your years.’ When this man speaks, he bids the rest be quiet ; he praises him in his hearing ; and, when he has ceased speaking, he cries out, ‘ Excellent ; sensible !’ When his patron has uttered a frigid joke, not content with smiling, he thrusts his garment into his mouth, as quite unable to restrain his laughter. When they walk out together, he bids the passengers stop until the gentleman has gone by. He buys apples and pears for his patron’s children ; and presents them in the parent’s sight, kissing the children, and saying, ‘ Beautiful offspring of a worthy father !’ If he is with his patron when he is purchasing shoes, he says, ‘ This foot is far better made than the shoe.’ When his patron is going to visit a friend, he runs before, and says, ‘ He is coming.’ He then runs back, and says, ‘ I have announced you.’

* The porticoes of Athens were places of public resort, the most celebrated of which was adorned with the paintings of Polygnotus, and resounded with the wisdom of Zeno.

you.' He is the first of the guests to praise the wine, and says, 'How tastefully you dine!' Then, taking up something from the table, he says, 'God! this is excellent!' He asks his patron whether he is not cold? whether he would not wish to have some more clothing? and whether he shall assist in covering him? He is fond of inclining to his ear, and whispering; and while he himself is addressing others, fixes his eyes on his patron. He takes away the cushions from the servant in the theatre, and spreads them himself. He commends the architecture of his patron's house, and the cultivation of his grounds; and says that his picture is like him."

The next is the character of a man who is eaten up with the zealous desire of pleasing: he, like the other, is full of flattery and compliment, but it is not done with the artful intention of lucre which actuates the parasite, but merely with the innocent, though unmanly and silly, design of being, at all events, vastly agreeable to all persons. For want of a better word to express the Greek (*Agrouia*), I shall use the term "complaisance," which must be understood in an unfavourable sense. Perhaps "vanity" would be the more proper expression; but that I leave to the readers to substitute or not as they may choose:—

"Complaisance may be defined, an address which aims at pleasing by disreputable means. The complaisant is, one who salutes a man at a distance, calls him the best of creatures, seizes both his hands with expressions of admiration, and will not let him go: he insists upon accompanying him a little way, teizes him with inquiries of 'When he shall have the honour of seeing him,' and at last leaves him with exclamations of praise. If he is called to an arbitration between two parties, he is not more anxious to please the person for whom he appears than his opponent, that he may be called impartial and a common friend. He tells foreigners that their pronunciation* is superior to that of the natives. When invited to dinner, he entreats the host to call in his children, and when they come, he observes, that one fig is not more like another than they to their father: he takes and kisses them, and makes them sit by him: with some of them he cracks childish jokes, and others he dandles to sleep on his knee, at

* It is not improbable that Theophrastus, who was not a native of Athens, might have had this compliment paid to himself. It is said that his pronunciation and diction were so fastidiously elegant and accurate, that he was discovered to be a foreigner from his rejection of the ungrammatical carelessness of idiomatic phrases.

at the same time feeling the greatest discomfort and inconvenience. He is shaved * with the smoothest nicety, and whitens his teeth with dentrifice: he changes his garments before they have the least soil, and always smells of perfumes. On the forum you always see him among the men of most note and substance, and at the theatre he is always close to the people of rank and fashion. He buys nothing for himself, but purchases little presents for his friends abroad, which he takes care to make known through all the city. He keeps monkeys, doves, vases, and every sort of knick-knack and curiosity, for the amusement of his friends: he fits up in his mansion a little wrestling-room and a tennis-court; he goes about to the philosophers, the sophists, the teachers of fencing and dancing, and offers them the use of his rooms for the exercise of their respective arts; and takes care himself to be present at their exhibitions, to give any spectator the opportunity of saying to another,—‘That is the gentleman to whom this place belongs.’ ”

Such are a few of the characters of Theophrastus, from which, allowing very considerable deductions for my inadequate translation, a very tolerable idea may be formed of all. There are but twenty-eight, and will well repay the trouble of perusal to any one who is only a mediocre connoisseur in the Greek tongue. Besides, they do not consist of dry moral axioms and musty syllogisms, which a young gentleman would of course blush to be thought acquainted with, but are light, airy, and entertaining enough to divert a mere novel reader, and might, with great advantage, be prescribed for the amusement of young ladies, if it were not for that cramp, ugly, unfashionable Greek character in which they are written. At any rate, I think that some of the readers will, at least, be inclined to allow, that the ancients were not merely dull stringers together of drowsy apothegms,—that it is almost as possible to laugh over a Greek volume as it is at a modern English comedy,—nay, that little masters and misses will be induced to say, that if Theophrastus had written in French, he might be permitted now and then to an alternate read-
ing

* The original says merely, that he shaves often and has white teeth. Now, though this might appear foppish in a nation of dirty philosophers, it would, very properly, among us, be considered as merely necessary cleanliness. I have, therefore, slightly altered the passage, a liberty I have taken in one or two other places where the allusion was local or temporary; but there is no trait which is not, *mutatis mutandis*, perfectly applicable at the present day. The species, and not the individual, is always represented, and these few allusions to local manners and customs form no exception to the general nature of the character.

ing with the novels of Pigault Le Brun, or the interesting tomes of Parisian *Ana*.

T. B.

ART. XV.—*On the Danger of confounding Moral with Personal Deformity; with a Hint to those who have the framing of Advertisements for apprehending Offenders.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

THERE is no science in their pretensions to which mankind are more apt to commit grievous mistakes, than in the supposed very obvious one of physiognomy. I quarrel not with the principles of this science, as they are laid down by learned professors; much less am I disposed, with some people, to deny its existence altogether as any inlet of knowledge that can be depended upon. I believe that there is, or may be, an art to "read the mind's construction in the face." But, then, in every species of *reading*, so much depends upon the eyes of the reader; if they are bleary, or apt to dazzle, or inattentive, or strained with too much attention, the optic power will infallibly bring home false reports of what it reads. How often do we say, upon a cursory glance at a stranger, what a fine open countenance he has, who, upon second inspection, proves to have the exact features of a knave. Nay, in much more intimate acquaintances, how a delusion of this kind shall continue for months, years, and then break up all at once.

Ask the married man, who has been so but for a short space of time, if those blue eyes where, during so many years of anxious courtship, truth, sweetness, serenity, seemed to be written in characters which could not be misunderstood—ask him if the characters which they now convey be exactly the same?—if for truth he does not *read* a dull virtue (the mimic of constancy) which changes not, only because it wants the judgment to make a preference?—if for sweetness he does not *read* a stupid habit of looking pleased at every thing?—if for serenity he does not *read* animal tranquillity, the dead-pool of the heart, which no breeze of passion can stir into health? Alas! what is this book of the countenance good for, which when we have read so long, and thought that we understood its contents, there comes a countless list of heart-breaking errata at the end!

But these are the pitiable mistakes to which love alone is subject. I have inadvertently wandered from my purpose, which

was

was to expose quite an opposite blunder, into which we are no less apt to fall, through hate. How ugly a person looks upon whose reputation some awkward aspersion hangs, and how suddenly his countenance clears up with his character. I remember being persuaded of a man whom I had conceived an ill opinion of, that he had a very bad set of teeth; which, since I have had better opportunities of being acquainted with his face and facts, I find to have been the very reverse of the truth. *That crooked old woman*, I once said, speaking of an ancient gentlewoman, whose actions did not square altogether with my notions of the rule of right. The unanimous surprise of the company before whom I uttered these words, soon convinced me that I had confounded mental with bodily obliquity, and that there was nothing tortuous about the old lady but her deeds.

This humour of mankind to deny personal comeliness to those with whose moral attributes they are dissatisfied, is very strongly shewn in those advertisements which stare us in the face from the walls of every street, and, with the tempting bait which they hang forth, stimulate at once cupidity and an abstract love of justice in the breast of every passing peruser; I mean, the advertisements offering rewards for the apprehension of absconded culprits, strayed apprentices, bankrupts who have conveyed away their effects, debtors that have run away from their bail. I observe, that in exact proportion to the indignity with which the prosecutor, who is commonly the framer of the advertisement, conceives he has been treated, the personal pretensions of the fugitive are denied, and his defects exaggerated.

A fellow whose misdeeds have been directed against the public in general, and in whose delinquency no individual shall feel himself particularly interested, generally meets with fair usage. A coiner or a smuggler shall get off tolerably well. His beauty, if he has any, is not much underrated, his deformities are not much magnified. A runaway apprentice, who excites perhaps the next least degree of spleen in his prosecutor, generally escapes with a pair of bandy legs; if he has taken any thing with him in his flight, a hitch in his gait is generally superadded. A bankrupt who has been guilty of withdrawing his effects, if his case be not very atrocious, commonly meets with mild usage. But a debtor who has left his bail in jeopardy, is sure to be described in characters of unmingled deformity. Here the personal feelings of the bail, which may be allowed to be somewhat poignant, are admitted to interfere; and, as wrath and revenge commonly strike in the dark, the colours are laid on with a grossness which I am convinced must often defeat its own purpose. The fish that casts an inky cloud about him that his enemies may not find him, cannot more obscure himself by that device than the blackening representations

representations of these angry advertisers must inevitably serve to cloak and screen the persons of those who have injured them from detection. I have before me at this moment one of these bills, which runs thus:—

" Fifty Pounds Reward.

"Run away from his bail, John Tomkins, formerly resident in Princes-street, Soho, but lately of Clerkenwell. Whoever shall apprehend, or cause to be apprehended and lodged in one of his Majesty's jails, the said John Tomkins, shall receive the above reward. He is a thickset sturdy man, about five foot six inches high, halts in his left leg, with a stoop in his gait, with coarse red hair, nose short and cocked up, with little grey eyes, one of them bears the effect of a blow which he has lately received, with a pot belly, speaks with a thick and disagreeable voice, goes shabbily drest, had on when he went away, a greasy shag great coat with rusty yellow buttons."

Now, although it is not out of the compass of possibility that John Tomkins aforesaid may comprehend in his agreeable person all the above mentioned aggregate of charms; yet, from my observation of the manner in which these advertisements are usually drawn up, though I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman, yet would I lay a wager, that an advertisement to the following effect would have a much better chance of apprehending and laying by the heels this John Tomkins than the above description, although penned by one who, from the good services which he appears to have done for him, has not improbably been blessed with some years of previous intercourse with the said John. Taking, then, the above advertisement to be true, or nearly so, down to the words "left leg" inclusive, (though I have some doubt if the blemish there implied amount to a positive lameness, or be perceivable by any but the nearest friends of John), I would proceed thus:—

—"Leans a little forward in his walk, his hair thick and inclining to auburn, his nose of the middle size, a little turned up at the end, lively hazel eyes, (the contusion, as its effects are probably gone off by this time, I judge better omitted); inclines to be corpulent, his voice thick but pleasing, especially when he sings, had on a decent shag great coat with yellow buttons."

Now, I would stake a considerable wager (though by no means a positive man) that some such mitigated description would lead the beagles of the law into a much surer track for finding this ungracious varlet, than to set them upon a false scent after fictitious

tious ugliness and fictitious shabbiness; though, to do those gentlemen justice, I have no doubt their experience has taught them in all such cases to abate a great deal of the deformity which they are instructed to expect; and has discovered to them, that the Devil's agents upon this earth, like their master, are far less ugly in reality than they are painted.

I am afraid, Mr. Reflector, that I shall be thought to have gone wide of my subject, which was to detect the practical errors of physiognomy, properly so called; whereas I have introduced physical defects, such as lameness, the effects of accidents upon a man's person, his wearing apparel, &c. as circumstances, on which the eye of dislike looking asance, may report erroneous conclusions to the understanding. But if we are liable, through a kind, or an unkind passion, to mistake so grossly concerning things so exterior and palpable, how much more are we likely to err respecting those nicer and less perceptible hints of character in a face, whose detection constitute the triumph of the physiognomist.

To revert to those bestowers of unmerited deformity, the framers of advertisements for the apprehensions of delinquents, a sincere desire of promoting the ends of public justice induces me to address a word to them on the best means of attaining those ends. I will endeavour to lay down a few practical, or rather negative, rules for their use, for my ambition extends no further than to arm them with cautions against the self-defeating of their own purposes:—

1. Imprimis, then, Mr. Advertiser! If the culprit whom you are willing to recover be one to whom in times past you have shewn kindness, and been disposed to think kindly of him yourself, but he has deceived your trust, and has run away, and left you with a load of debt to answer for him,—sit down calmly, and endeavour to behold him through the spectacles of memory rather than of present conceit. Image to yourself, before you pen a tittle of his description, the same plausible, good-looking man who took you in; and try to put away from your mind every intrusion of that deceitful spectre which perpetually obtrudes itself in the room of your former friend's known visage. It will do you more credit to have been deceived by such a one; and depend upon it, the traitor will convey to the eyes of the world in general much more of that first idea which you formed (perhaps in part erroneous) of his physiognomy, than of that frightful substitute which you have suffered to creep in upon your mind and usurp upon it; a creature which has no archetype except in your own brain.

2. If you be a master that have to advertise a runaway apprentice,

tice, though the young dog's faults are known only to you, and no doubt his conduct has been aggravating enough, do not presently set him down as having crooked ancles. He may have a good pair of legs, and run away notwithstanding. Indeed, the latter does rather seem to imply the former.

3. If the unhappy person against whom your laudable vengeance is directed be a thief, think that a thief may have a good nose, good eyes, good ears. It is indispensable to his profession that he be possessed of sagacity, foresight, vigilance; it is more than probable, then, that he is endued with the bodily types or instruments of these qualities to some tolerable degree of perfectness.

4. If petty larceny be his offence, I exhort you, do not condemn meanness of crime with diminutiveness of stature. These things have no connection. I have known a tall man stoop to the basest action, a short man aspire to the height of crime, a fair man be guilty of the foulest actions, &c.

5. Perhaps the offender has been guilty of some atrocious and aggravated murder. Here is the most difficult case of all. It is above all requisite, that such a daring violator of the peace and safety of society should meet with his reward, a violent and ignominious death. But how shall we get at him? Who is there among us, that has known him before he committed the offence, that shall take upon him to say he can sit down coolly and pen a dispassionate description of a murderer? The tales of our nursery,—the reading of our youth,—the ill-looking man that was hired by the Uncle to dispatch the Children in the Wood,—the grim ruffians who smothered the Babes in the Tower,—the black and beetle-browed assassin of Mrs. Ratcliffe,—the shag-haired villain of Mr. Monk Lewis,—the Tarquin tread, and mill-stone dropping eyes, of Murder in Shakspeare,—the exaggerations of picture and of poetry,—what we have read and what we have dreamed of,—rise up and crowd in upon us such eye-scaring portraits of the man of blood, that our pen is absolutely forestalled; we commence poets when we should play the part of strictest historians, and the very blackness of horror which the deed calls up, serves as a cloud to screen the doer. The fiction is blameless, it is accordant with those wise prejudices with which nature has guarded our innocence, as with impassable barriers, against the commission of such appalling crimes; but meantime, the criminal escapes; or if,—owing to that wise abatement in their expectation of deformity, which, as I hinted at before, the officers of pursuit never fail to make, and no doubt in cases of this sort they make a more than ordinary allowance,—if, owing to this or any accident, the offender is caught and brought to his trial, who that has been led out of curiosity to witness such a scene,

has

has not with astonishment reflected on the difference between a real committer of a murder, and the idea of one which he has been collecting and heightening all his life out of books, dreams, &c. The fellow, perhaps, is a sleek, smug-looking man, with light hair and eye-brows,—the latter by no means jutting out or like a crag,—and with none of those marks which our fancy had pre-bestowed upon him.

I find I am getting unawares too serious; the best way on such occasions is, to leave off, which I shall do by generally recommending to all prosecuting advertisers not to confound crimes with ugliness; or rather, to distinguish between that physiognomical deformity, which I am willing to grant always accompanies crime, and mere *physical ugliness*,—which signifies nothing, is the exponent of nothing, and may exist in a good or bad person indifferently.

Crito.

ART. XVI.—*On the probable Effects of the Gunpowder Treason in this country if the Conspirators had accomplished their Object.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

THE Gunpowder Treason was the subject which called forth the earliest specimen which is left us of the pulpit eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. When he preached the Sermon on that anniversary, which is printed at the end of the folio edition of his Sermons, he was a young man just commencing his ministry, under the auspices of Archbishop Laud. From the amazing research of learning, and powers of maturest oratory, which it manifests, one should rather have conjectured it to have proceeded from the same person after he was ripened by time into a Bishop and Father of the Church. The conclusion of his discourse is so pertinent to my subject, that I must beg your patience while I transcribe it. He has been drawing a parallel between the fire which Vaux and his accomplices meditated, and that which James and John were willing to have called down from heaven upon the heads of the Samaritans who would not receive our Saviour into their houses. "Lastly," he says, "it (the powder treason) was a fire so strange that it had no example. The apostles, indeed, pleaded a mistaken precedent for the reasonableness of their demand, they desired leave to do but *even as Elias did*. The Greeks only retain this clause, it is not in the Bibles of the

Church of Rome. And, really, these *Romano-barbari* could never pretend any precedent for an act so barbarous as theirs. Adrameleck, indeed, killed a king, but he spared the people. Haman would have killed the people, but spared the king. But that both king and people, princes and judges, branch and rush and root, should die at once (as if Caligula's wish were actuated, and all England upon one head) was never known till now, that all the malice of the world met in this as in a center. The Sicilian even-song, the matins of St. Bartholomew, known for the pitiless and damned massacres, were but *καπνὸς οὐλᾶς ὄναρ*, the dream of the shadow of smoke, if compared with this great fire. *In tam occupato sæculo fabulas vulgaris nequitia non invenit.* This was a busy age; Herostratus must have invented a more sublimed malice than the burning of one temple, or not have been so much as spoke of since the discovery of the powder treason. But I must make more haste, I shall not else climb the sublimity of this impiety. Nero was sometimes the *populare odium*, was popularly hated, and deserved it too, for he slew his master, and his wife, and all his family, once or twice over,—opened his mother's womb,—fired the city,—laughed at it,—slandered the Christians for it; but yet all these were but *principia malorum*, the very first rudiments of evil. Add, then, to these, Herod's master-piece at Ramah, as it was decyphered by the tears and sad threnes of the matrons in an universal mourning for the loss of their pretty infants; yet this of Herod will prove but an infant wickedness, and that of Nero the evil but of one city. I would willingly have found out an example, but see I cannot; should I put into the scale the extract of all the old tyrants in antique stories,—

*Bistonii stabulum Regis, Busiridis aras,
Antiphatæ mensas, et Taurica regnâ Thoantis;—*

should I take for true story the highest cruelty as it was fancied by the most hieroglyphical Egyptian, this alone would weigh them down, as if the Alps were put in scale against the dust of a balance. For had this accursed treason prospered, we should have had the whole kingdom mourn for the inestimable loss of its chiefest glory, its life, its present joy, and all its very hopes for the future. For such was their destined malice, that they would not only have inflicted so cruel a blow, but have made it incurable, by cutting off our supplies of joy, the whole succession of the Line Royal. Not only the vine itself, but all the *gemma*, and the tender olive branches, should either have been bent to their intentions, and made to grow crooked, or else been broken.

“And now, after such sublimity of malice, I will not instance
in

in the sacrilegious ruin of the neighbouring temples, which needs must have perished in the flame,—nor in the disturbing the ashes of our intombed kings, devouring their dead ruins like sepulchral dogs,—these are but minutes, in respect of the ruin prepared for the living temples :—

*Stragem sed istam non tulit
Christus cadentum Principum
Impune, ne forsani sui
Patris periret fabrica.
Ergo quæ poterit lingua relaxere
Laudes, Christo, tuas, qui domitum struis
Infidum populum cum Duce perfido !"*

In such strains of eloquent indignation did Jeremy Taylor's young oratory inveigh against that stupendous attempt, which he truly says had no parallel in ancient or modern times. A century and a half of European crimes has elapsed since he made the assertion, and his position remains in its strength. He wrote near the time in which the nefarious project had like to have been completed. Men's minds still were shuddering from the recentness of the escape. It must have been within his memory, or have been sounded in his ears so young by his parents, that he would seem, in his maturer years, to have remembered it. No wonder then that he describes it in words that burn. But to us, Mr. Reflector, to whom the tradition has come slowly down, and has had time to cool, the story of Guido Vaux sounds rather like a tale, a fable, and an invention, than true history. It supposes such gigantic audacity of daring, combined with such more than infantile stupidity in the motive,—such a combination of the fiend and the monkey,—that credulity is almost swallowed up in contemplating the singularity of the attempt. It has accordingly, in some degree, shared the fate of fiction. It is familiarized to us in a kind of serio-ludicrous way, like the story of *Guy of Warwick*, or *Valentine and Orson*. The way which we take to perpetuate the memory of this deliverance (out of church) is well adapted to keep up this fabular notion. Boys go about the streets annually with a beggarly scarecrow drest up, which is to be burnt, indeed, at night, with holy zeal ; but, meantime, they beg a penny for *poor Guy* : this periodical petition, which we have heard from our infancy,—combined with the dress and appearance of the effigy, so well calculated to move compassion,—have the effect of quite removing from our fancy the horrid circumstances of the story which is thus commemorated ; and in *poor Guy* vainly should we try to recognise any of the features of that tremendous madman in iniquity, Guido Vaux, with his horrid crew of accomplices, that sought to emulate earthquakes and bursting volcanoes in their more than mortal mischief.

Indeed, the whole ceremony of burning Guy Faux, or the *Pope*, as he is indifferently called, is a sort of *Treason Tragedy*, and admirably adapted to lower our feelings upon this memorable subject. The printers of the little duodecimo *Prayer Book*, which I dare say you have seen, Mr. Reflector, printed by T. Baskett* in 1749, which has the effigy of his sacred Majesty George II. piously prefixed; have illustrated the service (a very fine one in itself) which is appointed for the Anniversary of this Day, with a print, which it is not very easy to describe, but the contents appear to be these:—The scene is a room, I conjecture, in the king's palace. Two persons,—one of whom I take to be James himself, from his wearing his hat while the other stands bareheaded,—are intently surveying a sort of speculum, or magic mirror, which stands upon a pedestal in the midst of the room, in which a little figure of Guy Faux with his dark lantern approaching the door of the Parliament House, is made discernible by the light proceeding from a *great eye* which shines in from the topmost corner of the apartment, by which eye the pious artist no doubt meant to designate Providence. On the other side of the mirror, is a figure doing something, which puzzled me when a child, and continues to puzzle me now. The best I can make of it is, that it is a conspirator busy laying the train,—but then, why is he represented in the king's chamber?—Conjecture upon so fantastical a design is vain, and I only notice the print as being one of the earliest graphic representations which woke my childhood into wonder, and doubtless combined with the mummery before mentioned, to take off the edge of that horror which the naked historical mention of Guido's conspiracy could not have failed of exciting.

Now that so many years are past since that abominable machination was happily frustrated, it will not, I hope, be considered a profane sporting with the subject, if we take no very serious survey of the consequences that would have flowed from this plot if it had had a successful issue. The first thing that strikes us, in a selfish point of view, is the material change which it must have produced in the course of the nobility. All the ancient peerage being extinguished, as it was intended, at one blow, the *Red-Book* must have been closed for ever, or a new race of peers must have been created to supply the deficiency; as the first part

* The same, I presume, upon whom the clergyman in the song of the *Vicar and Moses*; not without judgment, passes this memorable censure,—

Here, Moses, the King,—

'Tis a scandalous thing

That this Baskett should print for the Crown.

part of this dilemma is a deal too shocking to think of, what a fund of mouth-watering reflections does this give rise to in the breast of us plebeians of A. D. 1811—Why you or I, Mr. Reflector, might have been Duke of ——— or Earl of ———: I particularize no titles, to avoid the least suspicion of intention to usurp the dignities of the two noblemen whom I have in my eye:—but a feeling more dignified than envy sometimes excites a sigh, when I think how the posterity of Guido's Legion of Honour (among whom you or I might have been) might have rolled down "dulcified," as Burke expresses it, "by an exposure to the influence of heaven in a long flow of generations, from the hard, acidulous, metallic tincture of the spring." * What new orders of merit, think you, this English Napoleon would have chosen? Knights of the Barrel, or Lords of the Tub, Grand Almoners of the Cellar, or Ministers of Explosion?—We should have given the *Train couchant*, and the *Fire rampant*, in our arms; we should have quartered the dozen white matches in our coats;—the Shallows would have been nothing to us.—

Turning away from these mortifying reflections, let us contemplate its effects upon the *other house*, for they were all to have gone together,—King, Lords, Commons.—

To assist our imagination, let us take leave, Mr. Reflector, to suppose,—and we do it in the harmless wantonness of fancy,—to suppose that the tremendous explosion had taken place in our days;—we better know what a House of Commons is in our days, and can better estimate our loss;—let us imagine, then, to ourselves, the United Parliament sitting in full conclave above—Faux just ready with his train and matches below; in his hand a "reed tipt with fire"—he applies the fatal engine—

To assist our notions still further, let us suppose that some lucky dog of a reporter, who had escaped by miracle upon some plank of St. Stephen's benches, and came plump upon the roof of the adjacent Abbey, from whence descending, at some neighbouring coffee-house, first wiping his clothes and calling for a glass of lemonade, he sits down and reports what he had heard and seen (*quorum pars magna fuit*) for the *Morning Post* or the *Courier*,—we can scarcely imagine him describing the event in any other words but some such as these:—

"A Motion was put and carried, That this House do *adjourn*: That the Speaker do *quit the Chair*. The House rose amid clamours for Order."

In

* Letter to a Noble Lord.

In some such way the event might most technically have been conveyed to the public. But a poetical mind, Mr. Reflector, not content with this dry method of narration, cannot help pursuing the effects of this tremendous blowing up, this adjournment in the air *sine die*. It sees the benches mount,---the Chair first, and then the benches,---and first the Treasury Bench, hurried up in this nitrous explosion; the Members, as it were, pairing off; Whigs and Tories taking their friendly apotheosis together, (as they did their sandwiches below in Bellamy's room). Fancy, in her flight, keeps pace with the aspiring legislators, she sees the awful seat of order mounting till it becomes finally fixed a constellation, next to Cassiopeia's chair,---the wig of him that sat in it taking its place near Berenice's curls;---all, in their degrees, glittering somewhere. Sussex misses her member * on earth, but is consoled to view him, on a starry night, siding the Great Bear. Cambridge beholds hers † next Scorpio. The gentle Castlereagh curdles in the Milky Way. St. Peter, at Heaven's wicket,---no, not St. Peter,---St. Stephen, with open arms, receives his own---
 own---

While Fancy beholds these celestial appropriations, Reason, no less pleased, discerns the mighty benefit which so complete a renovation must produce below. Let the most determined foe to corruption, the most thorough-paced redresser of abuses, try to conceive a more absolute purification of the House than this was calculated to produce;---why, Pride's Purge was nothing to it;---the whole borough-mongering system would have been got rid of, fairly *exploded*;---with it, the senseless distinctions of party must have disappeared; faction must have vanished; corruption have expired in air. From Hundred, Tything, and Wapentake, some new Alfred would have convened, in all its purity, the primitive Wittena-gemot,---fixed upon a basis of property or population, permanent as the poles---

From this dream of universal restitution, Reason and Fancy with difficulty awake to view the real state of things. But, blessed be Heaven, Mr. Reflector, St. Stephen's walls are yet standing, all her seats firmly secured; nay, some have doubted (since the Septennial Act) whether gunpowder itself, or any thing short of a *Committee above stairs*, would be able to shake any one member from his seat;---that great and final improvement to the Abbey, which is all that seems wanting, by removing Westminster-hall and its appendages, and letting in the view of the

Thames,

* J--- F---, Esq.

† Sir V--- G---

THE REFLECTOR.

Thames, must not be expected in our days. Dismissing, therefore, all such speculations as mere tales of a tub, it is the duty of every honest Englishman, to endeavour, by means less wholesale than Guido's, to ameliorate, without extinguishing, Parliaments; to hold the lantern to the dark places of corruption; to apply the match to the rotten parts of the system only; and to wrap himself up, not in the muffling mantle of conspiracy, but in the warm, honest cloak of integrity and patriotic intention.

I am, Sir, Yours,

SPECULATOR.

ART. XVII.—*Poets at College.*

THE ingenuity of Mr. Walter Scott has been exercised with its usual book-making diffuseness, in patching up *some* account of the life of Dryden, which he has prefixed to his late copious edition of the works of that illustrious poet. The masterly biographical statement of Johnson was not sufficient, it seems, to satisfy the admirers of the poet; and accordingly Mr. Scott, with an industry by no means equalled by his success, has manufactured another life to supply the deficiencies of his predecessor. We are still left in the dark with respect to some circumstances, which torment us by exciting our curiosity without gratifying it. Thus, we find, that the great poet received an education as a king's scholar at Westminster, and subsequently removed to Trinity College, Cambridge. Of his studies at the former seminary, we have frequent mention in his writings; on the latter he is almost entirely silent: Dr. Busby, his schoolmaster, is addressed with the warmest affection and gratitude, which were not extinguished to the latest period of his life; but of his college-tutors, his college studies, and college-habits, we are almost as ignorant as if he had never entered the walls of such a society. The little notice we do meet with in his writings of the University of Cambridge, is of such a nature, as not only involves us in a mysterious darkness, but excites painful feelings of regret and indignation. In a Prologue written "in his riper age" he expresses a contemptuous indifference towards it:—

"Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother-university:—
Thebes did his rude, unknowing youth engage;
He chuses Athens in his riper age."

With

With a view to explaining the grounds of this dissatisfaction of Dryden with his 'mother-university,' Mr. Walter Scott entertains us with a droll story of his being "put out of commons" for refractoriness to the vice-master of his college; a story, which may serve, perhaps, to console by his example other gowmsmen suffering under the same affliction, but surely cannot be seriously adduced as a reason for being offended with the whole university.

An attempt to clear up this part of Dryden's history, and to vindicate him from the obvious charge of ingratitude and injustice, is more interesting than easy. Yet it is certain, that if Dryden has treated his mother-university with unwarrantable neglect, or a pointed contempt more bitter than neglect, he has, at least, been deprived, in return, of that deference which was unquestionably due to him, as one of the greatest poets that ever exalted our nation. Who would not have expected, that the name of Dryden would be joined with those of Newton, Bentley, and Porson, and handed down with them from age to age as the boast of, at least, his college, if not his university? But the Cambridge-traveller is conducted through all the departments of curiosity, and taught to admire the various monuments of science: he gazes with delight on the statue of Newton, but looks in vain for that of Dryden; and is left to conclude, either that Dryden was not a member of Trinity College, or that he conferred no honour on his college, and is consequently entitled to no posthumous distinction at its hands.

Surely, such a treatment of such a man is every way disgraceful and unaccountable. But when it is considered, that Cowley, who adorned the same college, has experienced the same scanty distinction, the circumstance can be attributed solely to that rigid austerity of taste,—to that jealous exclusion of every thing poetical, which seems to be the necessary result of the confined system of a college. We need not wonder to be told by Dr. Johnson, that "at the university Dryden does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction," because we are convinced, that the manifestation of such a disposition would have been of itself almost sufficient, a century and a half ago, to exclude him from all future favour and encouragement in that university, which was at that time certainly not very poetical. But the following sentence of the great biographer is almost calculated to provoke us to laughter:—

"He obtained, whatever was the reason, no fellowship in the college. Why he was excluded cannot now be known, and it is vain to guess; had he thought himself injured, he knew how to complain."—*Life of Dryden.*

Dryden

Dryden a fellow of a college! Who does not know that fellowships were bestowed on mathematics? Now, it does not appear from the writings of Dryden, that he had paid much attention to this study; nor is it in the least probable, that so loose, so gigantic, and so irregular a genius, as his, could have been at all chained down to the dry lucubrations of mathematical science. It is not among the fellows of a college, therefore, that we are to search for the name of Dryden: a fellow "should be made of sterner stuff" than poetry,—of intense study and unwearied application, of a patient forbearance from forbidden pursuits, and a humble attachment to those which are prescribed.

Such being the necessary qualifications on which college honours are usually bestowed, it is no wonder that Dryden was excluded from them: and yet, such was the capriciousness of his temper, such was his inclination to complain of, rather than to guard against his necessities, that it is not improbable he might subsequently feel indignant at the privation of that resource from his college, for the attainment of which he had declined previously to qualify himself. If such were the case, we can only pity the great man for his fretfulness, without having much to say for the justice of it.

And yet, after all, who shall venture to say, that the above-quoted rejection of all ties to his "mother-university" was not a mere momentary ebullition of ill-natured spleen and caprice, unfounded on any deep-rooted feeling, and guided by no serious wish, except to pay a compliment to a rival university, which he chanced then to be addressing? This is rendered more probable from the consideration, that "in the life of Plutarch he mentions his education in the college with gratitude." Why this gratitude was not of a more durable nature than to be shaken by the paltry prospect of a temporary interest, or whether his college had any strong claims on his gratitude, we cannot now determine: we can only regret, that so little is known of so considerable a portion of the life of such a man, and must rest contented with the dull memorial, that he went to Cambridge in 1650, and was admitted to a bachelor's degree in 1653.

Whether it be, that by the frigid atmosphere of a college the faculties of a poet are frozen into inactivity, or that a college life is too retired to attract the notice of biographers, we are marvellously at a loss to conjecture what have been the occupations of some of our most illustrious countrymen, who have slept away, as it were, three dull years within the walls of a college, and never favoured the world with any account of their studies or amusements, of their thinking or playful hours, during that time. Our universities appear to be destitute of that ambition, which would delight in tracing the movements of their most celebrated

brated sons,—in noticing their local habits and employments,—and in contributing some portion of information towards illustrating the lives of some of the ornaments of their country. In the absence of this laudable ambition, we may visit Cambridge without being able to collect any traditionary information of Dryden or of Bacon; and as to Oxford, the wits there are so ignorant of any thing relative to the college habits of their great men, that they will talk to you, with a very entertaining air of importance, of the manners and genius of Warton! All this is very petty, and one would rather hear of something new and interesting of Johnson, of Addison, and of Locke.

Of Cowley, though so far removed from us, more appears to be known than of later students. He ventured to follow his poetical studies at Cambridge, and he even did it with impunity: but he was afterwards, by political influence, ejected from his “mother university,” and obliged to shelter himself in Oxford; an indignity which he bore with more manliness than Dryden would have evinced, who was the greater poet, but not the greater man, of the two.

Milton, says Johnson, was admitted a sizar at Christ's College, Cambridge. This is disputed by an annotator [R.], who maintains that Milton was a pensioner; for proof of which he appeals to the College Register:—“Johannes Miltonus, &c. &c. *admissus est pensionarius minor.*” Now, if he was a pensioner, what is the signification of this *minor*? An appeal should be made to some one better acquainted than myself with college terms; but it does appear to me, that the phrase “*pensionarius minor*” can signify nothing else but a sizar. Be this as it may, it seems certain, that he “suffered the public indignity of corporal correction” at college, and that he was either expelled or rusticated.* It is, besides, reported, that while a college student, he was discovered asleep by a lady, who left by his side a paper inscribed with the following verses of Guarini:—

“Occhi, stelle mortale,
Ministri de miei mali,
Se chiusi uccidete,
Aperti che farete?”

The truth of this story does not rest on indisputable authority: but if it be true, it was fortunate for the lady that she did not see him awake; for his eyes were by no means so brilliant as to correspond with the beauty of his features.

Gray, I believe, did not distinguish himself in any honourable way, while he was an under-graduate: it is said, that he rendered

* Dismissed into the country for a certain number of terms.

dered himself obnoxious to his fellow collegians by the prim ef-feminacy of his manners, which presented so strange a contrast to the manly fire of his writings. He was afterwards, in 1768, presented by the late Duke of Grafton with the Professorship of Modern History at Cambridge,—a lucrative office, which he had previously solicited in vain of the Earl of Bute. But “*apud Scoti istius mentem ingenium Grayii, et doctrina, et probi mores minus valuerunt, quam artes adulatoriæ competi-toris.*” *

There is no doubt, that if the college anecdotes of our great men were preserved with better accuracy than they are, they would add no small portion of entertainment and instruction to the details of literary history. But this part of biography is in general too much neglected: a minute attention is bestowed on less interesting days of boyhood, and even the infancy of a great man is made the object of scrupulous research: but at the time of his entering upon a college life,—at that time, when his mind begins to develope itself, his views to be expanded, and the blossoms of his future greatness to put forth their promise,—he is neglected as a wild flower, unworthy of cultivation. His biographer disdains to follow him into the recesses of a college,—shuddering, perhaps, at the dissipated scenes his eye must encounter, and controuled by a trembling delicacy for his hero's reputation. But, since the mind, in all the various stages of its progress towards excellence, is a subject worthy the contemplation of a philosopher, we would rather encounter the hazard of beholding the most frightful alternations of magnanimity and profligacy, than suffer any part of the life of such men as Dryden or Savage to be enveloped in a blank of darkness. To sympathize in their infirmities, demands but an exertion of our compassion: but to conceive that they have been lost, as it were, in a temporary non-existence, calls for too great an extension of credulity, and leaves the mind bewildered and unsatisfied.

S.

* Tweddell, *Prolesiones Juven.* p. 69.

ART. XV.—*Retrospect of Public Affairs.*

THE great public business with which the present year commenced in this country, was the establishment of that Regency which the continued mental indisposition of his Majesty had unfortunately rendered necessary; and we lament to say that the parliamentary debates on this momentous subject appear to have partaken more of a party spirit modified by private interests, than of that regard to the general good which might have been expected from the great assembly of the nation. The ministers, who had protracted to the utmost a measure whence they anticipated the extinction of their own power, no longer able to resist the exigence arising from a defect in the executive branch of the government, resolved to try their strength in imposing such restrictions on the Regent as should limit his capacity of forming a party attached to his person, and in rendering his Majesty's resumption of the royal authority a matter within their own decision. This project would naturally be opposed by all those who expected to participate in the honours and emoluments of the regency; and many others objected, on a constitutional ground, to the idea of transferring the regal office divested of part of the influence and prerogative belonging to it, and setting up a kind of fourth estate as a controul upon its exertions.

The first contest, then, was between an unlimited or limited regency; or in other words, whether the Regent should be invited to undertake his office by a vote of parliament, or a bill should be framed specifying the conditions on which he was to receive it. The former proposal was strenuously supported by all the Prince's party; and the whole band of royal brothers was induced to take the extraordinary step of signing a conjunct protest against limitation of the regency, and transmitting it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ministers, however, carried their motion for a regency bill; and after long debates in both houses, attended with singular fluctuations of majorities and minorities, it was framed nearly according to their first draught, of which Mr. Pitt's bill on a former occasion was the model.

The principal provisions of the regency bill are the following:—The Regent is restrained during a certain period (*viz.* till February 1812) from granting peerages, or summoning heirs-apparent, or appointing to titles in abeyance; from granting offices in reversion, or offices or pensions for a longer term than during the royal pleasure, excepting those which are by law granted for life or during good behaviour. The care of his Ma-
jesty

jesty's person, and the appointment of a suitable household, is vested in the Queen, assisted by a council. The council is every three months to declare the state of the King's health, of which a copy is to be sent to the privy council and published in the *Gazette*, and they have power to examine the physicians upon oath. The King's recovery is to be notified to the privy council, which is to assemble and enter the said notification. The King may then, by his sign-manual, require the privy council to assemble, to whom he shall signify his pleasure to resume the royal authority, and a proclamation shall issue accordingly; after which the present regency shall terminate.

On the restrictions upon the Regent by this bill, there is not much to be remarked. Their purpose is manifest: they were imposed by persons who knew that they did not possess the Prince's favour, and by a reservation of patronage in another hand, provided an accession of strength to that opposition of which they expected to make a part. But the clauses relative to the King's return to power deserve a very serious consideration. The spirit of them was clearly declared in a speech (as reported) by Mr. Perceval:—"What," says he, "are we providing for? Is it not to facilitate to his Majesty his resumption of the throne? The King is entitled to come forward at once and resume the exercise of his authority; and by this measure (the notification to the privy council) he merely announces to the public the circumstance of his capacity." In perfect consistency with this idea, neither the privy council nor the parliament is entrusted with the least cognizance of the fact of the King's capacity; but his own volition, of which the Queen and her council are constituted the organs, is to be the efficient cause of his restoration to power. If a similar case be transferred to private life, the preposterousness of this mode of decision will at once be apparent. A lunatic is deprived by legal interference of the right of managing his own concerns; he thinks himself aggrieved, and employs all his remaining reason in planning the means of resuming his privileges. It is well known that with this view lunatics are often capable of great self-command in concealing their infirmity, so as to deceive those who are not very conversant with cases of insanity; but would any man of common sense think a lunatic's own declaration of being restored to a sound mind, though backed by the opinion of persons interested in his return to the offices of life, a sufficient warrant for annulling the restraint in which he has been held? and are the functions of a king of so much less importance than those of a private man, that they should be restored with a less degree of ceremony and caution? It will be said, that the opinions of physicians given upon oath will doubtless be taken by the Queen's council before they sanction his Ma-

jesty's resumption of his high office. This, it is to be remarked, is not made a *necessary* preliminary; but supposing it complied with; what security has the nation for the ideas these physicians may entertain as to the degree of intellect required in the possessor of regal authority? Should that state of mental imbecillity which is a common termination of repeated fits of insanity gradually take place in the present instance, who can affirm that the subsidence of those symptoms which denote *active* derangement might not be taken as an evidence that the disorder was so far subdued, that the part of a pageant monarch might be safely committed to the sufferer? and thus the British throne, like so many on the Continent, might be occupied by one who was the mere passive organ of a minister's will. In the parliamentary enquiries respecting former instances of his Majesty's attacks of this lamentable malady, it was proved that he had been allowed to perform acts of royalty at the very time when he was under medical coercion; and a motion was made and supported in the House of Lords for a strong censure upon the Lord Chancellor at that time (who was the same with the present) on account of his permitting such a proceeding. That parliament should have been resorted to for the purpose of declaring the King's *incapacity*, and that it should exert no power of enquiring into his returning *capacity*, seems a strange incongruity. On the whole, the ground of these provisions, as stated by Mr. Perceval, namely, the facilitating of his Majesty's resumption of authority, will probably appear to those who consider without prejudice the nature and purpose of the regal office, to be entirely erroneous; and they will be disposed to concur in the sentiment expressed, with his usual manly frankness, by *one* member of the House of Commons—that were the public good the sole object of their deliberations, they would rather throw obstacles in the way of a hasty resumption, by previously requiring the fullest proof of a complete restoration to mental sanity in the personage to whom so momentous a charge is committed by the Constitution.

The Prince of Wales accepted the regency on the terms enjoined, at the same time expressing, in a dignified manner, his sense of the difficulties to which its conditions subjected him. He was installed, with due solemnity, on February 6, when his feelings of these difficulties were manifested in a manner the public had not been at all prepared to expect—the existing ministers were all continued in office. Though they were professedly destitute of his confidence and approbation, he thought proper to leave the reins of government in their hands, and content himself with occupying the place of the ceremonial head of the state, whilst he took no part in the exercise of real authority. For this determination no other reason can be assigned, than the

assurance

assurance that his father's disability would be so soon ended, that it was not worth while to attempt any change of system, or to perform the invidious task of making a nomination among his friends to posts which they would be obliged to resign almost as soon as they were settled in them : and it is probable the same consideration operated upon the persons themselves who were to have composed a new ministry. In fact, the King's restoration to complete mental sanity has been anticipated with a confidence which cannot but appear extraordinary, on taking into account his repeated attacks, combined with his advanced years : and it has now appeared that the recovery of his usual state of bodily health has not been accompanied with the removal of that infirmity of mind which has unfitted him for the functions of royalty. Since the establishment of the regency, ministers have carried every question in parliament by their usual majorities, and seem to have experienced no obstruction to their measures from the want of the Regent's personal support. They have accordingly pursued their usual course of resisting all enquiries, defending all abuses, and opposing all reforms ; nor perhaps do the annals of the reign exhibit a set of men in power more callous to reprehension, or more indifferent to public opinion.

On February 12, the Regent's Speech was delivered *by commission*, his Royal Highness not chusing to go in person to the House of Lords. This circumstance was regarded as a further indication of his dissatisfaction with the situation in which he is placed, and his resolution rather to consider himself as acting the part of a temporary representative of royalty, than of one really invested with the supreme authority. The speech, therefore, in its topics and sentiments did not at all differ from that which the ministers would have composed in the name of the King himself. The only interesting information it contained related to the flourishing state of the revenue of Great Britain, which was represented as exceeding that of any former year. A confession was, however, made of a deficiency in that of Ireland ; which has since been shewn to be enormous and alarming.

The multiplicity of informations *ex officio* against alledged libels, to which we adverted in our last Retrospect, has produced a motion on the subject in the House of Commons ; and although the motion was quashed by a majority, and the conduct of the Attorney-General was vindicated, yet the indignant feelings expressed by several members concerning this abuse of power will probably operate as a check upon such proceedings in future. One instance of the good consequence of the free animadversions of writers, though made at the hazard of the individuals, has appeared in a clause introduced into the mutiny act, permitting the commutation by courts martial of the cruel and disgraceful pu-

nishment of flogging, for the more lenient one of imprisonment. It is a remarkable circumstance, that while this clause was passing, the proprietor of the Stamford newspaper was under prosecution for publishing an article exposing the inhumanity of military flogging; and also, that he was found guilty by a Lincoln jury, after certain publishers in London had been acquitted on a trial for copying all the material parts of the same article,—a decisive proof of what we formerly asserted, that on the spirit of juries the freedom of the English press must entirely depend.

The remarkable indifference shewn by the country at large to the question of the regency was doubtless in part owing to those mercantile distresses, which have gone on augmenting till their consequences have extended in some degree to the persons or connections of almost every one concerned in trade. The abettors of war have tasked their invention to suggest any other cause of this calamity than the war itself, which is undoubtedly the only true one. The exclusion of all our manufactures and colonial commodities from the continent of Europe, now, by the rigorous measures of our inveterate foe, completely effected, except to the few places possessed by our troops, has closed the usual and regular channels of foreign commerce, and has driven the adventurous into speculations, many of which have been wholly unsuccessful, and have only added loss to stagnation. Great Britain has now become a vast magazine of goods for which there is no vent, and which have depreciated to such a degree, that they are scarcely adequate security for the expences of their import. The opulent manufacturers of articles of foreign consumption have found it necessary to discharge a great proportion of their workmen; while those of slender capitals, who depended upon speedy returns to enable them to go on, have been obliged to suspend their payments; many with no hope of resuming them. Government has thought proper to interfere for the support of commercial credit, by appropriating a large sum for temporary loans to those who can give adequate security, as upon some former occasions; but it may be questioned, while the cause subsists, whether much good can be effected in this way. What manufacturer will accept of aid to make articles for which there is no demand; or what merchant can be lastingly benefited by loans upon commodities still doomed to lie perishing in his warehouses? The same general evil has occasioned the disappearance of almost all specie in the common transactions of buying and selling, and the comparative depreciation of paper currency. Of the latter effect, a proof has been given by the measure suddenly adopted by the Bank, of raising the nominal value of its dollar tokens from 5s. to 5s. 6d.; and though guineas have not as yet increased in their ratio

ratio to bank-notes, yet such a consequence is expected, since a high premium is given for them by those who have means of exporting them. The cause of all this is perfectly obvious to those who do not wish to be deceived. Vast sums are continually wanted for the pay and subsistence of our armies in foreign countries where our bank paper has no currency; and as we have scarcely any export of commodities to create a credit upon the merchants of the continent, which might serve as a medium of payment, it is necessary to send over gold and silver, the relative value of which is augmented in proportion to the increased demand.

The commercial distresses have, in the mean time, been aggravated by the complete failure of the negociation with the American minister, Mr. Pinkney, who was sent hither for the purpose of accommodating all the differences subsisting between this country and the United States. As in the Regent's speech an earnest wish was expressed of an amicable termination of these differences, it is to be supposed that some very important point stood in the way of the desired agreement. The refusal by our ministers to annul our orders in council, on the plea that the French Emperor had not in effect revoked his Milan and Berlin decrees, is supposed to have been the principal cause of Mr. Pinkney's departure. We shall not enter into the intricate question of right on this occasion; but only lament that the most valuable remaining branch of our foreign commerce has thus been cut off, at a time when such a defalcation must be most sensibly felt by our manufacturers. The American non-intercourse act has been renewed against us in its utmost rigour, and a little unadvised heat on either side of the water might readily burst out into acts of hostility.

The gloom created by the state of domestic affairs has been in some measure lightened by successes abroad, which have greatly added to the military reputation of the country, and which we should record with unmixed pleasure, did we clearly perceive a tendency in them to that return of peace which alone can be the parent of true national prosperity.

The disastrous and unexpected loss of some of our frigates in an attempt to destroy some French frigates lying at the Isle of France had not long been made known, before intelligence was received of the capture of that island with all the shipping in its port, and the consequent recovery of our vessels and their crews. A landing was effected, without loss, on November 29, by an armament sent against it, under the command of Vice-Admiral Bertie and Major-General Abercrombie, and after a single action, proposals of capitulation were made by the French commandant, which, though favourable to the enemy, whose garrison was not

to be considered as prisoners of war, were readily acceded to, as the possession, without further hazard or delay, of so valuable an island was justly thought too important to be put in balance with concessions of little moment. Thus a settlement which so long had been a cruel annoyance to our East India traffic, and was replenished with the spoils of our commerce, was reduced with a facility that occasioned surprise and regret that the enterprise was not sooner undertaken. Indeed, after the accounts we have had of the formidable defences, natural and artificial, of the place, it is impossible not to suspect that so easy a conquest was not gained by force alone.

The isle of Banda, one of the Moluccas, noted for the production of nutmegs, was taken from the Dutch in August last, after a very slight resistance.

Portugal; the principal seat of the European warfare in which we are engaged, and in which great events were continually expected to take place, for many weeks afforded no other spectacle than that of two powerful armies posted in sight of each other, one, not venturing to attack, the other, only occupied in defence. Lord Wellington's strong position, judicious combinations, and incessant vigilance, afforded no opportunity to his antagonist to gain any advantage over him; and as he had a sea port and fleet at his back, he was in no pain for a regular supply of provisions and other necessities, and was likewise frequently receiving reinforcements. Massena, on the other hand, was lying in a country already devastated; and though a French army is always fertile in resources, yet his remoteness from adequate supplies must evidently in no long period reduce him to difficulties, if he should fail in the object of forcing the English position, and gaining possession of the Portuguese capital. This period at length arrived; and about the beginning of March, Massena relinquished his fortified post and commenced a retreat. His route was northwards, approaching the frontier of Spain, and he was closely followed by the allied army of English and Portuguese. The military skill of the leader has preserved the French army from any other losses than those necessarily incident to a hasty retreat before an active and enterprising foe; but it has eternally disgraced itself by the cruelties with which it has taken leave of a country it was unable to conquer. Smoking towns and villages, slaughtered peasants, and all the horrors of violation and barbarity, are said to have marked its track. The sufferings of the wretched people have called forth the generosity of this nation, and a sum has been unanimously voted for the present relief of the sufferers—a measure of justice towards those whose distress has been principally occasioned by the policy we have adopted of making their country the seat of war; but which is an addition to the burdens incurred

incurred from that war. A much heavier is, however, imposed by a great augmentation of the subsidy paid to the Portuguese for the maintenance of their own troops, which has been justified on the ground of the advantages experienced from such auxiliaries, who, under the command and training of British officers, have acquitted themselves with credit in all the actions in which they have been engaged.

It were to be wished that our other peninsular allies had equally sustained their military reputation; but the spring campaign in Spain has hitherto been little more than a series of losses and disgraces. Lord Wellington, in a letter to the Portuguese Regency, thus expresses himself concerning the events in Spain:—"The Spanish nation has lost in the course of two months the fortresses of Tortosa, Olivença, and Badajos, without any sufficient cause; and, at the same time, Marshal Soult, with a corps of troops which never was supposed to exceed 20,000 men, besides the capture of the two last places, has made prisoners and destroyed above 22,000 Spanish troops." Certainly they could not have desired a better opportunity of vigorous exertion than whilst the attention of the enemy was so much occupied with Portugal, and their failure can only be ascribed to some radical defect in their military constitution.

An expedition was planned in February for a combined body of English and Spaniards to be conveyed by sea and make an attack upon the rear of the French army besieging Cadiz. The troops were landed at the destined spot, and the Spaniards moved forward to take possession of the heights of Barrosa. These, however, they deserted on the approach of a French division; and the British force under General Graham, amounting to about 5000 men, found itself, on March 5, in the face of a much superior force of the enemy advancing upon it. The general, with the promptitude of a masterly mind, decided upon anticipating the attack; and a very severe action ensued, the event of which was highly honourable to the British troops. The French were defeated in every quarter, with the loss of two generals made prisoners, and one killed, and a great number of men left on the field; and an imperial eagle, with some pieces of cannon, were among the trophies of the victors. Their own loss was, however, severe, and their excessive fatigue prevented them from pursuing their success; and *unfortunately* there were no Spanish troops near enough to partake in the glory and service of the day. The Spanish commander in chief, indeed, incurred so much blame for his conduct that he has been superseded. Our men after the action withdrew to the Isla de Leon, and the French resumed the bombardment of Cadiz, though more in bravado than for any effective purpose. On the whole, this affair seems to

have done little more than afford an additional proof of, what did not require to be proved, the valour of British soldiers; while it certainly has not added to the confidence reposed in the co-operation of our ally. One material advantage obtained, however, is that of the conspicuous light in which General Graham has been enabled to place his military talents, which appear to be of the first order, and may hereafter be essentially beneficial to his country.

No formidable addition has been made to our list of enemies by a declaration of war from Sweden. Such a measure was to be expected as a result of the influence of France over that country, but it will probably be attended with little real hostility on either side. The King, who succeeded to his deposed nephew, has made a temporary resignation of the sovereignty on the pretext of ill health, and the regency has, of course, devolved on the Frenchman who was elected crown-prince. The ex-king of Sweden has returned to the north on board of an English frigate; but with what view or expectation does not yet appear. When did a deposed monarch submit tranquilly to his fate?

No one who impartially considers the origin of our quarrel with the Danes, will heartily rejoice in a success over that injured people; yet the singular gallantry with which a late attack on their part has been repelled, cannot but be flattering to a patriotic spirit. The little isle of Anholt, in the Categat, having been occupied by a British garrison of a few more than 300 men, as a commodious maritime station, an expedition of sea and land forces to the amount, it is said, of nearly 4000 men, was sent out from Denmark for its recovery. A landing was effected on the island, on March 27, and a vigorous attack was commenced upon the defences. The Danes were, however, repulsed at all points with great loss; and a body of more than 500, which was unable to get back to their boats, surrendered prisoners of war. Two of the king's vessels gave their assistance on the occasion, and captured two Danish gun-boats. Small as this action was in respect to the number of men engaged, nothing could more decisively prove the valour and skill of British troops; and the result may be regarded as an augury of what might be expected from them if the defence of their native land from invasion should ever become their task. Indeed, the various instances of superiority on the part of our soldiers, as well as of our sailors, which have lately occurred, ought to operate as a cure of that panic with which the nation in general has been struck on contemplating the bare possibility of a future loss of naval dominion, and which seems to have reconciled it to the prospect of eternal war.

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The birth (March 20) of a son and heir to the French Emperor may be considered as an event of some consequence in continental politics, as it may tend to draw closer the bands of alliance between the French and the Austrian courts, and to rivet the chains of that despotism, of which France is at the same time the passive victim and the active instrument; but this tendency may possibly have the effect of counteracting itself, by the despair it may excite of the natural termination of usurped and immoderate power; and the chance that the infant *King of Rome* may come to be the second of the Bonaparte dynasty will probably not be estimated at a high rate by political calculators. The prospect is at present far from unclouded before Napoleon, whose failure in his promised subjugation of the peninsula cannot but diminish that reputation for invariable success by which alone he has hitherto maintained his extended sway, and whose iron rule must have made as many malcontents as subjects. There seems good reason to believe that Russia views with much dissatisfaction the haughty predominance of France in the affairs of the north; though the weakness of her court will not justify any firm reliance on her efforts to assert her natural influence; at least, she must free herself from her unadvised war with the Porte before she can apply her resources to any other effectual purpose. That power, in the midst of difficulties external and internal, does not seem disposed to submit to the terms demanded by Russia, of the cession of all its provinces on the left bank of the Danube; and Mussulman enthusiasm has often maintained a hard conflict with Christian discipline. The powerful English fleet to be sent into the Baltic will doubtless considerably affect the state of northern politics.

While Europe is in this precarious and unsettled condition, the flames of a revolutionary war are unhappily ravaging some of the finest parts of America. The great question, whether the Spanish colonies should take this opportunity of asserting their independence, or should retain their allegiance to the mother country under the nominal sovereignty of Ferdinand VII., has already divided some of the principal governments, and occasioned conflicts marked with the sanguinary violence belonging to the Creole character. In Mexico, it seems as if the old interest was predominant; in Caraccas and Buenos Ayres, the new prevails; and it is to be feared that much blood will be shed before a concurrence in one system can be effected. The English government has prudently declared that it means to take no part in these domestic quarrels, but only to protect all from the designs of the common enemy.

To revert to matters more nearly concerning ourselves—an alarm was for some time excited respecting the internal state of Ireland,

land, in consequence of a circular letter issued by the secretary, Mr. Wellesley Pole, requiring from all magistrates the immediate apprehension of all persons in any way concerned in the election or appointment of representatives or delegates to a Catholic Committee meant to be assembled in Dublin. This exertion of power was authorised by a clause in the convention act, but it had not been put in force for some years past; it was therefore concluded that a discovery had been made of some very dangerous designs on the part of that numerous body of Irish subjects. The ministry on this side the water affirmed that they knew nothing of this measure till it was adopted; but when Mr. Pole came over to justify his conduct, he received the usual support of the government. Nothing, however, but a very obvious necessity could apologize for the renewal of an arbitrary proceeding, devised in a time of actual rebellion, and conveying a severe reflection on the great body of the nation. The Irish ministry seem to have been conscious that they had been precipitate; for when they sent two magistrates to disperse the meeting of a very respectable Catholic committee in Dublin, of which Lord Ffrench was president, the firmness shown by the president and members disconcerted the satellites of authority; and the declaration that the meeting was only for the purpose of preparing a petition, was accepted as a reason for giving it no further interruption.

It would be scarcely worth while to notice among domestic occurrences the election of a new Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, did not its circumstances afford some insight into the state of parties. The Duke of Rutland first declared himself a candidate, and wrote a letter to the vice-chancellor, in which, after very humbly disclaiming any merit of his own, he begged leave to mention the supposed good wishes of his Majesty for his success, and the avowed patronage of Mr. Perceval. This letter, one of the meanest perhaps that ever fell from a noble pen, gave deep disgust to all who were capable of feeling for the honour of the university; and proved very serviceable to his competitor, the Duke of Gloucester, who carried the election by a considerable majority, notwithstanding the two archbishops and several bishops, with various persons about the court, thought themselves bound to vote for the Duke of Rutland, in opposition to the King's own nephew, and the known wish of the Regent.

Thus terminates the first quarter of the year 1811, leaving abundant matter for the expectation of important events in its ulterior course; but we dare not predict *that* event which is the object of our warmest wishes—its close with the restoration of peace and prosperity to this and so many other countries, which have so long been sufferers under the reign of lawless violence

violence and unprincipled ambition. All victory which does not tend to this point is only so much aggravation of human misery.

ART. XIX.—*On the Public Spirit of the Times, and the State of Parties.*

It is not intended, in the following remarks, to send forth a declamation against the age in general; much less to anathematize every body who differs from them in opinion. There are, it is true, and ever will be, a certain quantity of common-place old gentlemen, and respectable but wrinkled ladies, to treat us with lectures on the degeneracy of the times, and to shew us how wrong we are in admiring the youth and beauty around us. The old epicure in *Gil Blas* thought that the peaches had degenerated since his time; and were we to take for granted, in a progressive ratio, all that has been said on this subject, we should find that we had sunk beneath all standard of comparison; that every thing about us was wretched and unreasonable; that we could scarcely read or write; had no morals, manners, or common sense; and were not above six inches high.

But one of the greatest proofs of the advancement of reason in the present age, is the general disappearance of this kind of superstition. The most desponding of us are too much alive to the many improvements around them, to waste all their praise upon their ancestors: people begin to see the folly of lamenting the want of other Bacons to make revolutions in science, and other Newtons to discover a fresh centre of gravity; and though we may now and then find, in a corner of a magazine, a letter from some young gentleman, fresh from Goldsmith or Dr. Johnson, complaining that "we have no such men now-a-days," it is pretty well understood that we have poets and philosophers superior to both; and that in no age, among the possessors of real knowledge, has knowledge been so real and so unadulterated with prejudice.

But while we do justice to the improvements of the age, we must not be blind to its deteriorations; and we cannot be so, if we do that justice in the proper spirit, since it is by knowing the defects as well as merits of the times, that we set both in their proper contrast, ascertain their causes, observe their progress, and prolong or provide against their effects. The same impartial observer, for instance, who sees our rise in painting, will ac-
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knowledge our decline in music;—he will perceive that if the whole drama has become purified, it has also, though certainly not from the same cause, become stultified; and he will confess, that if our foreign power has never before been so extensive, it has never been less strong or effectual at the point where its influence would be most advantageous.

It is for want of a sufficient number of persons with disinterestedness, self-respect, or hope enough to come forward and recommend this kind of impartiality, that public errors acquire so much negative strength; for it is not in the removal of the errors themselves that the difficulty lies, as their secret friends would have us believe, but in the obtainment of a few shoulders that would apply themselves heartily to the task. That persons both willing and able to set about it, are not to be found, can hardly be supposed by any one acquainted with the state of national intellect; but that such persons do not take a sufficient interest in the thing, is very evident, and so is the cause of their lukewarmness:—they think that experience is against them; that so much blood and treasure wasted for such a succession of years at the pleasure of the crown and its servants argue a complete subjugation of the public sense; and that as men of independence have already exerted themselves to little purpose, it becomes them to sit down quietly with their books and their families, and enjoy themselves as much as possible while quietness is to last. It is very difficult, however, to say at what time, and under what circumstances, an independent man has a right to argue to himself in this manner. If the circumstances be desperate, he may be of use in preparing people for the shock, and in diminishing its force by his own firmness;—if they are not so, his retreat is confessedly premature, and it is well if he can shew that it is not indolent or even timorous. One thing it becomes him well to consider, under any possible view of the case; and that is, that it is the want of such men as himself that peculiarly helps to make it desperate. If two, or twelve, or thirty independent men in public life have been able to effect little against corruption, twelve or thirty more, adding both positive strength to the cause and the influence of conscientious example, may be able to effect a great deal:—and, in fine, if nothing at all can be achieved, yet it is something to shew to posterity how freedom retains her voice to the last, and how difficult it is to wrest from her in her dying moments the vigorous principle of life.

But the assumption, that much has already been tried without success, seems to be unjustifiable. The want of success is manifest, to a certain degree; but where is the *much* that has been tried?—These assertions are made in moments of irritation, when some favourite scheme has been thwarted, or some long-expected

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good fortune been faithless. It was in such a moment that Mr. Fox took his well-known leave of the House of Commons, declaring that it was useless to sit there any longer; and it was a similar feeling which lately provoked his friends to cry out, that the nation was absolutely divided into two huge parties of bigoted courtiers and vengeful democrats, who were bent upon each other's destruction. The fact is, however,—and these very persons have since tacitly acknowledged it,—that by far the greater part of the nation, as is the case with all nations, think little or nothing about politics, except when the tax-gatherer annoys them, or when people meet in the street or at dinner, and have exhausted the social sympathies of the weather. There is that in politics, which persons of all descriptions, except such as have an immediate interest in the matter, are inclined to avoid,—the idle and luxurious for it's troublesomeness, the men of taste for it's dryness, and the foolish from not discerning it's effects. Were the great body of the nation to take an interest in it, as has been represented, things would be in a fairer likelihood of amendment, for it is seldom, when it's own welfare is concerned, that such a body thinks wrongly, if it thinks at all; and therefore, instead of going about to settle imaginary divisions which absurd the nation, and to lament that these divisions are given up to a dreadful stubbornness that beats back all interference, it becomes reasonable observers to rouse the attention of their countrymen to the real state of things,—to create an interest in politics instead of repressing it,—and to shew them how insignificant are these very parties, so fearfully exaggerated, when compared with that aggregate power of mind, which is at present inactive and useless, but might be irresistible and all-reforming.—And first,

Of the Pittites.—How will posterity believe that power in this country was not only enjoyed for twenty years, but bequeathed in a flourishing state to his disciples, by a man, whose good works were at the best a great question, who confessedly heaped burden on burden over the people's shoulders, whose foreign policy was invariably unfortunate, who entered into power when England gave the tone to Europe, was at peace, was respectable, and only 400 millions in debt, and who left her at his death shut out from the Continent, at war with the whole civilized world, loaded with the ignominy of unfortunate coalitions, and groaning under a debt of 800 millions, with financial prospects, that roused the alarm of the most confident and the enquiries of the most slavish? If they look for explanation to certain biographical and historical compilations, which however are not at all likely to reach them, their astonishment will mount to a pitch of agony on finding that the great majority of the nation was uninterruptedly fond of this man and his disciples; that the courtiers

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were the most disinterested people that could be ; and above all, that the prince, who then sate on the throne, was decidedly and in one word, " the best of kings." They will as little discover the main point of the truth, though they will see more of it's contingencies, by reading the statements that attribute all our ministerial evils to an overgrown aristocracy. " What ! " they will say : " did this ' best of kings ' then, who must doubtless have been the wisest, suffer all his excellent plans to be defeated by his own ministers ? Did he patiently allow the people to be enamoured of their own misfortunes, without telling them how much they were injuring him as well as themselves ? Did he calmly see his power wrested out of his hands by an usurping aristocracy, who must infallibly have rendered him undignified as far as regarded his own person, and impotent in all that militated against their interest ? " Unable to endure the mystery of so many contradictions, they will have recourse to works that give a more particular account of this prince's character ; and mystery and contradiction will vanish at once before a plain fact or two respecting the royal intellect. It has been the fashion of late years, even among the boldest advocates of reform, to omit all mention of the reigning prince as influencing the tone of affairs. There used to be considerable talk of an influence that " was encroaching, and ought to be diminished ; " but this has given way to party jealousy. The Foxites, unwilling to confess to the public that they are as obnoxious to the king as to the ministers, have chosen to represent the latter as usurpers of his service ; and my brother Reformists, occupied in inveighing against the most manifest cause of our evils,—the corruptions of Parliament, have affected to regard his Majesty as a party equally aggrieved as themselves by the boroughmongers ;—at least, they have not made the proper distinction between an aggrivement, unwillingly sustained, and a voluntarily allowed and even cherished indignity, from want of a right sense of the interests of the throne. But this want of distinction is very impolitic, and the silence respecting royal influence altogether unnatural. History, which always says more of kings than their own age chuses to say of them, and which justly regards their influence as a component part of the character of the times, will make up for such a reserve as it ought. Not such was the reserve, when Chatham denounced the folly, the fatuity of persisting in endeavouring to enslave the Americans ;—not such was the reserve, when Junius wrote, a man who, whatever he may have been in private, had evidently seen much of what he spoke, and spoke it with a memorable eloquence ;—not such was the reserve, when Wilkes, a profligate man indeed, but one whom more profligate politicians enabled to shine as a patriot, maintained the cause of personal liberty in the
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face of an angry court, and came victorious from that unequal quarrel. Profiting by a silence, so useful to themselves and so embarrassing to their opponents, the Pittites have ever been industrious to represent themselves as possessing power solely on the strength of their merits and superior wisdom; and the present ministers, conscious that with the hold they have upon the throne and the aristocracy, they may mock with impunity a people who have no voice, boast of enjoying the exclusive confidence of the nation; as if millions of people were like an infatuated woman, whose fondness increases with her cause for contempt, and who manifests the strength of her passion by administering to the profusion, and crouching under the ill-usage, of a worthless favourite. The fact is, that taking into the account that floating mass of courtliness and monied interest which is always at the service of an administration, particularly of one delighting in war, the Pitt school has maintained its stand, from first to last, from master to menial, from two great causes,—first, the weakness of the royal judgment,—and second, the support of the boroughmongers, who, in their interchange of good offices, principally *depend* upon such weakness for the continuation of their influence. By this defect is not meant a common want of discernment in the choice of ministers,—though indeed a considerable deficiency in this respect has been common enough of late to the monarchs of Europe,—but a very uncommon want of discernment, for an English prince, in all matters of enlarged policy,—a wayward imbecility of judgment, which Bute did what he could to render prejudiced,—which the subsequent alarming events in Europe contributed to increase,—and which something more than a constitutional tendency to insanity has ever prevented from amendment. The late report of the physicians, though disclosing circumstances that ought to keep up an universal indignation against the persons who have held the public in ignorance of the King's state of mind, has never met with sufficient comment or attention in its bearings on this matter. In that report, illustrated by the remembrance of Bute and the events of the present reign, may be discerned the feelings that persisted in the American war; those which condescended into a personal quarrel with a subject on a question of popular freedom; those which have smitten and turned away the hearts of the Irish; those which, long after the people had given up their Anti-Gallican infatuations, persisted in a disastrous war on behalf of corrupt monarchies;—and in fine, those that in despite of continual ill-success, profusion, and bloodshed, served to render the Pitt school omnipotent by a mutual guarantee of prejudices, of religious and regal weakness on the one hand, and an unlimited command of the boroughmongers on the other. With
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out dwelling any longer on the causes that have given exclusive power to the Pittites, for the boroughmongering alone does not at all account for that exclusiveness, it is thus that history will explain a secret, which it has equally concerned their pride and their policy to keep in darkness. Mr. Pitt's admirers will tell us, that he was too high-spirited a man to enjoy power under any condition of servility: but there is no reason whatever for giving so much credit to the haughtiness of his character. Fond of power only, regardless of meaner honours, and contemptuous of wealth, he looked down upon his title-hunting and money-getting creatures with a dignity, which they justly felt themselves unable to reach; and this is the whole secret of all that has been said about Mr. Pitt's high-minded independence: it was a sheer piece of contrast between him and his servants. Other men know how to value the superiority as far as it went; and Mr. Pitt, the despiser of petty accumulations, who could refuse offices to his own brother, is a very different man, in their minds, from Mr. Perceval, who heaps places on himself, and gives 40,000*l.* a-year to a brother who does nothing. The same superiority might have been visible in Mr. Pitt's manners at court, and no doubt, was so: but all this does not prove him to have been above the compliances necessary to his long retention of office. What was it that Catharine of Russia said on hearing of the Duke of York's foreign appointments?—"Mr. Pitt, I see, after all, loves his place better than his country." To the same cause is to be traced his gross tergiversation about Reform,---and the duplicity with which he pretended to resign his post from inability to keep his promises with the Irish Catholics. What he must have promised, in another quarter, respecting those very Catholics, has been rendered sufficiently apparent by the well-known pledge which his disciples acknowledged they had given on their own entrance into power. The character of these men, who are now at the head of affairs, is precisely that of Mr. Pitt emasculated. What appears to have been unwilling sacrifice on his part, becomes on theirs an eager acquiescence,---the officious and smirking readiness of a slave. In him, the love of power was single and disinterested; in them it is mixed with the baser love of worldly possession; he, in short, stood superior to his creatures on the strength of being above their meannesses, while they come down to the level of theirs by sharing with them whatever is cringing at court and grasping in the city. Considered, then, as men at the head of a party, and influencing it by their talents, they have been prodigiously over-rated even by the most contemptuous of their opponents:---in such a light, indeed, they can hardly be called a party; and the Pittites, between whom and their late chief there was no manner of proportion, have no visible

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ble head remaining. Strong, however, by the weakness of others,—satisfying both court and city by their prosecution of war,—and enjoying, in consequence of their exclusive affectation of orthodoxy and loyalty, the attachment of all that is old-womanish in the nation, as well as most of what is corrupt; under these features, they may be justly regarded as a party of considerable magnitude. His Majesty, not being like the majority of his contemporary princes, dissolute, haughty, or fond of shew, but on the contrary, a lover of plainness, familiar, and of excellent, domestic habits, begets a great deal of personal admiration in the bosoms of his unpolitical subjects,—of all those, who with little or no thought upon national matters, or indeed upon any other matters, have nevertheless sense enough to value the novelty of this character in a modern prince, and who sum up all that is royal as consisting in being a good husband, going to church on Sundays, and nodding merrily to their enamoured homage. These good souls are prepared to put their trust in all who shall regard loyalty in the same light as themselves: the Pittites, knowing how to take advantage of such a feeling, and willing to take such advantage of it as their leader disdained, are careful on all occasions to manifest a like sensibility of admiration; and, as times go, no mean addition to their party strength accrues from the multitude of small minded but well-meaning persons, who judge of every thing as it accords with the supposed liking or dislike of the royal feeling,—who take every thing for good and flourishing as long as the French are not here and the royal family are,—and who, in a word, are among the foremost, at parades and at pantomimes, at feasts, levees, and jubilees, to doat on the looks and merits of the “best of kings.” Take away but the two master pins,—the exclusive pretension to loyalty and the support of the money-getters,—from the composition of ministerial strength, and the whole fabric tumbles to pieces. This, it will be said, it is not easy to do:—but things that depend on such contingencies as the life of an individual and the immediate support of the selfish, may vanish in an instant. A new reign might alter the whole face of things, and most probably would. The internal as well as external alteration,—the change of mind as well as of face,—is another matter; and looks to something more than to the alternate use of the boroughmongers by another party.

Of the Foxites, or Whigs.—Would this be the case then, with the Foxites? This is an important question; and here the Prince Regent comes into play, as the King has just done with regard to the Pittites.—I believe it is now too late to be denied,—indeed their present decided unpopularity sufficiently proves, that the conduct of the Whigs during their brief possession of office

was regarded as a lamentable dereliction of the principles they had professed. Mr. Fox, an accomplished man, whose easy habits were the bane of his greatness, was ruined by a few Tories who, under the guise of Whigs, had crept into his confidence and turned the current of his public feeling. A long time previous to his entrance upon office, he had begun to sacrifice the noble simplicity of his politics to these people; and his ultimate connection with Lord Grenville totally destroyed it. When he retired for a while with a profession of hopelessness from the House of Commons, he flattered himself that his want of success against Mr. Pitt, when he combated for place, was the people's want of success against corruptions which he had ceased to combat. He confounded the mere attainment of place on his part with the ultimate restoration of a proper state of things; and forgot, in the mean while, that by taking wrong methods to obtain it, he contributed himself to make the restoration desperate. He should have exchanged the mode of combat,—he should have persevered in the plan more congenial to his philosophy, the undeviating and unyielding pursuit of Reform, and *at last*, he might have created a proper spirit in the people; but, having given this up in despair, and suffered corruption to take its way, he certainly returned to the House with less excuse for his retirement, and less promise in his re-appearance. In fact, though he succeeded to office, he effected nothing after all. Composed of the elements most fitted to form a philosophic statesman, and such an one therefore as was best adapted to the times, these elements nevertheless did not fit him for the court, such as it was, and such as he had suffered it to continue. They were the very reverse of what it desired and what it insisted upon having. Mr. Fox had no pledges to give about Catholics: he was not prepared to contract his views of things to the requisite short-sightedness: he was even a professed enemy of war; and he was destined to find too late, that to obtain office by sparing corruption was impossible under most circumstances and useless under any;—that court-prejudice was to be roused into a sense of its folly by unflinching opposition, not strengthened into a new stubbornness by compliances that flattered its weakness;—in a word, that the people were to be made too strong for corruption, or corruption would for ever remain too strong for the people. Thus the very man that ought to have died at the head of the people, with whom he might have done something for the state, died only at the head of the state, with which he could do nothing for the people. But why could he do nothing? it may again be asked. Because, as has just been stated, he came in contact with prejudices which his half-acquiescence had assisted to strengthen, but to which his nature forbade him finally to yield:—he had com-

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plied too much to preserve the people's confidence, and too little to preserve the prince's; and between both, his policy was rendered abortive.—His surviving friends, conscious of these facts, yet not sufficiently frank, or humble, or wise, to confess them to each other and redeem the mistake, gave vent to their feelings in a manner as impolitic as it was inconsistent, and while the Pittites secured the reversion of office by doing what Mr. Fox refused to do, began railing against the people whose expectations they had deceived. This feeling became stronger as the public retorted; they saw the majority of their adherents siding very properly with the advocates of that constitutional policy which they had abandoned; and from abusing their old friends the people, they began, in their rage, to abuse their former passion, reform. The Pittite ministers had cunning enough not to lose so excellent an opportunity of strengthening themselves at the expense of their rivals, and in such a manner, that the Foxites should absolutely side with them in the measures most obnoxious to the public. On all occasions, therefore, which enabled them to lift up their hands in deprecation of "popular clamour," they appealed to what they termed "the candour of the gentlemen opposite," and these unfortunate gentlemen, simple enough to take the compliment and eager to revenge themselves for the loss of popularity, always rose with alacrity to join in the requisite horror, and "to rally," as they termed it, round the government,—round that very administration, which they had laboured to undermine, and which they had represented as an obstacle to all that was patriotic. This conduct they called a dignified impartiality; and under the same denomination we were to receive the conduct of Mr. Sheridan and others in keeping silence during the York investigation; of Lord Grey, after that business, in hastening to mingle tears and turtle-soup with his Royal Highness; of Mr. Ponsonby, in his logical attempt to establish the omnipotence of each House of Parliament, respectively; and of Mr. Windham, that *preux chevalier* of corruption—Mr. Windham, the all-accomplished and the bull-baiting,—Mr. Windham, the all-virtuous and ill-principled, in maintaining that profligacy was necessary to the Constitution, and in denouncing every thing that, to use his own words, looked like a step towards what was called Reform. These manifestations however of a spirit so determined to shut its eyes to popular right, and therefore so decidedly Anti-Whiggish, began to disgust some of the more liberal of the party; and in proportion as the Tory leaven that had crept among them began to gravitate towards the Corruptionists, the real Whiggism began to incline towards the Reformists. Such was the state of the Foxite party some time before the King's illness. Earl Grey and Lord Grenville retained nothing of it but

the name; Mr. Ponsonby and others, who composed it's middle portion or mediocrity, constituted nothing but the merest of oppositions; Mr. Sheridan, and one or two more, who are called the Prince of Wales's friends, shewed themselves popular or courtly, just as it appeared to suit their connection; while Mr. Whitbread, Lord Holland, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Brand, Mr. Coke, and in short, all those who particularly prided themselves on the character of old Whigs, and whose reputation in every respect was the most solid and old English, openly encouraged the progress of Reform, though they did not go all those lengths which an unfettered and unconnected independence allowed to it's more ardent advocates. This, also, may be the general aspect of the party at present; but the distance between the extremities seems to be growing wider every day; and some of the latter gentlemen are inferior to none of the Reformists in staunchness, except in the estimation of those of my grosser brethren who see no independence but in implicitly following Sir Francis Burdett. It was thought that the entrance of the Prince of Wales upon the office of Regent would at once determine the respective merits of his friends, and enable the people to distinguish who were their friends or not. The arrangement with his Majesty's ministers disappointed this expectation; but, perhaps, the various and discordant feelings manifested on that and subsequent occasions by the public conduct of the Foxites, enables us to form a tolerable judgment of their condition; and the more it is considered with reference to this point, the more it appears to justify the conclusions above drawn. Two reasons have been assigned for the Prince's retention of the Pittite ministers, or rather one assigned and the other conjectured;—first, that expecting his Majesty's speedy recovery, he regarded a ministerial change as of no consequence,—and second, that the persons whom he wished to select for administration, could not agree among themselves. Perhaps both reasons have had their influence. The Prince, strange as it may appear to us, may really have looked forward to such recovery; and any hesitation which he might otherwise have had on the subject, may have been settled at once by the divisions among his friends. Certain it is, that no two parties could pursue a line of conduct more distinct from each other, than the aristocratical and time-serving part of the Foxites, the Greys and Ponsonbys, and the philosophical and public-spirited part of them, the Hollands and Whitbreads. As the former violate all their ancient professions, and shrink from the discussion of every popular and constitutional measure, so the latter seem eager to do away the suspicions attached to their old connections, by encouraging and even bringing forward measures of decided Reform. Every lover of independence knows and ad-

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mires the unalterable consistency exhibited by Mr. Whitbread in opposing the Regent's ministers, and the noble effort made by Lord Holland in favour of the struggling liberty of the press. If these proceedings, however, give a new popularity to the better portion of the Foxites, that better portion, it must be recollected, is by far the smallest portion; and the whole body, so far from retaining any corporate influence, may almost be considered as dispersed. The more the narrow-minded part of them shrink from the people, and the liberal-minded part expand towards the people, the more the two classes exhibit their consciousness of this fact, after their respective impulses: and they must both be struck with the singular example they afford of the ruinous effect of jarring views and inconsistent actions, when they reflect, that even when their old and ostensible patron is on the eve of obtaining the regal authority, they are incapable of making out what may be called a party. Such is the present condition of the Foxites, and such it appears likely to continue, unless the better part of them, as they appear inclined to do, take up sincerely the public virtue they have laid aside, and become the hearty champions of a cause, formerly their greatest boast, lately their obnoxious accuser, but always open to their repentance and anxious for the assistance of their talent. It is true, the Prince of Wales, on his accession to the throne, may revive, perhaps re-incorporate, their scattered faculties; but people hope that he will do better by reviving and re-incorporating the scattered energies of his people, and then the Foxites may make themselves the head of the finest party ever beheld in Europe,—a people, great and small, voluntarily returning to the pure institutions of their ancestors. If this is not to be the case, there is one question to be asked,—a very necessary question, though somewhat difficult to be put in the present state of things, because liable to be misconstrued into the very reverse of what it feels,—into a malicious anticipation instead of a melancholy warning;—in a word,—that I may not appear to say either too much or too little on so important a subject,—what real, efficient, or truly safe party can the Prince form to his service, unless it consist of the party above mentioned,—the people at large? These are times when, although honest people may not speak out all they think for fear of being misconstrued, there is a voice, like that quick perspicuity of things that speaks to the dumb, eloquent in every look and gesture of society,—a voice that cannot but be understood by those who have the least perception, and that will make it's impression in spite of disregard or distaste, till the great truth it speaks be felt, acknowledged, and acted upon. All governments arrive, in their turn, to that point at which the political system must alter for better or worse. Where the state is at once oppressive

despicable, as was the case in France and in Spain, the change is generally for the better, but the act of changing horrible:—where the state is oppressive but not so despicable, and the people of course not so worked up to resistance, as was formerly the case in Sweden, the change is likely to be for the worse, but the act of changing not so bad:—but where the state is only corrupt for want of entire recurrence to certain laws that still exist and have influence, where this truth is felt and acknowledged, and there is a general soundness of principle in the popular mind owing to this remaining influence and this acknowledged truth, then a change is as practicable as desirable: it only becomes difficult and dangerous in proportion as corruption is allowed to grow worse and the people submit to grow slavish:—in the one case, indeed, it can hardly be called change; at least, it is only a change of what is corrupt and indefinite, and alters neither the stamina nor the form of government:—in the other, the disease becomes too deep and general to be eradicated without loss of blood and alteration of feature; and one disease, after all, as has been the case with France, may only be substituted for another. If change therefore, or rather amendment, is seen and felt to be necessary, it is desirable, on all accounts, that it should be speedy, decisive, and entire. To let the people effect it, we are told, is dangerous: be it so:—it is certainly, if they are obstructed; but let them have a proper leader, and all will be well. “A leader!” it will be cried: “Good God! A leader for the *people*! What leader, Mr. Reflector? We shudder to hear you talk thus.”—“So do we,” cry the Pittites.

“Not at all,” say the Foxites:—“it is evident he means Lord Holland or Mr. Whitbread.”—No, I do not. They are excellent men at their posts, but I do not mean them.

“No, no;” say the Reformists:—“he can mean nobody but Sir Francis Burdett; that’s quite clear.”—No, I do not. Sir Francis is a noble fellow at his post, but I do not mean him.

No, Mr. Reflector? Then whom do you mean?

I mean the *Prince*.—Oh, if the Prince had but nerve enough to do what he must have sense enough to feel, what a throne might he not occupy, what a people govern, what an era dignify and immortalize!—But a poor, periodical politician has little right to be enthusiastic.—Let us return to our survey.

Of the Reformists.—The Reformists, though comprising an important part of those who think about politics, and possessing an ostensible leader in Sir Francis Burdett, cannot well be called a party, in the sense in which that appellation is commonly understood. They profess, in the first place, no particular views in opposition to any other particular views: they desire nothing but to see the great institutes that are the chief ingredients of what is

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called the Constitution, restored to their first purity and singleness. In the second place, though their ostensible leader is Sir Francis Burdett, he is only so from being the most prominent and entire Reformist in the House of Commons. They do not consider themselves as bound to any one of his opinions, if he should differ from them, or as interested in supporting him, in any way, at the expense of the first principles of their cause; and they repose the greatest confidence in him, only because they know he is unconnected in the remotest degree with any state party, and because they regard him as too wise and too honest a man to demand from them the least shuffling,—the smallest compromise with their constitutional feelings. Whatever more personal followers, therefore, Sir Francis may have,—and it is natural that he should have many,—the Reformists, as a body, are falsely called party-men, and still more foolishly, Burdettites. If nothing else could prove the nonentity of these appellations, the reforming part of the press is alone sufficient. Mr. Cobbett, a man of strong but not enlarged powers, and little capable of entertaining great and general ideas of good policy, may identify himself with this or that knot of men, and think he is advancing a cause by rendering himself and his companions dependent on each other's peculiarities and good word; but other writers on the same side of the question, who still value the assistance of his pen, have little respect for this kind of personal assistance; and justly regard themselves as affording more real service to the cause, by keeping it free from all personal contingencies, habituating it to a sense of its dignity and integrity, and giving it altogether a singleness of character, independent even of appearances. Party-spirit is good only for wrong or desperate purposes,—for common party conspiracies, or for those awful and lamentable occasions, when nothing but bodily compact can prevail against abuse. In times when the voice of reason is not entirely disregarded, it rather injures than assists a good cause, by giving it the appearance of a bad one; as, on the other hand, the absence of it is sure to conciliate the general respect, because it frees the cause at once from all those pettinesses and deformities, which an inferior one in vain endeavours to conceal. So purified and well-tempered, the accidents that would shiver a weak cause to pieces, only serve to prove the strength of a sound one; and it is curious to observe, that what has removed the Foxites at greater distance from each other, has dispersed the whole spirit and reputation of the party; while the same shyness of intercourse, or rather social self-denial, among the Reformists, absolutely tends to consolidate their force and to recommend their cause to universal confidence. Such men justly claim the title of Reformists, but not in any canting or puritanic sense of the word, all their

views being as truly founded on the progress of social knowledge as on the resuscitation of old institutions. They might also justly dispute with the Foxites the appellation of Whigs; but it is high time to get rid of all denominations, that have been degraded by party purposes; and in truth, party names have latterly lost a good deal of their application, on all sides. Whiggism and Toryism, which in the moderate sense meant a leaning to the popular and a leaning to the regal part of the Constitution, and in their extreme sense, Republicanism and Despotism, have long been applicable to none but individual theories. It is a singular instance of what the personal weakness of our latter princes has effected in spite of the increase of the crown's influence, that the decided Tory has utterly vanished, and the name itself been discontinued by universal consent, even by those who chose to retain the appellation of Whigs. Whig itself has long ceased to mean any particular contrast of opinion, as opposed to that of the Pittites; for Mr. Pitt in theory, and perhaps in general feeling towards the powers above him, was as great a Whig as any of his opponents, and was no more to be reckoned a Tory than the Greys and Grenvilles are to be accounted Whigs. In short, as Whig and Tory formerly swallowed up the pettier divisions in our political world, so they themselves are now swallowed up in Reformist and Corruptionist, all who possess the more liberal spirit of Whiggism having mingled with the former, and all who have retained the courtliness or bigotry of Toryism being identified with the latter. Whiggism, in it's first principle, has always had the great advantage over it's rival of caring for the many instead of the few; and this principle, freed from the contradiction of party feelings, is now the vital soul of Reform.

The courtiers and contractors, who see nothing respectable but in court influence, call the Reformists a mob; but wiser politicians, who witness the daily progress of their opinions, and the facts which daily bear them out, justly regard them as a most important part of the seeing and thinking community. It may perhaps be said, generally speaking, that all thinking persons, who are not immediately or remotely connected with existing corruptions, are on the side of Reform, or lean to it, whatever may be their opinion of particular persons, or of the eventual fate of the cause. It is difficult indeed to conceive how they could be otherwise, when the more popular forms of the constitution are notoriously disfigured, when the reins of government are held by a succession of feeble men strong only from opposing weakness, and when the House of Commons itself is reduced to that last and vilest excuse of profligacy,—that it's vices have become too common for animadversion. Accordingly, take nine persons out of ten in general society, who interest themselves in public affairs, and

and you will find that in proportion to the coolness of their judgment, to their knowledge of history, and to the soundness of their moral principle, they are more or less earnest about Reform, or at least, more or less disgusted with corruption. It is the same with those who are not fond of politics in general: and while the weak and the bigoted in this class are inclined towards the existing government whatever it may be, as long as the persons whom they have been habituated to regard with fondness are connected with it, so the stronger minded and the liberal, who know how to prefer the interests of the many to those of the few, are moved towards the spirit of Reform by a feeling of moral taste. Considered as men, therefore, without a jot of what is called interest, the Reformists may well be regarded as no party in the state;—considered as men with a considerable and increasing influence over the inferior orders, they *might* become formidable out of it;—but considered as they wish to be, as honest Englishmen demanding their constitutional rights and daily gaining ground with the middle and even the upper orders as well as the lower, they are a most important body, a body, against whom contempt becomes an idle and an ignorant affectation, and who, with manifest and *acknowledged* justice on their side, can only be opposed by having their *motives* doubted, not by having their claims denied.

What measures are most worthy of adoption for the attainment of a rational but entire Reform, may form another question; but we should always bear in mind, that in the present state of things, Reform must be entire in order to be rational. The upper orders tell us, that before they set about it, they wish to see indications of a general concurrence among the lower; and they ask us, why the electors themselves do not commence the business throughout the kingdom: but these are not fair preliminaries. The aristocratic power has at present enormously outgrown the democracy, and it is fit that the higher orders should begin, as they easily may if they please, and very likely would, if the Prince encouraged the better part of them. This, we are told, is not likely. Very well; then corruption must take its way, and, as it infallibly will sooner or later, must outgrow and destroy itself. If headlong vice will not help to amend itself, not all the temporary medicaments, the palterings, the defiances, or the intoxications, will hinder it from coming to a miserable end. The day of retribution is a dreadful day to all parties, to the corrupt because of punishment, to the timid because of its vague horrors, to the reforming because it may bring a change for the worse. It is to guard against such a change, that the Reformists would effect an amendment betimes, when alteration can be made with safety, with glory, with the re-union and re-invigoration of all
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the country's energies. But if the insensibility of the higher powers to their own interests—if the film thus growing over the eyes of wealth and power be the forerunner of the same fatal blindness that has preceded the death of the continental states, then the Reformists will have the melancholy duty—but still the duty,—of endeavouring to soften the general blow; of struggling to make the change, even then, what it ought to have been before; or in failure of these attempts, to oppose with their lives any *new* extremes that may be begotten by the obstinate and irritating profligacy of the old. Are these revolutionary sentiments? People accuse others of wishing for rebellion and anarchy, as if a revolution was nothing but a fair-day for those who chose to make a noise in it; or as if any body of the people would not and do not endure a thousand miseries before they can be provoked into a state of things in which every chance is desperate, and the most violent and most conscientious men are equally unsafe.

“And pray, Messrs. Reformists,” cries a knot of smirking, well-conditioned, parliamentary jobbers, “what is to produce a change among us, if you cannot.”

Ref. The paper system.

Jobb. The paper system! Oh, we did not think it's advantages were to go so far as that. What then; you think as well as others, we suppose, that paper does not represent money?

Ref. Yes it does, just as you and your friends represent the people, unlike in every possible respect, and as flimsy, as easy to be seen through, and as superabundant, as the popular strength has been sterling, solid, and wasted away in foreign wars. Like you also, it is of no real value but to the minister; like you, it makes the foolish confident, and the rational desponding; and like you, it may serve to overthrow corruption, when all other comfortable and willing means have been tried without effect. Of what use has all the French paper-money been to the Bourbons? Of as little, as pertinacity in error to the *King of Sweden*. Our gold has gone out of the country, and these are the guests that have come into it! What a lesson!

Jobbers. Poh, nonsense; we do not see the lesson.

Ref. So much the worse for you: but your betters may.

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ART. XX.—*Retrospect of the Theatre.*

THOSE only, who know what it is to be compelled to go regularly to the theatres for the purpose of recording the fugitive monstrosities of the modern drama, can enter with just sympathy into the horrors of a retrospect like the present. Nothing can render it bearable, but the contrast of some worse and previous task; and I am not disposed to deny that there is some kind of refreshment in turning from political criticism to theatrical, from the murderous tragedies of the great world to the bloodless spectacles of the mimic, from the *comédie larmoyante*—the distressing farces—of Mr. Perceval, to the humbler and less overpowering jokes of Messrs. Arnold and Pocock. Still, however, the recollections are terrible; a hundred authors, damned to no purpose, rise in grinning array before one; and the memory becomes one suffocating chaos of heat, weariness, noise of doors and benches, cries of the taproom and the wheelbarrow, quarrellings, menaces, outcries, whistlings, shouts, groans, calls for apology, clattering of sticks, scraping of fiddles, prologues *in forma pauperis*, horrible dialogue on the stage and worse criticism in the boxes, puns, repetitions, roses and lilies, Irishmen, old England,—the man who,—and the trial by jury!—

——Parce, precor, precor!
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ.

Spare me, ah spare! I'm not the critic merry,
As in the first, fresh season of my Cherry!

To say that the spring has produced nothing new on the stage, is a very different thing from saying that no new play has been brought forward; but the word "new," on these occasions, is to be taken in the same sense as some of our names of places,—such, for instance, as the various thoroughfares called New Streets,—things that once were new, and that may have been patched up at different times with an alteration or two, but old enough nevertheless for all of us to be acquainted with their turns and windings, and to know where we shall find ourselves at the end. From the commencement of the year up to the time at which this article was written, the Covent-Garden and Lyceum theatres have given us no less than nine "novelties," in only one of which perhaps has there been any thing with a shadow of originality,—and this is the character of a young nobleman, who has altered his temper since he was a lad, and returning from the wars,
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gains under the name of another person the heart of a young lady, his cousin, who had conceived a rooted dislike to him when they were playmates. There is a pleasing moral too in such a character, and upon a subject, which appears never to have met with that attention either in ethical or dramatic writing, which it's great capabilities of the ridiculous, and it's universal influence in society, forcibly demand. For this little touch of refreshment, the town is indebted to the *Gazette Extraordinary* of Mr. Holman; and the importance which it assumes in a review like the present, sufficiently shews the reader what the general run of a dramatic season must be. Who would suppose, nevertheless, that the past months have been better than usual? Yet it is very true, notwithstanding Mr. Arnold and Mr. Reynolds have been contributors. The comedy just mentioned, another by Mr. Leigh called *Where to find a Friend*, and one by a Mr. Masters entitled *Lost and Found*, have been decidedly in advance of the common herd, simply because they have been free from their lamest defects. Mr. Dimond, in his opera of the *Peasant Boy*, has gone beyond himself, in the same manner, by getting rid of some of his overloading tinsel and flowers; and what is an equally good sign of improvement, has presented us with a modest preface to his production. The comedy of *Ourselves*, from the pen of Miss Chambers, may easily be supposed to have afforded a still better promise than all these; and so it did in point of language. The least elegance of composition, the least politeness of phraseology, will instantly lift a dramatist now-a-days over the heads of his contemporaries, and make as decided a separation between them as the parlour does between the drawing-room and the kitchen; and they who saw the effect of the polished playfulness of dialogue between *Miss Beaufort* and her lover *Fitz-Aubyn* in the comedy of Miss Chambers, will bear witness, how little is requisite to render the modern drama twenty times better than it is, and how able as well as willing the public are, in spite of what those who pollute their taste chuse to say against it, to relish a superior enjoyment whenever it is afforded them. What should a critic say then to Miss Chambers herself, who having before ascertained this truth and affording new opportunities for it's manifestation in the play before us, nevertheless condescended in other parts of this very play to adopt the vilest tricks,—the puns and the Irish blunders,—of our five-act farces, and after reaching the elevation of Sheridan, to sink, plumb down at once, to the level of Arnold? These distasteful mixtures, not to mention certain dashes of another sort, not expected from female authors of the present day, greatly annoyed the critics, whose remarks, in their turn, seem to have annoyed the fair dramatist quite as much; and she will probably think fit, by her next time of appearance,

to return to her former undisturbed good sense, unless she continues angry enough to go and "lie all night upon the bridge," and catch her death, as the phrase is, by new exposures to the rude breath of criticism. If the pieces before mentioned partook of the better parts of this lady's comedy, the remaining ones are lamentable instances of the worse. A farce called the *Bee-hive*, attributed to a gentleman in the army, afforded a singular instance of the deforming hand of stage translation. It was, upon the whole, better than usual; but some parts of it, as those of a military officer who talked in the dialect of his profession, and of an innkeeper whose humour consisted in the word "lots,"—lots of pease, lots of kisses, &c.,—afforded a striking contrast of common-place wretchedness to the apparent originality of the plot; and it was not till after this contrast had been marked out, that the critic was informed by a correspondent, that all that was good in the piece was borrowed from the French, and all that had met with reprobation was due to the translator. That a piece of unmingled nonsense might not be wanting to contradict the general promise of the season, Mr. Arnold presented us with his comedy of the *Americans*, which was originally a libel on the Quakers, the most consistent body of Christians existing, and at least too respectable now-a-days to be confounded as formerly with hypocritical Puritans. What made the thing worse was, that the author had placed his character in Pennsylvania, a province founded by the Quakers and blessed by their rational legislation. The audience did themselves great credit by resenting this folly in such a manner as compelled Mr. Arnold to alter his drama and to omit the character entirely. But what before was insufferably wrong, now became insufferably stupid; the American Indians, talking about love and *ladies' complexions*, differed from other people in nothing but their head-dresses and tomahawks; and perhaps the modern stage has never produced a piece so thoroughly contemptible, hardly excepting the *Travellers* of Mr. Cherry, the *Bonifacio and Bridgetina* of Mr. Dibdin, or the *Free Knights* of Mr. Reynolds. Now these personages are mentioned,—these names so often repeated to the equal weariness of writer and reader,—these triple bob-majors of modern criticism,—it may be as well to congratulate the town on having got rid of the two former, Mr. Cherry having become a manager in Wales, and Mr. Dibdin moved off to his proper sphere the Circus. As to Mr. Reynolds, he has for some time past assumed a gravity proportionate to his former enormities of mirth, and has altered so much for the better during this last season as to produce nothing. He seems to have been relieved by Mr. Morton, who growing worse, like Miss Chambers, as worse authors grow better, has degenerated into a piece of inane shew called the *Knight of Snowdown*. It

is a miserable copy from Mr. Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*; a poem, which no writer of a just taste or ambition would imitate at all.

So much for the new dramas. But the greatest novelty has been of a very different kind,—the appearance of a new set of actors, who if they are below the dramatists in point of reading, and their brother performers with regard to delivery, are allowed to defy all competition in point of originality and want of pretension. These are the horses, who now adorn “the most splendid,” not to say “classical, theatre in Europe.” So Mr. Kemble styles his Covent-Garden edifice; and it is on Mr. Kemble's stage these very classical personages have been introduced to the public. The spectacle of *Blue Beard* was revived for them in the first instance; and another called *Timour the Tartar*, in which the Asiatic chieftain is represented as surrounded with vulgar relations and about to marry a princess who despises him,—in short, a desperate hit at that low fellow Bonaparte,—has been lately brought out for the express purpose of varying their field of action. Military prowess is of course their forte; and if they are worthy of particular admiration in any one respect, it is in that union of ardour in preparation, and of gentleness in the fight,—of the fortiter in modo and suaviter in re,—which is so exclusively their own. At first they come prancing over the back scenes, champing their bits and thumping the resounding boards, as if nothing should withstand their fury;—as their sphere becomes more confined, they shew a just consciousness of their situation by diminishing their ardour, and jumping about with a kind of short and jerking timidity like rabbits;—and when the battle grows warm, it is wonderful to see how they soften the shock of arms, with what forbearance they encounter, and with what philosophy endure wounds of all kinds and even death itself. Their mode of expiring would indeed do honour to the most stoical of heroes:—they literally die by inches, first bending one leg, then another, then the head, and lastly composing the body with all the decency and resignation of a Cæsar. Never was there a more accomplished specimen of what the little boys at play call *making as if*; and accordingly all the little boys are in ecstasy. The great ones, however, already begin to be tired, and to think that Mr. Astley's theatre is quite sufficient for the exertions of their ingenious friends, particularly as the riders there are much more scientific in their display, and the men cut almost as great a figure as the horses. Better minds also are not satisfied that the poor animals are not in a great deal of pain while undergoing these extraordinary tasks, whatever may be the treatment in the first instance, whether mild or harsh, which leads them to make the attempt. In a word, the introduction of such spectacles

cles on a civilized stage is a barbarism, which no reasoning and no necessity on the part of the managers can justify. If the thing could be done with perfect safety to the public taste as well as perfect comfort to the animals, it would be laudable enough; for under such circumstances, there would be no reason why every representation should not be as complete as possible, why horses should not be as well personated as men, or even why a favourite palfry should not take lodgings in the Mews and drive his barouche of Yahoos up St. James's-street. But it must be in a different sphere that all these things shall be managed. The horses, scampering about over "nine-inch bridges," lumbering through deal-board allies, and forcing themselves into all sorts of unnatural attitudes, must be in a state of absolute torture; and with regard to public taste, it is equally a maxim in criticism as in morals, that what tends to occupy the senses tends to vitiate the understanding. Mr. Kemble, I understood, professes to dislike the horses; but after the late transactions about the prices of admission, people put little faith in Mr. Kemble's professions. He may dislike them inasmuch as he sees them partaking of his histrionic glories; but why are they on his stage? Not to mention the desire of gain, are there no after tricks which actors practise in order to procure full houses for their own performance? It is in vain that he would represent the taste of the public as incapable of further vitiation, till he can prove that his own management has not helped to corrupt it. In fact, without meaning to undervalue the powerful genius of Mrs. Siddons, his own performance of rigid character, or the very useful talents of Mr. Young and Mr. Charles Kemble, the Covent-Garden company is not in a condition, particularly with regard to actresses, to pronounce whether it's good or ill-success is a mark of the good or ill taste of the public. It cannot even perform a comedy in which a true comic actress is required; and this may be one reason, why Mr. Kemble revives so few of our best old plays; for notwithstanding his laudable maintenance of Shakspeare, it cannot but be observed by the commonest reader of the drama, what a number of masterpieces there are, of the existence of which this lettered manager appears to be unconscious. The spirit of the stage, in this respect, is nothing like what it was in the time of Garrick, who knew how to fill his houses without resorting to the boarding-school or the stable. What then are we to conclude? Are we to suppose, with Mr. Kemble, that the people are essentially less intelligent than in Garrick's time? or that their taste has been vitiated without any cause to be shewn for it? Certainly not. The poisoning of the food depends upon those who serve it out to us; and what the people want, is not the power or the desire of relishing what is good,—not the want

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of discerning such theatrical merits as existed in Mr. Garrick's time,—but the want of the merits themselves, the want of managers like him, of actors and actresses such as he bred, of revivals such as he made and such as he and his company were capable of performing;—in a word, of theatres in better order and a public somewhat less indulgent.

What makes the excuses on this subject peculiarly gross, is, that Mr. Sheridan has repeated them in the House of Commons. He tells that honourable and accommodating House that the public taste is not only depraved, but has lost all sense of shame; and brings by way of proof the failure, some time ago, of Miss Baillie's tragedy of *De Montfort*. Was it his modesty or his policy that made him conceal at the same time the living success of his own dramas, the success of the late Mr. Tobin's, and the mysterious cause that induced our public-spirited manager to keep from the public eye a comedy called the *Faro Table*, which was left unpublished by that gentleman, and is said to contain a spirited satire against the *vices of gaming*? Without stopping to consider whether it has been well objected or not by the critics that Miss Baillie's dramas are not the *best adapted to representation*, we should recollect that a number of years have gone by since the failure of the one he mentions; and if the public taste was depraved at that time, what have he and his brother managers done to reclaim it? Have they given it a fair chance, or any chance, of amendment? And yet is it not a fact, that an audience at this present time *never* suffers a sheer piece of wit, a just sentiment, or one good line, to pass it without a delighted acknowledgment?

Mr. Sheridan, however, accustomed at all times, by his daily habits, to sophisticate as much as he can, has been particularly compelled to do so on the present occasion, in order to succeed in preventing the erection of a third theatre, which would have been materially assisted by the proof of bad conduct on the part of the others. As he has gained his point, the time is gone past for entering into that question in the REFLECTOR: but it may be remarked, that he overshot his own cause in telling the House that Mr. Kemble was compelled to seduce people to his theatre by spectacles, for where then can be the necessity of the theatre which Mr. Sheridan himself would build? But he knows very well, it is not so: he knows very well, that if he can prevail with the Drury-Lane creditors to trust him once more by way of forlorn hope, there is nothing by which he could stand so good a chance of retrieving his fortunes, (bottle and Brooks's permitting), as a new theatre emulous of success and superiority, and properly restricted to size; for though too much stress perhaps has been laid on the hugeness of our royal theatres, as a chief cause

cause of the deterioration of the drama, yet it is certain that where there are other predisposing causes of false taste, this hugeness first tends to reconcile the public to the substitution of shew for delicate acting, and then helps the managers to an excuse for the substitution,—an excuse, which they might bring with some shew of decency a little time back, but which they cannot muster sufficient insolence to venture upon after raising such a structure as that in Bow-street. “What!” Mr. Kemble may cry, “would you have deprived the metropolis of so glorious an ornament—of so noble an edifice—of the most splendid theatre in Europe?” Doubtless, I would; if this glorious ornament is to hinder a more glorious good sense,—if this most splendid theatre in Europe is to become a bye-word in Europe for it’s horses and it’s asses. But the important aspect of the structure might have been preserved without injuring what was to be done inside, if it had contained *two* theatres instead of one, each adapted to it’s distinct kind of representation like the theatres in France. The French drama, notwithstanding the inferior spirit of the people, has never degenerated so grossly as ours, solely because their stages have been numerous, and their theatres well-sized. The Covent-Garden theatre, whatever grave nonsense Mr. Kemble may utter about it’s splendour and classicality, was built not for taste’s sake but for lucre’s; and if it is necessary that somebody should suffer, certainly it ought to be, not the public taste, but those who would enrich themselves at the expense of the public taste.

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ART. XXI.—*Short Miscellaneous Pieces.*

A LIBEL DISCOVERED.

SIR,

I have observed with much satisfaction the testimony given in a great assembly to the singular mildness and forbearance with which the present Attorney-General has exercised his invidious office,—a testimony which, I doubt not, will have its due weight with all who may have entertained suspicions on this head. But lest it should fail to produce perfect conviction, give me leave to mention a circumstance which, I think, must be regarded as a strong confirmation of the same favourable opinion. There is at this time, Mr. Editor, and indeed has been for a considerable pe-

ried, a work in circulation, the principles of which are in violent opposition to the systems adopted by our excellent government, and have a manifest tendency to excite dissatisfaction with its measures, and defeat its plans. This work is not circulated in secret; but, on the contrary, numerous societies are formed for its dispersion, whose proceedings are even ostentatiously laid before the public, so that no one who is able to read can possibly remain ignorant of them. Yet such is the lenity, I had almost said the remissness, of Sir Vicary, and so tender is he of touching the liberty of the press, that he has hitherto given no indications of an intention to employ the formidable powers with which he is invested, for the suppression of the work, and the condign punishment of its promoters. In order to justify the character I have given of it, I shall lay before your readers some of its most prominent doctrines and precepts.

It is at present generally admitted that nothing can be a more decisive proof of disaffection to the government than expressing a wish for peace; but the work in question pronounces an absolute benediction on peace-makers, and frequently represents peace as the most desirable object in human life. It even goes so far in securing this point, as to enjoin, in the most positive language, the forgiveness of injuries, and a patient endurance of the grossest insults and affronts, without any attempt to retaliate them. How opposite this doctrine is to all the rules of honour, and what consequences it would produce were such a disposition to prevail among our soldiers and sailors, it is scarcely necessary for me to remark. Only conceive the feelings of a captain of a man of war if his crew were to refuse to return an enemy's broadside on the pretext of a command not to resist evil, and when smitten on one cheek, to turn the other. And yet it is among this class of men that the societies above alluded to seem particularly solicitous to distribute this dangerous book, notwithstanding the jealousy the government is known to entertain of every attempt to make them judge of right or wrong otherwise than as they are ordered by their superiors. I must, indeed, acknowledge, that together with these precepts of non-resistance there is joined one, of which the minister of finance may be glad to avail himself; "if any one take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also;" but were all wars brought to a conclusion, his operations would be so little burthensome that he would not need such an auxiliary.

Another fundamental maxim to be met with in this book, is that of "doing in all cases as we would be done unto." This may seem a harmless rule enough in private life; but every one must be sensible how it would cramp the schemes of enlightened politicians. What scope, for example, would it give to such laudable exploits as bombarding a friendly capital, and carrying

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off its whole navy; as well as many other strokes of refined policy which have been found so useful in all the just and necessary wars in which we have been engaged? Indeed, it is manifest that the principal benefits of superiority in power would be lost, if the possessors of it thought themselves bound to act towards the weak upon the same principles that they would expect the weak to be governed by in their conduct towards them.

Another kindred precept in the same production, is that of "loving our neighbour as ourselves;" which, applied to states, would obviously subvert the noble principle of patriotism; since this, as we all know, requires a preference of the smallest interest of our own country, to the welfare of all the world besides. I do not think it improbable that the notion of *general philanthropy*, which has been so justly decried and ridiculed by some excellent moralists, has in great measure originated from the work in question.

Further, whereas the extraordinary prosperity of this country has been greatly owing to the enterprising spirit of our merchants, whose projects no space of land or sea can limit, and whose exalted desires no measure of fortune can satiate; can it be endured that the minds of our youth shall be narrowed, and their emulation repressed, by being familiarized with a writing which perpetually enjoins the utmost moderation in the pursuit of worldly emolument, and even pursues this idea so far, as to pronounce it scarcely possible for a rich man to go to heaven? What will become of that passion for commercial speculation, the effects of which we are at this time particularly enjoying, if the rising generation is to be imbued with maxims inspiring a contempt, or even a terror, of wealth?

It is unnecessary for me to point out all the instances in which this dangerous book inculcates principles absolutely incompatible with those which are the rules of conduct with us both in public and in private life; whence it may be justly regarded as forming, by inuendo, a perpetual libel on our manners and institutions. It may, indeed, be pleaded, that it could not have been written with that intention, since its composition was considerably anterior to the present times; but the law of libels will not allow such a justification of those who republish a work with an evident purpose of producing effects on the existing generation. The learned and conscientious person who now fills the highest legal station in this kingdom, when attorney-general, thought himself called upon by imperious motives of duty (as he took care, with due solemnity, to inform the court) to prosecute a distinguished scholar for his application of a fable of one *Æsop*, an ancient philosopher,—which scholar, it is also to be remarked,

was known to be an assiduous student of the book now complained of, and had derived from it a most unpatriotic detestation of war. This example will, I trust, exert a proper influence on his worthy successor; and we may hope soon to be gratified with an information *ex-officio* against the printers, publishers, dispersers, &c. of a certain libellous and seditious book entitled the *New Testament*.

I can anticipate only one objection that can be urged against a legal interference in this case; which is, that it being notorious that the said book, after a long unchecked circulation, has in fact produced no change whatever in the popular notions of right and justice, there exists no present necessity of resorting to a measure which might perhaps give offence to some weak and prejudiced members of the community. But it should be considered, that a thing in its nature mischievous ought to be supposed always capable of doing mischief, though circumstances may have suspended its operation. Moreover, examples may be produced in which the work in question has actually given rise to some of the consequences that might have been expected from it. There is a well-known sect among us which, interpreting its precepts rigorously, absolutely rejects the use of arms, even in defensive war; and though these people in some measure compensate for this deduction from the national force by the exactness with which they perform other social duties, yet it is obvious that if the doctrine were to be received by a majority of our countrymen, we should be rendered unable to carry on those martial operations from which we are at present deriving so much honour and advantage. The blow given to commercial enterprize by the abolition of that gainful, and therefore laudable, traffic, the slave trade, may also be in great measure ascribed to the influence of the same book; on which account, I doubt not that it has been heartily execrated by many of the most active and energetic of our fellow-subjects.

To revert to the topic with which I began,—the lenity and indulgence displayed by the Attorney-General in the discharge of his official duties,—I flatter myself that the case I have pointed out affords an undeniable proof of the fact; for had it been his desire to multiply prosecutions, it cannot be supposed that he would have overlooked the open dispersion of innumerable copies of so objectionable a work, while he was pursuing such petty game as newspaper essayists on the military discipline of flogging.

I shall just hint that the dangerous tendency of the book in question was clearly discerned in a former reign, when all the copies that could be found of it were burnt in the same fire that consumed

consumed its votaries; and although that mode of dealing with obnoxious persons is become obsolete, yet there are recent instances of the same treatment bestowed on an obnoxious book.

Your's, &c,

INDAGATOR.

DRESS AND CHARACTER :—A SLIGHT SKETCH.

MR. REFLECTOR,

"A suit of mourning," says the Vicar of Wakefield, speaking of his daughters, "would convert my coquet into a prude, and a new set of ribbands has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity."—This remark, which is carelessly thrown out by the Vicar, evinces considerable acuteness and knowledge of life; what is commonly called character being frequently more influenced by external circumstances, and particularly by that seemingly trifling one of dress, than by meditation or reflection on ourselves or others. Some satirical observers have indeed gone so far as to insinuate, that the dress constitutes the whole of the character: from such men, no doubt, originated that biting witicism of antiquity—"Why* is this man a philosopher? Because he wears a thread-bare cloak and a beard." Ill-natured men may, perhaps, even now, look abroad among mankind, and tell us, that they see some divines whose whole theology consists in their wig,—some lawyers whose legal lore resides solely in their long gown,—and some great generals who put on their military qualities only with their cockaded hat. Not being myself very conversant with men and manners, I will not venture to say that such things do not exist, but shall leave such ill-natured satirists to their own speculations, which, however, I will not deny may be rendered very agreeable to persons who feel a malignant pleasure in observing the dark side of human nature. Your readers and myself are, of course, of a very different temper of mind: I shall, therefore, present you, not with the picture of an impostor (if indeed there be any such man) who derives his whole consequence in society from his external garb and appearance, but with a slight delineation of a very harmless character, who neither deceives, nor intends to deceive, by a hypocritical exterior, but whose opinions and manners undergo as various changes from his dress, as theameleon is said to take hues from the air which it inhales.

* ΟΥΤΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΟΣ ΔΙΑΤΙ; ΤΡΙΒΩΝΑ ΜΕΝ ΊΧΗΙ ΚΑΙ ΚΟΜΗΝ.

Pumilio is an easy, spritely, young gentleman, and I have no doubt, that should he appear even in *puris naturalibus*, he would be by no means deficient in vivacity. But not to enter into so abstruse a discussion, let us describe the man as he is. Some summers ago, either from the influence of caprice, or of that destiny which rules us in spite of ourselves, he abandoned his legs to a pair of military boots with brass spurs. Those who have seen Lewis on the stage, in his most extravagant parts, can alone form an idea of his vivacity and dash on this occasion: no room, no bed, could confine his restlessness: he dashed about from place to place: talked of expeditions to Tunbridge, Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham,—nay, I am inclined to think, that had not the ocean intervened, and the nation been most unluckily engaged in a war with France, even Paris would scarce have bounded his ambitious eagerness of travel. But, as several wise men, both of old and present times, have observed, all things have an end: the spurs were broken, the boots grew old and shabby, and were succeeded by sober black gaiters, when the restless traveller sunk into a quiet, domestic student, who scarce ever left his room except on pressing business, or to make an occasional call. Last summer he disturbed the quiet and shocked the prejudices of a very rational party, by an animated and elaborate defence of adultery: as we knew our friend to be as moral as most men of his age and situation, and very little inclined to ruin the peace of families, we were considerably astonished and puzzled to account for the strangeness of his opinions, when one of us fixing his eyes upon him, discovered a new pair of flesh-coloured pantaloons, with which he had invested the lower half of his person. This immediately solved the difficulty; the change had not taken place in his mind, but was an adjunct of his person put on with his dress. Another time, one very hot day,—for the weather has some share in governing his opinions,—he discoursed very fluently and valourously on duelling, honour, battles, death, and all that. As Pumilio is a pacific man, this sudden and ferocious revolution in his sentiments surprised and startled us. We devised several reasons for the explication of the phenomenon. One suggested delirium induced by the heat of the dog-days; another the presence of ladies, to whom such subjects are said to be particularly grateful; and a third, the most plausible, mentioned his recent intercourse with a young ensign who had fleshed his maiden-sword at Talavera: but none of these causes being entirely satisfactory, we had recourse once more to his dress, when we observed a flaming buff-waistcoat which glittered in the sun-beams, no mean rival of his meridian splendour. Since that time, we have a perfect clue for all the difficulties and mysteries of his character,—a barometer by which we can measure all the variations in his man-

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ners and conversation. If we see him in a light dress, we know we shall be stunned to death with his gay loquacity, while a plain dark coat puts us all in spirits. The other day he very gravely harangued on moral duties, and the importance of religious observances and doctrines, which, as I was sure he had met with no new lights on the subject, I without hesitation ascribed to a suit of solemn black which he then wore. Indeed, I have considerable hope, that the late winter, during which he has worn very sober apparel, may have reduced him to an endurable standard of briskness; yet, I must confess, that I am not entirely without apprehensions that the ensuing summer will bring to him a white coat and boisterous vivacity, and to his friends uneasiness, vapours, and melancholy.

T. B.

N. B.—*Query.* He has lately appeared in a green frock coat, white waistcoat, nankeen breeches, and black silk stockings. What can he mean? He has most maliciously puzzled us all. We are, however, in daily expectation of hearing him pronounced *Non compos*.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MADMAN?

"Nunc, age, luxuriam et Nomentanum arripe mecum;
Vincet enim stultos ratio insanire nepotes.

* * * * *
Filius Æsopi detractam ex aure Metellæ,
(Scilicet ut decies solidum exsorberet) aceto
Diluit insignem baccam: qui sanior, ac si
Illud idem in rapidum flumen jaceretve cloacam?
Quinti progenies Arri, par nobile fratrum,

* * * * *
Luscinius soliti impenso prandere coemptas,
Quorsum abeant sani?"

HOR. LIB. II. SAT. 3.

MR. REFLECTOR,

THE Romans had a law for the suppression of prodigality, which I could wish to see enforced in our own country. With them, he who was guilty of notorious profusion and waste, was looked upon as *non compos mentis*, and was by the prætors committed to the custody of curators or tutors. "Solent prætores," say the Pandects, * "si talem hominem inveniunt, qui neque tempus neque

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* 27. 10. 1.

finem expensarum habet, sed bona sua dilacerando et dissipando profundit, curatorem ei dare, exemplo furiosi; et tamdiu erunt ambo in curatione, quamdiu vel furiosus sanitatem, vel ille bonos mores, receperit." It is a great pity that our laws interfere with the management of an individual's property only when an inquest finds him either an idiot or a lunatic. It has been decided, indeed,* that a commission of lunacy must not be *specially* returned, the subject of it must be found *mad*, or *not mad*; and in *Brown's Abridgment*† there is a case mentioned, where a man, on an inquest of idiocy, was returned an *unthrift* and not an *idiot*, and where, in consequence, no farther proceedings were had. But why did they not try to make him a *lunatic*? Half the *unthrifths* in this great town might readily be found so. Let us turn to *Harrison's Practice of the Court of Chancery*,‡ and see what is necessary in order to procure a commission of lunacy.

"The method of procuring the commission of lunacy," says the book, § "is first by two or more persons making an affidavit, setting forth the state and condition of the lunatick, with some few instances of his declarations and actions, to shew their belief of his being a lunatick, and incapable of governing himself or his estate."

Well; I know a man now driving about this town, whom I firmly believe to be "a lunatic, and incapable of governing himself or his estate;" and though I am led to conclude him "a lunatic" because I see him so decidedly "incapable of governing himself and his estate," rather than "incapable of governing himself and his estate," because he is "a lunatic," yet I find that this same affidavit will require me to specify "some few instances of his declarations and actions;" and when I have done so, I will appeal to you, Mr. REFLECTOR, as I would to the Lord Chancellor, were the man to whom I allude my relation, whether he be not really and *bona fide* a lunatic. I could readily procure another person to join me in the affidavit. The *Book of Practice* proceeds:—

"The affidavit may be in this manner:

"E. F. of, &c., and G. H. of, &c., severally make oath and say, that they, these deponents, for the space of one year last past, have known and been well acquainted, and frequently discoursed, with C. D. of, &c. And these deponents further severally say, that within the space of last past, they have, by frequently observing the behaviour, words, and actions, of the said C. D., looked upon him to be a person deprived of his reason and understanding *in a very great degree.*"

This we can very safely say.

"And

* S. C. Chan. 47.

† By Newland, 1808.

‡ Tit. Idiot, 4.

§ c. 79, p. 629.

"And this deponent E. F. saith; that, &c. (*Set forth some of the most notorious acts, incoherences, and irrational discourses.*)"

I can easily comply with this request.

"And this deponent E. F. saith" then, "that although the said C. D. is possessed of property to the amount of only three hundred pounds per annum, he hath for one whole year kept a tandem and two grooms, and that his whole stud consisteth of four horses; and that he, the said C. D., renteth chambers in Albany Buildings, Piccadilly, in the city of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, and is in the habit of faring sumptuously every day at a certain tavern called Stevens's Hotel, in Bond-street, in the said city of Westminster and county of Middlesex; that when he, the said C. D., was at the University of Cambridge, he used to spend all his time with the drivers of the stage-coaches of that town, whom he so accurately imitated in all their vulgar habits, that he actually took lessons of one of them in the art of squirting his spittle through his teeth,—but the teeth of the said C. D. not readily accommodating themselves to the manœuvre, he had them filed till they did,—and that at last, the said C. D. so far bettered the instructions of the said stage-coachmen, that one of them was heard to declare, that he must cut Squire D., for that he was such a blackguard; that when he, the said C. D., was at one time confined for debt within the Rules of the King's Bench Prison, he hired the most expensive lodgings he could procure, and never gave such large and extravagant dinner-parties as he did at those lodgings, and that he did not upon that occasion think proper to put down his tandem or discharge his grooms, but used to drive about within the said Rules in his usual equipage; that one day, after dining sumptuously in the said Rules, he, the said C. D., spent his last half-guinea in the purchase of a pine-apple to flavour his punch with it's juice; and that he, the said C. D., once said to this deponent E. F., who was remonstrating with him upon his extravagance, and warning him how short a time it could last, since nearly the whole of his property was mortgaged or pledged as security,—'If I am to burn, I'll make a blaze; if I am to be buried, I'll kick up a dust.'"

If this be not enough, you, Mr. REFLECTOR, or the Lord Chancellor, should have more. But I think this would be amply sufficient to enable either his Lordship or yourself to travel with us, in the conclusion of our affidavit:—

"And these deponents further severally say, that they believe the said C. D. is in no ways capable of governing himself or his estate.

"E. F.

"Sworn the day of
Public Office, before

at the

"G. H.

."

Upon

Upon an affidavit like this, is a petition for the "commission in nature of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*" presented to the Lord Chancellor, who usually grants it as a matter of course.

Seeing, then, how easy it is to procure a commission of lunacy, surely, Mr. REFLECTOR, it becomes our spendthrifts to be a little more upon their guard; and, if they are not afraid of being thought mad by the whole world, to have some dread of being tried for lunatics by "twelve honest and lawful men of the city and liberty of Westminster."

I am, Sir, &c

†††.

EFFECTS OF WEALTH

"Et redit in sese, et sese sequiturque, fugitique."

OVID.

MR. REFLECTOR,

IN a commercial country, like this, there will of course be more sudden elevations in life by good fortune than by talents; and, although with the majority of mankind *one person's money is as good as another's*, yet, when I have seen ignorant ill-bred wealth draw its purse-strings with an air of wishing to attract the attention and admiration of less opulent spectators, I have often thought that there was an intrinsic difference between trade-gotten money, and that which has been acquired either hereditarily or by the exercise of talents and education. I have pursued this idea till I have fancied I could see the guineas of a purse-proud citizen and his extravagant sons and daughters return to the commodities from whence they sprang, just as the splendid equipage of *Cinderella* in the fairy tale dwindled into its parent pompkin, lizards, and mice, the instant the gift of fortune was misused. How would many a fine lady in this town be mortified, I have thought, to see the contents of her glittering card-purse transformed into Russia tallow or Riga hemp, just as she was about to discharge out of it a considerable debt of honour! Do you see that beau, making large purchases at a jeweller's? he has opened his purse to pay for his trinkets, and his money is converted into Dutch cheeses and Westphalia hams. *There* sits a city fop drinking Champagne at a tavern; he has laid down the amount of his reckoning; but the waiters are laughing to see nothing on the table but a fashionable peruke! Yonder rolls to his mansion in Fitzroy-square, one of the most opulent men in the city; but that man was once a pedlar! Observe the pride of his state now! His equipage, whatever respect it may command from others, is

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to my eye very much like a one-horse cart.—The metamorphoses of a pantomime are not more wonderful, and scarcely more rapid, than the revolutions of the wheel of fortune,—than the alternations of the *ups and downs* of life. The poor of to-day are the rich of to-morrow; and it is not only by the lottery at Cooper's-hall that sudden wealth is acquired. This man bought hops at a cheap time in large quantities, and doled them out at a dear one in small. An unlucky speculation in broad-cloth was the ruin of that man. The estate of a third is quadrupled in value by its propinquity to the new docks. The houses of a fourth will not let on account of the new turn which has been given to a thoroughfare by certain *improvements* in the city; while, at the same time, this diversion has been the making of the owners of all the houses in the new thoroughfare, who bought them a few years before, *as drugs, for a mere song*. London, in short, of all other places, is one great lottery-wheel, the revolutions of which are as constant as those of the earth round its axis, and the bustle of which, like *Vanity Fair*, lasts all the year round; and the inhabitants of the great metropolis are every one of them adventurers, whose faces are all either elongated by bad fortune, dilated by good, or contracted by doubtful. In the country, every aspect is cheerful and healthy, and every man is contented with his lot: there, no one dresses or lives above his station, for since each inhabitant is known to his whole neighbourhood, such vanity could deceive nobody into greater respect for him than his real rank in life demands. In London, every man is *seeking his fortune*,—is looking forward to promotion in life,—and generally *dresses*, if he cannot afford to *live*, as if he had already attained the object of his ambition. And, in London, this may be done not only with impunity, but successfully; for, there, nobody is known but, as Cloten says, “by his clothes;” and, as the mock duke in the *Honey-moon* asks, with some truth, “what more does it require to be a great man, than boldly to put on the appearance of one?” But here the comparison between the lottery of life and the lottery of Cooper's-hall fails me; and I will call the latter one of those round games of cards where every thing depends upon chance, while I liken the former to the game of whist, where skill and chance hold the palm of success between them. In the game of life too, as in the game of whist, every man aims at his own and his partner's success, and endeavours to destroy that of his neighbour and *his* partner: the one is just as much a system of self and adversary as the other, of attack and defence, of ward and strike, of finesse and of rough, of trump and of trick. The similitude of life to a game of cards is, indeed, so obvious, that we have almost naturalized into our language such metaphors as *playing one's cards well*,—*playing into one's partner's hand*,—and

—and *turning the tables*; and, to conclude where we set out, as “the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,” so the *game* is not always to the skilful and deserving.

††.

ON THE AMBIGUITIES ARISING FROM PROPER NAMES.

MR. REFLECTOR,

How oddly it happens that the same sound shall suggest to the minds of two persons hearing it ideas the most opposite! I was conversing a few years since with a young friend upon the subject of poetry, and particularly that species of it which is known by the name of the Epithalamium. I ventured to assert, that the most perfect specimen of it in our language was the Epithalamium of Spenser upon his own marriage.

My young gentleman, who has a smattering of taste, and would not willingly be thought ignorant of any thing remotely connected with the belles lettres, expressed a degree of surprise, mixed with mortification, that he should never have heard of this poem, Spenser being an author with whose writings he thought himself peculiarly conversant.

I offered to shew him the poem in the fine folio copy of the poet's works, which I have at home. He seemed pleased with the offer, though the mention of the folio seemed again to puzzle him. But presently after, assuming a grave look, he compassionately muttered to himself “poor Spenser.”

There was something in the tone with which he spoke these words that struck me not a little. It was more like the accent with which a man bemoans some recent calamity that has happened to a friend, than that tone of sober grief with which we lament the sorrows of a person, however excellent, and however grievous his afflictions may have been, who has been dead more than two centuries. I had the curiosity to enquire into the reasons of so uncommon an ejaculation. My young gentleman, with a more solemn tone of pathos than before, repeated “poor Spenser,” and added, “he has lost his wife.”

My astonishment at this assertion rose to such a height, that I began to think the brain of my young friend must be cracked, or some unaccountable reverie had gotten possession of it. But upon further explanation it appeared, that the word “Spenser,”—which to you or me, Reader, in a conversation upon poetry too, would naturally have called up the idea of an old poet in a ruff, one Edmund Spenser, that flourished in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and wrote a poem called the *Fairy Queen*, with the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and many more verses besides,—did in the mind

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of my young friend excite a very different and quite modern idea, namely, that of the Honourable William Spencer, one of the living ornaments, if I am not misinformed, of this present poetical era, A. D. 1811

X. Y. Z.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

“Εξελανόμεθα πατρίδος.—Καὶ γὰρ ἡλθες ἐξελῶν.”
Eurip. *Phænissæ*, v. 616.

“Mr. Burges’s objection to an anapæst in a trochaic verse is well founded, and it can only be attributed to an oversight that Porson suffered v. 617 (616, Ed. Porson.) to remain in its present state.”

Quarterly Review, No. V. p. 182.

HERE, we see, Mr. Reflector, the Reviewer has hastily given his assent to a metrical rule, promulgated by that *par nobile* of brotherly editors, Messrs. Blomfield and Burges; but which, I will be bold to say, originates in an unlucky misunderstanding of Porson’s meaning. The received rules for the contraction of a trochaic verse are, of course, those laid down by the late Professor in his *Supplement to his Preface to the Hecuba*; and, in violation of these rules, we are told, that he has been guilty of an oversight in printing the line above-quoted. But those who are thus hasty in attributing oversights to Porson, should first consider well the grounds upon which their assertions are built, lest in the end they themselves be convicted of temerity.—Let us examine the Professor’s rules for a trochaic verse, and by these rules let the present line be judged.

If from the beginning of a catalectic trochaic tetrameter we remove the cretic [-v-], we have remaining a pure iambic trimeter; and the readers of Porson well know, that having laid down with the utmost precision and accuracy the rules for the iambic verse, he has only applied those rules to the trochaic, and defined their variations and exceptions:—

“Sed in hoc trochaico senario (liceat ita loqui) duo observanda sunt; nusquam anapæstum, ne in primo quidem loco, admitti,” &c. &c.—*Supplementum ad Præf.* p. 59.

Now, what has this rule to do with an anapæst, as it bears upon the *whole* trochaic verse? It is evidently applied to the trimeter, or senarius, only, both from the position of the words, and because, if the Professor had been speaking of the trochaic, he would not so strongly have particularized the exclusion of an anapæst from the first place, since no one could ever have dreamed

of

of using one there. Taking away, therefore, the incipient cretic *ἔτελιν*, the remainder,—

—ὁμοῖα πατρὶδος—καὶ γὰρ ἄλθις ἔτελιν,—

makes as pure an iambic as one could readily desire, and the second foot, which is a tribrach, is not at all objectionable.

Thus, then, I conceive, the great critic is vindicated from the charge of an oversight, which is rather to be laid to the account of his accusers. It may, perhaps, still be thought doubtful, whether the present explanation be correct, though, for my own poor part, I have no doubt on the subject: but, at any rate, let us pause a little, and reflect, before we allow the stability of Porson's reputation to be shaken by young Editors and perhaps younger Reviewers.

I am, &c. &c.

METRICULUS

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

